

SCREENLAND

NOVEMBER

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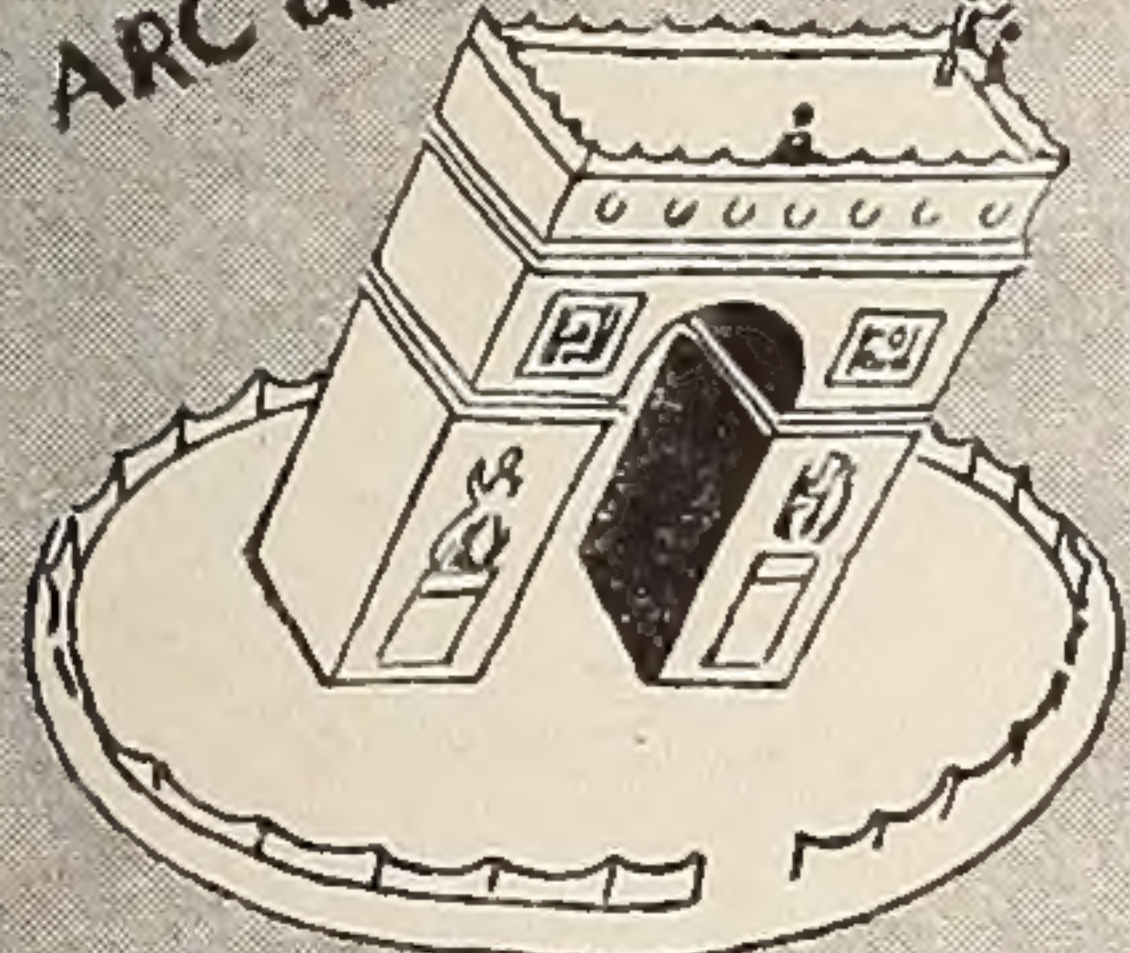
TOUR
EIFFEL



LE RAT MORT
MONTMARTRE

—where "Pike" Peters
met Claudine, the
gold-digging grisette.

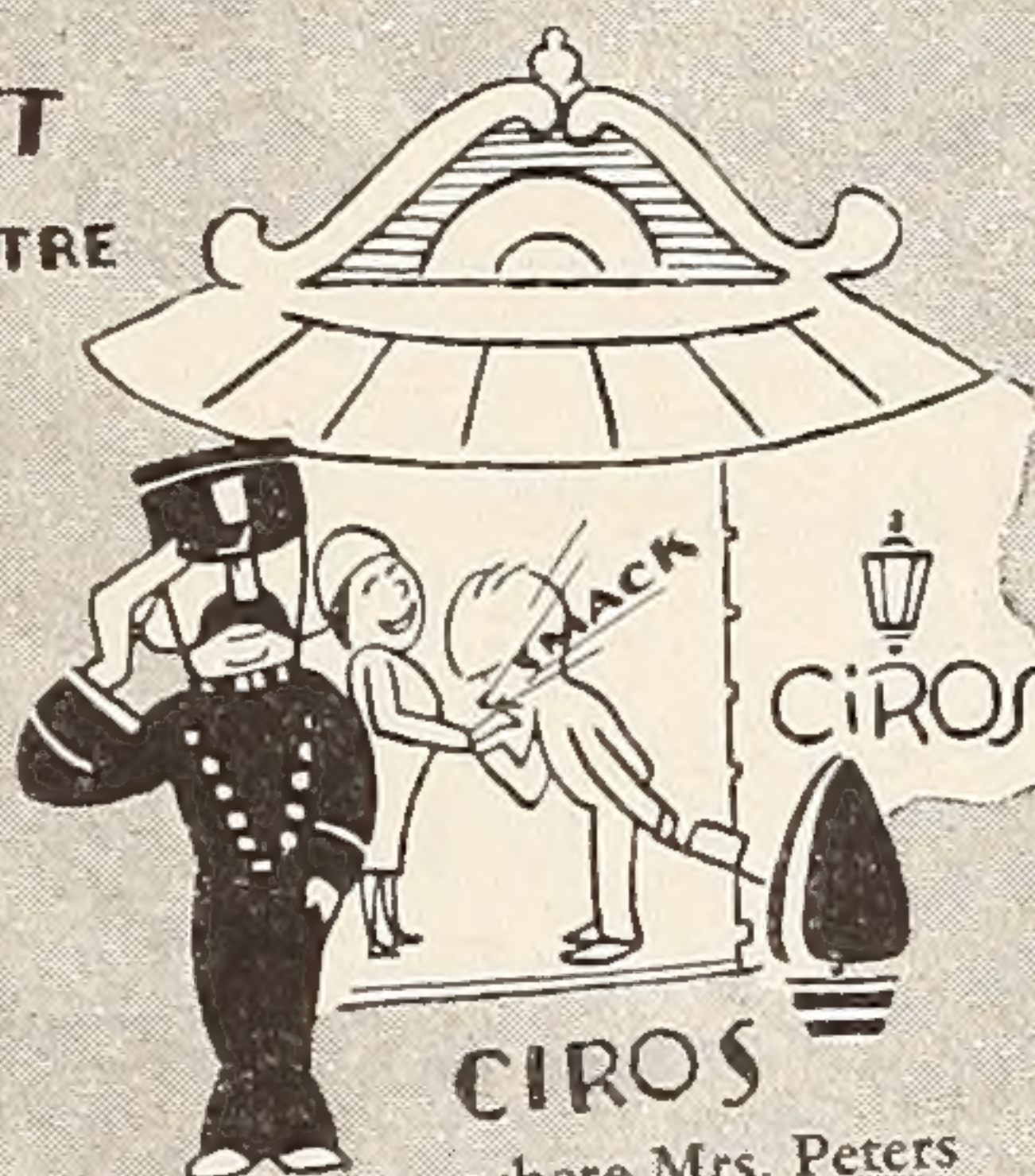
ARC de TRIOMPHE



AMERICAN EXPRESS



—where Pike met his son
Ross and discovered his af-
faire de coeur with Fleurie.



CIROS

—where Mrs. Peters
met the Marquis de
Brissac Coudray and
a possible title for her
unmarried daughter.



BOULEVARD
de CLICHY

—Claudine's apartment where
Mrs. Peters went to find Pike.



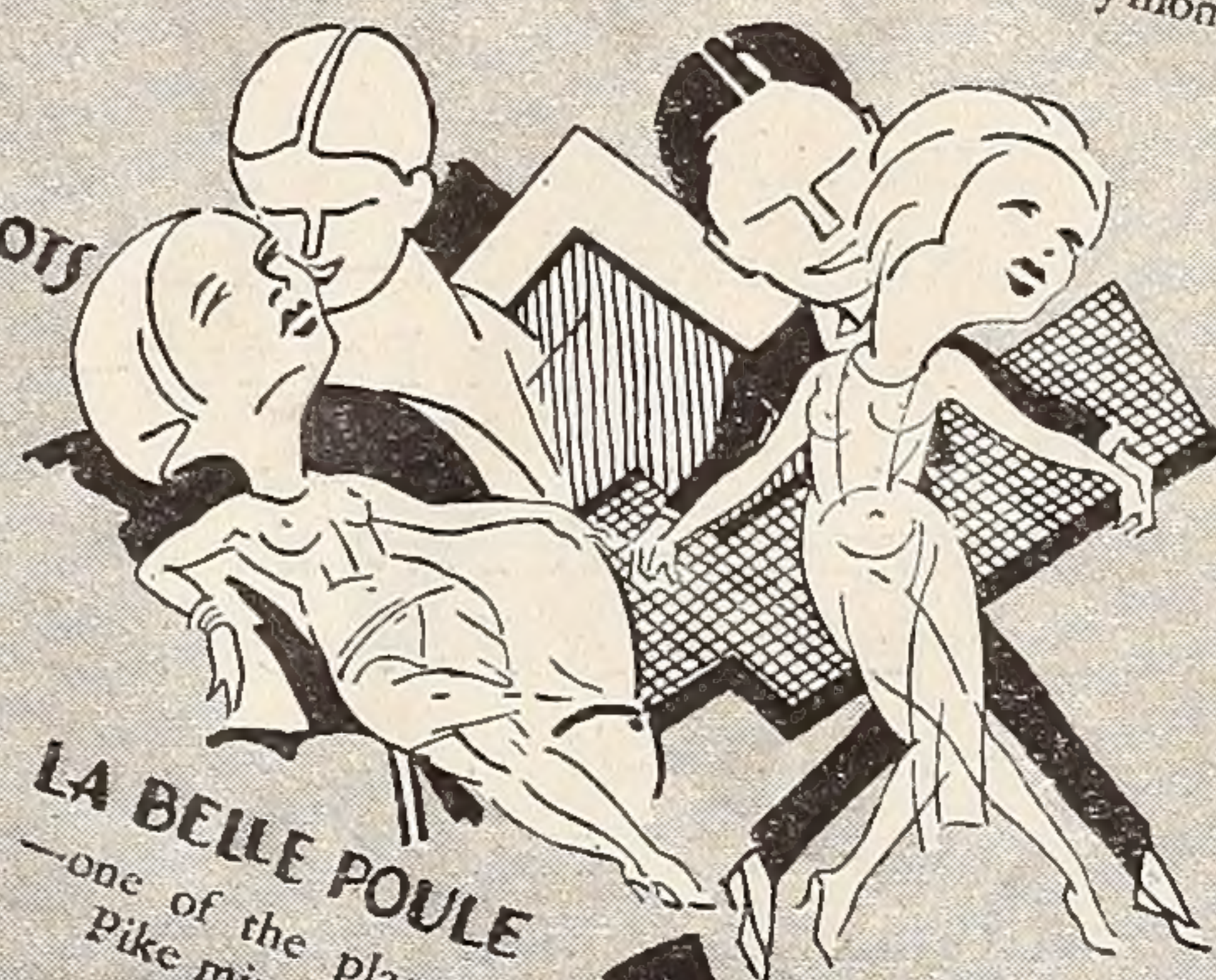
HOTEL des
TROIS COULEUR

—where Pike staged a scene
with Claudine to horrify Ross,
whom he expected any moment.



CAFE des DEUX MAGOTS
LATIN QUARTER

—where Pike's son, Ross,
met and fell in love with
Fleurie, the midinette.



LA BELLE POULE
—one of the places
Pike missed!



BOULEVARD
ST. GERMAIN

—where Ross and
Fleurie set up
housekeeping — an
old French custom.

BOULEVARD
des ITALIENS

—where the family, re-
united, bought their
tickets back to Ameri-
ca — sadder and wiser.



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directed by FRANK BORZAGE



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SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

November, 1929

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Previewing the Picture Parade

By Evelyn Ballarine

She sees all the studio activities through her telescope and relays it to you.

LET'S check up on our film boy friends. We'll start with Rudy Vallee. He's in Hollywood making "Vagabond Lover." Yes, he will sing his own composition, *Vagabond Lover*, and six other songs too! Mammy! Rudy! I mean. Now is a good time to tell you the one about Dumb Dora (just try and stop me!) who heard so much about Rudy Vallee that she decided to spend her vacation there! We've heard better ones than that, too. Oh, well!

Ramon Novarro is at work on "Devil May Care"—and so do we. In fact, we care so much that we are going to tell you that Dorothy Jordan and John Miljan are also in the cast and that Sidney Franklin is directing. Ben Lyon besides being engaged to Bebe Daniels has been engaged by Radio Pictures to play opposite his Bebe in "Her Man." Clever, these producers!

You'd better add the name of Alexander Gray to your movie list because he seems to have clicked. He plays the lead opposite Marilyn Miller in "Sally" and according to rumblings from the coast—he has everything! Incidentally, he played in the original Ziegfeld production of "Sally." On the strength of his work in this picture, his first, Warner Brothers have signed him for the male lead in "Song of the Flame" opposite Vivian Segal. First National have him scheduled for "No, No, Nanette." Now, don't say you weren't warned!

Make way for Billy Haines! He's coming through with "Speedway." Of course, he wins the race—and Anita Page, too. Clive Brook just completed his rôle of that famous detective, *Sherlock Holmes*, and is to play the lead opposite Jeanne Eagels in "The Laughing Lady." Just as we were getting accustomed to William Powell playing Philo Vance in the S. S. Van Dine mystery thrillers, Metro-Goldwyn

comes along with the news that Basil Rathbone will play Philo in "The Bishop Murder Case." We're not complaining because Mr. Rathbone proved to be a good picture bet in his first talkie, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Meanwhile, Bill Powell is in "Behind the Make-up." Come on out, Bill, you can't fool us! Edmund Lowe has been borrowed by Pathé for the male lead opposite Constance Bennett in "That Thing Called Love." Eddie has just signed a new contract with Fox. With "The Cock-Eyed World" such a success Fox didn't want to lose its wise-cracking sergeant. That other marine, Vic McLaglen is making "The Well-Dressed Man," with Raoul Walsh directing. Says me!

Football season is here and to prove it Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is giving us "The Forward Pass," with Loretta Young co-starring. Robert Armstrong continues to give us his swell good-bad heroes. His next is a bootlegging yarn with Carol Lombard called "The Racketeer."

Then there's Buddy Rogers in "Here Comes the Band Wagon" on its way. Jean Hersholt and Gibson Rowland are to play together again. It's their first picture since Von Stroheim's "Greed." You'll see them in "Out of the Night," with Lupe Velez as the feminine lead and Henry King directing. John Barrymore's next is "The Man." It seems to me that this title is going through the process of elimination or something. First it was "My Man," then "Her Man," and now just "The Man." These men!

Lillian Gish has not sung her swan song to the movies. As a matter of fact, her come-back picture is Molnar's play, "The Swan." Lillian plays the Princess, Conrad Nagel, the tutor, and Rod La Rocque, the Prince. A royal welcome to you, Miss Gish!

YOU'LL SEE "PARIS" IN COLOR

—Breath-taking Broadway revue spectacles—glorified beauty ensembles—superbly extravagant gowns and settings—in all the glory of their full natural color, reproduced by the amazing new Technicolor process...setting the 1930 style for motion pictures!



YOU'LL SEE A FAMOUS STAGE STAR IN "PARIS"

—Irene Bordoni—Paris' present to America. For years her name has helped light Broadway... Now for the first time you'll see it on your home-town theatre! Dazzling, sparkling, inimitable—to see and hear her is to understand all the lure of playful Paree.



"PARIS" BRINGS YOU A GREAT BROADWAY HIT

—Last season's reigning New York stage hit transplanted to the screen, with all the color, songs and comedy that captivated critical Manhattan. See for yourself why thousands paid \$4.40 per seat to see this hilarious story of the frantic loves of a great French actress and her "misleading" man!



Irene
BORDONI
in
"PARIS"
with
JACK BUCHANAN

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singing-dancing
picture ever!



MOVIES *in the* AIR

Screenland is first in line to encourage a closer alliance between two great industries — motion pictures and radio

By Julia Shawell

MOTION PICTURES and radio are two great industries whose futures are so closely allied that within the next ten years one will be dependent upon the other. Development in each field invades the other's fundamental province, and SCREENLAND, acknowledging the present trend and anticipating the future closer alliance, is establishing this department to cover news and information concerning radio as it affects the films.

TEN years ago, radio was looked upon as an intruder which would seriously interfere with the theater, and particularly the movie business. That this supposition was an error has already been proven. With nearly twelve million radio receivers now in use throughout the United States, the picture public has consistently increased, production has expanded, film sales have grown and profits have been comparatively larger. The recent

advent of the talkies on the screen was made possible only through knowledge gleaned in radio.

TELEVISION, though still in an experimental stage, is assured. Whether, as the present situation indicates, it will be feasibly marketable in about ten years, or whether unexpected improvements and developments hasten the commercial possibilities, television is a certainty. Already, amateurs throughout the United States are receiving wireless pictures and the broadcasts from Schenectady have been picked up as far west as San Diego. Several large intervening areas have been proven dead spots, however. Television which is a development in the radio field is not to be confused with the wired transmission of pictures which the telegraph companies have already established as part of their regular service. It remains to be seen if television will be used exclusively on radio receivers, or whether it will be part of the motion picture theater equipment.

SEVERAL of the large film companies have already direct tie-ups with stations and chains. Paramount's assumption of control in the Columbia Broadcasting Company, representing one of the three largest radio chains in the world, emphasizes the importance of this tie-up. On the Paramount-Publix hour, for example, all the varied resources of this great organization are utilized for fashioning radio entertainment. With WABC in New York as the key station and with broadcasting wave lengths covering the entire United States, Paramount can reach every hamlet, city and town where Paramount theaters and exhibitors are located.

RADIO - KEITH - ORPHEUM which owns Radio Pictures with its Radio Corporation of America association, has its representation with the National Broadcasting Company and uses a coast-to-coast tie-up twice a week. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is directly identified with WHN and WPAP in New York which has as yet only a local coverage. Warner Brothers have their own station in California, and First National has been using WGBS in New York to broadcast special premieres.

BEFORE the talkies, radio used movie celebrities as name bait on its programs. Prominent players, directors and executives were interviewed. The first imposing entertainment program was the national broadcast from the United Artists



Al Jolson, talkie troupier who wise cracks, sings, laughs and cries all in one breath and his wife, Ruby Keeler, musical comedy star formerly in Ziegfeld's "Show Girl."

Marion Davies is popular before the microphone or away from it. Note the gleeful expressions of Billy Haines and George K. Arthur, not to mention the decorative bit of background, Constance Bennett.



studio in Hollywood when John Barrymore, Dolores Del Rio, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and others were heard. Al Jolson has been on the air many times since he became a Vitaphone star.

BUT recently, the movies have been reciprocating and have been drawing for talent on radio names. Practically every prominent radio artist has made a short subject for one of the movie studios. Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman and others, have been given lucrative west coast contracts on the strength of their radio popularity. Vallee was made by broadcasting. When his crooning voice first went out from the Heigh-Ho Club in New York, he was unknown except to a few thousand people in New Haven. But he has become one of the best bets on the air and is now in Hollywood making his first feature-length picture, "Vagabond Lover," for Radio Pictures.

RKO resumed its Tuesday night radio programs over WEA and a national network of stations extending to the Pacific, and is also inaugurating a Thursday afternoon series for women on the same system. Rosalie Stewart has been made director with Graham McNamee as the weekly guide.

WALTER O'KEEFE, night club entertainer who deserted New York for Hollywood studios, has made a short in which he burlesques Graham McNamee announcing a football game. The subject has been incorporated in Pathé's program feature, "The Sophomore," starring Eddie Quillan.

AN interesting development is the formation of an international sound-film program in various tongues which can be put on the air simultaneously

in many nations. Under this plan, according to Cinema Vision Corporation, singers, entertainers and orchestras will give their renditions in the studios before microphones linked with a recording device which contains unexposed films like motion picture films and just wide enough to adjust themselves to the picture of the sound vibrations intercepted by the microphones. These films will be prepared in their individual languages in the New York studios, and films for various nations will be shipped abroad. It is said that 43 stations in this country and 30 abroad are to be allied with the new system.

Another new company—the Jewish Broadcasting Company—plans to operate its own station in the near future. In addition to furnishing the teachings and ideals of Judaism, it will broadcast the best in Jewish and classical music, and will render service to all undertakings for the advancement of art and culture.

Did You Know That:

Adolph Zukor was the first movie executive to deliver an address via the

radio? Nearly ten years ago he talked over WJZ from its old Newark studio in the Western Electric Building, and in speaking on the future of the movies never dreamed that his company would some day control that station?

That Charlie Chaplin was one of the pioneers in the era of radio interviewing and that he broadcast brief programs on nearly every musical instrument he could find in the studio, but as a joke on his audience, did not tell them that other men were actually doing the playing?

That although Vincent Lopez was the first orchestra leader ever to go on the air from any station in this country, he is one of the few who hasn't bought a ticket to Hollywood?

That *Ramona* which brought on the theme song rash, actually popularized the picture of the same name before the production was released, and that Dolores Del Rio sang it in the first big radio program on which it was introduced to air audiences?

LOT TALK

News and Views from the Sound Studios

ANNOUNCEMENT that Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and will make a picture entitled "The Rogue's Song," lends credence to the belief that sound films will offer outstanding vocal artists an exceptional new outlet for their talents.

"The Rogue's Song," an original story by Frances Marion and John Colton, author of "The Shanghai Gesture," is a musical romance. It will be an all-color production, and will be directed by Lionel Barrymore.

This will be Tibbett's initial venture in the motion picture field. Born in Bakersfield, California, Tibbett lost his father at the age of six, when the latter, a county sheriff, was shot to death in a fight with a gang of bandits. Brought up by his mother, the boy attended high school in Los Angeles, appeared in several amateur theatricals, and made his professional debut with a Shakespearean repertoire company. When the United States entered the war, Tibbett joined the navy. Three days after his final discharge he married Miss Grace Mackey Smith, a former Los Angeles schoolmate.

Determined to become a concert singer, Tibbett came to New York. In order that his wife and twin boys could accompany him, he mustered all his financial resources and even borrowed money on his life insurance. After five months of arduous study and persistent attempts to get an audition for opera, his efforts were successful, and he was given a contract with the Metropolitan Company.

The singer's first great triumph in New York was scored in the rôle of Ford in Verdi's "Falstaff." The audience gave the young baritone an ovation lasting fifteen minutes, and following that eventful night Tibbett's operatic successes have come in rapid succession. Rôles in which he has appeared include those of Telramund in "Lohengrin," Itonic in "Pagliacci," the King in "The King's

Henchman," and Capertutto in "Tales of Hoffman."

Catherine Dale Owen, prominent on the New York stage, will have the feminine lead opposite Lawrence Tibbett when the Metropolitan star makes his screen debut in "The Rogue's Song."

* * *

The talking movies are beginning to produce not only assorted noises but also an entirely new array of industrial statistics. After careful consideration of the reports of operations for six months of the current year, Terry Ramsaye, editor in chief of Pathé, admitted that for each second of screen time of Pathé Sound News, the sound recording camions had had to deliver 44.63 ton miles of haulage. Only 0.168 ounce of film is required to occupy a second of talking screen time in the theaters.

"It therefore appears," observes Mr. Ramsaye, "that the jewels of wisdom, oratory and music which we glean in our function of recording current history hot off the griddle of life, run, by assay, about as rare as radium in relation to the ore."

"One sound recording camion has travelled in excess of six thousand miles keeping pace with President Hoover and we have given the public screen just seven minutes of his voice."

Aspirants for screen fame may find food for thought in director Paul Stein's belief that middle-aged extras are easier to handle in groups than boys and girls appearing in the ranks of atmosphere players.

"I have found that extra players past their first youth show less self-consciousness in entering into the spirit of the scene than does the average American youth or maiden who has had limited or no screen experience," says Stein. "There is often a tendency among the latter to giggle, or whisper quips to each other about the action in which they are supposed to be taking place."

"In my latest picture, 'Her Private Affair,' I directed a courtroom scene in which more than two hundred people were supposed to be spectators. About ninety percent of the group were men and women of mature years. They chatted at the proper times in the manner of real men and women in an actual courtroom, making to each other the remarks which would have been natural in discussing the probable innocence or guilt of a man on trial for murder."

"In handling large groups of youngsters for former pictures, I often have had to work long and hard to get the same natural reaction. It is as though the spirit of play is being stifled in our modern young people, and when an aggregation of them are asked to call it into existence, en masse, they find something ridiculous in the procedure. This is a real hindrance to screen success, and any young players who step from the extra ranks will first find it necessary to eliminate its presence."

Ann Harding plays the featured rôle in "Her Private Affair," under Stein's direction.

* * *

D. W. Griffith, veteran producer-director, will make an epic-type all dialog feature woven around the life of Lincoln. Griffith, for several years, has had the idea of bringing Lincoln, the man, not the president, to the screen in a story of vast sweep, and what was impossible in silent pictures is now possible through the new medium of



Water babies! Girls of the chorus of "Sally" take off their shoes and wade in the lily pond to cool off between scenes. The Technicolor lamps on this set were too hot for comfort.

screen entertainment.

The pioneer director, who is already working out the preliminaries of huge production with his staff, has not as yet started actual camera and microphone activity as a vast amount of research and other work will be necessary before he starts filming what he is ambitious to make the crowning achievement of his long and notable career.

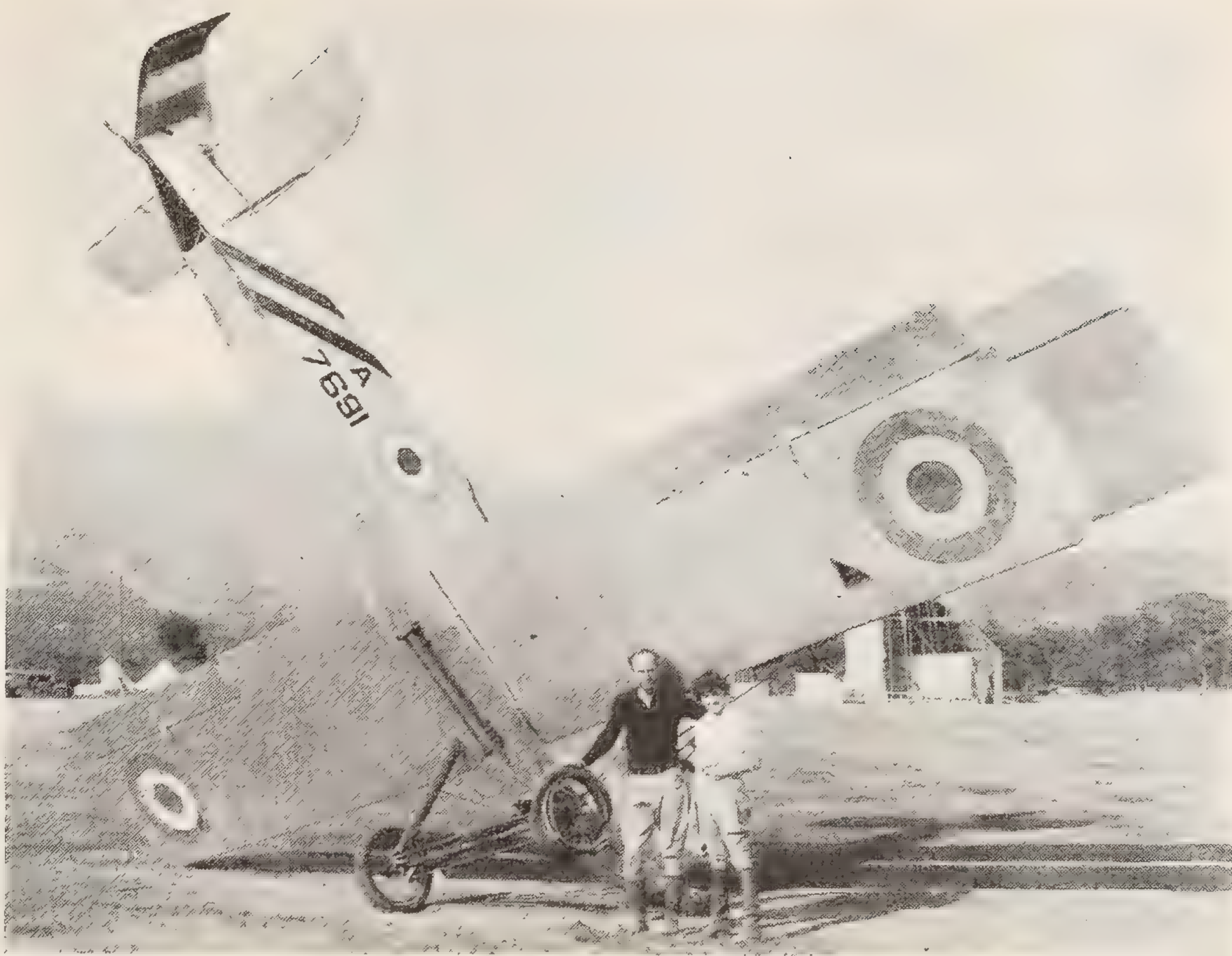
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Motion picture studios, cities within themselves, require police and fire protection the same as other communities. At the First National Studios, in Burbank, Calif., a police force and fire department of sufficient size to protect an ordinary city of 25,000 people, are maintained.

The members of the police force, while under control of the studio, are all sworn members of the Burbank police department. They work in three shifts daily, a captain or lieutenant being in charge of each shift.

The police department provides gatemen, patrolmen, traffic officers and watchmen. A regular day and night patrol guards every part of the seventy-five acre studio.

The department is under the direction of Chief of Police Lou Holtzendorff, for-



Two sky birds! Jimmy Granger, stunt flyer, tells Ruth Elder how he piloted his plane into this embarrassing position for "The Sky Hawk." Ruth just married Walter Camp Jr., movie magnate.

merly a star football player of Columbia, and who has had extensive experience on police departments in various cities.

The fire department is directed by Chief A. M. Rounder, for many years an officer in the Indianapolis, Ind., fire department. The most modern equipment is provided, and the department, including volunteers from the studio staff, totals two hundred men, each well trained in his own task in case of fire.

The biggest part of Rounder's work is in fire prevention. He keeps men on all sets where there is danger of fire, and checks carefully all sources of fire hazard. Only one serious fire has occurred since Chief Rounder has been on the job, and this was confined to one building, which was saved.

With the use of Technicolor, which requires more than twice the lights used in black and white pictures, the fire danger on stages has greatly increased.

Rounder was instrumental in having a new system of ventilation installed in the First National Studio which will prevent any serious danger of fire or spontaneous combustion from the terrific heat generated by the Technicolor lights. With its efficient police and fire departments, the First National Studio has about everything that an incorporated municipality boasts, except a city government, mayor and councilmen.

* * *

Do you like them fat or thin? This is the paramount question in Hollywood today. The Mayo Brothers have refused credit for the famous 18-day diet, but nevertheless, the film colony is trying it. Here is what well-known stars have to say:

"The starvation shape is a product of this decade," according to Monte Brice. "Flesh was never so spurned before. I am on the diet because of over weight, but for pretty girls to starve themselves into skinniness for a fad, is a serious matter."

"I persuaded my 220 pound cook to go

on a diet with me," says Mrs. James Gleason. "Her food was irresistible. The only chance for me, was to convince Marguerite that a dark figure should be willowy, as well as a white one. It works fine."

Louise Fazenda refuses to diet. "I like to cook too well to diet," she says. "My rôles call for plump old ladies more frequently than svelt girls, anyway. Now is my time to laugh at the beauties who kidded me in my Mack Sennett days."

Robert Armstrong went on, just to be sociable. A friend in New York and Bob agreed to the diet, and they exchange telegrams twice a week to check up.

Morgan Farley says no one should have to diet. "Pride should keep one thin. No one can be at his best mentally, if over weight. Starve if

need be, but keep thin," says the New York actor.

Mary Eaton never had to diet as she was reared by a careful mother who always watched the proper balancing of foods. "We never had a chance to eat improper food," says the musical comedy star. "We keep thin without thinking about it—thanks to Mother."



He's her little gum-drop! Joe Abced, two and a half year old Eskimo boy, supports Lenore Ulric in her first talkie, "Frozen Justice."



Lawrence Tibbett, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will make his screen debut in "The Rogue's Song." Hark, hark!



Marilyn Miller, all dressed up as "Sally," entertains her sisters: Ruth (Mrs. John Sweeney of Glencoe, Ill.), left; and Claire (Mrs. Robert Montgomery of Boston.)

New York chorus girls who have flocked to Hollywood expecting to find an 'easy snap' in pictures are rapidly becoming disillusioned. They find that the work is much more arduous than playing in a single production on Broadway, and that their rehearsal hours are never ending on the studio lots, although, of course, their actual hours of daily work are limited.

In other words, while a girl may go to work at nine in the morning and finish at five in the afternoon, or go to work at two in the afternoon and finish at midnight, she may be dancing in five different pictures at one time, and must know thoroughly the routine for each dance in every

picture.

In a Broadway show, once the routines are learned, a girl is usually 'set' for the season, and her hard work of rehearsing is over. In Hollywood she is rehearsing every day, sometimes under different dance instructors and almost always in different pictures.

At the First National Studios in Burbank, Calif., for instance, about ninety girls and fifty boys are now under contract for singing and dancing pictures. While playing in "Sally," starring Marilyn Miller; "Little Johnny Jones" with Eddie Buzzell and "Paris," starring Irene Bordoni, they were rehearsing dances for "No, No,

Nanette" and other big musical pictures about to start. These chorus people are directed by Max Scheck and Larry Ceballos, noted New York dance directors. Both Scheck and Ceballos have a dozen assistants to aid them in rehearsing and staging the dance ensembles.

When working in a picture the boys and girls have a nine o'clock 'call.' That means they must be in the rehearsal hall in their work clothes, ready to start rehearsing at nine in the morning. Which in itself is quite a task for a Broadway chorus girl, used to late hours and seldom rising before noon.

The rehearsal rooms at the First National Studios are equipped with sound-proof walls. The floors are constructed of a special hard wood, suitable for tap dancing. In each rehearsal room is a loud-speaker, so that a choral number or dance can be 'played back' to the chorus immediately after it is recorded for practice purposes. In this manner the boys and girls can hear their voices, or the sound of their tapping feet, and have their mistakes pointed out by the instructor.

For the preliminary rehearsals, when the song or dance is not recorded, the end of any available stage may be used. Here, with the huge doors open to provide ventilation, the girls go through their routines with a crowd of workmen standing in the doorway watching the proceedings with extreme interest. It's a far cry from Bryant Hall, in New York, where many New York chorines attended their first rehearsals.

A lone pianist sits at a piano providing music for the rehearsal. She must be a musician with an accurate sense of time, and she plays, from the first script, the actual music which will be used in the number. This music is written on the lot, by the staff of song writers.

The director sits on a low stool in front of the chorus, his eyes on a level with the girls' knees. The girls and also the boys wear an assorted, nondescript conglomeration of costumes. The girls are dressed in bathing suits, rompers, shorts or even street clothes. The boys wear sweaters or sweat shirts. Their costumes look grotesque, as compared with the elaborate, tinselled garments they will wear when the picture is made.

These rehearsals may continue for several days, covering a dozen dancing numbers and several productions, before the girls appear in a single scene before the camera. And each dance routine must be letter perfect, for the slightest slip before the all-seeing lens means a scene retaken, and the loss of a considerable sum. It is only fair to say that in the records of 'talent breakdown' which the Vitaphone engineers apply to mistakes of the actors, causing a 'retake,' the chorus errors are greatly in the minority.

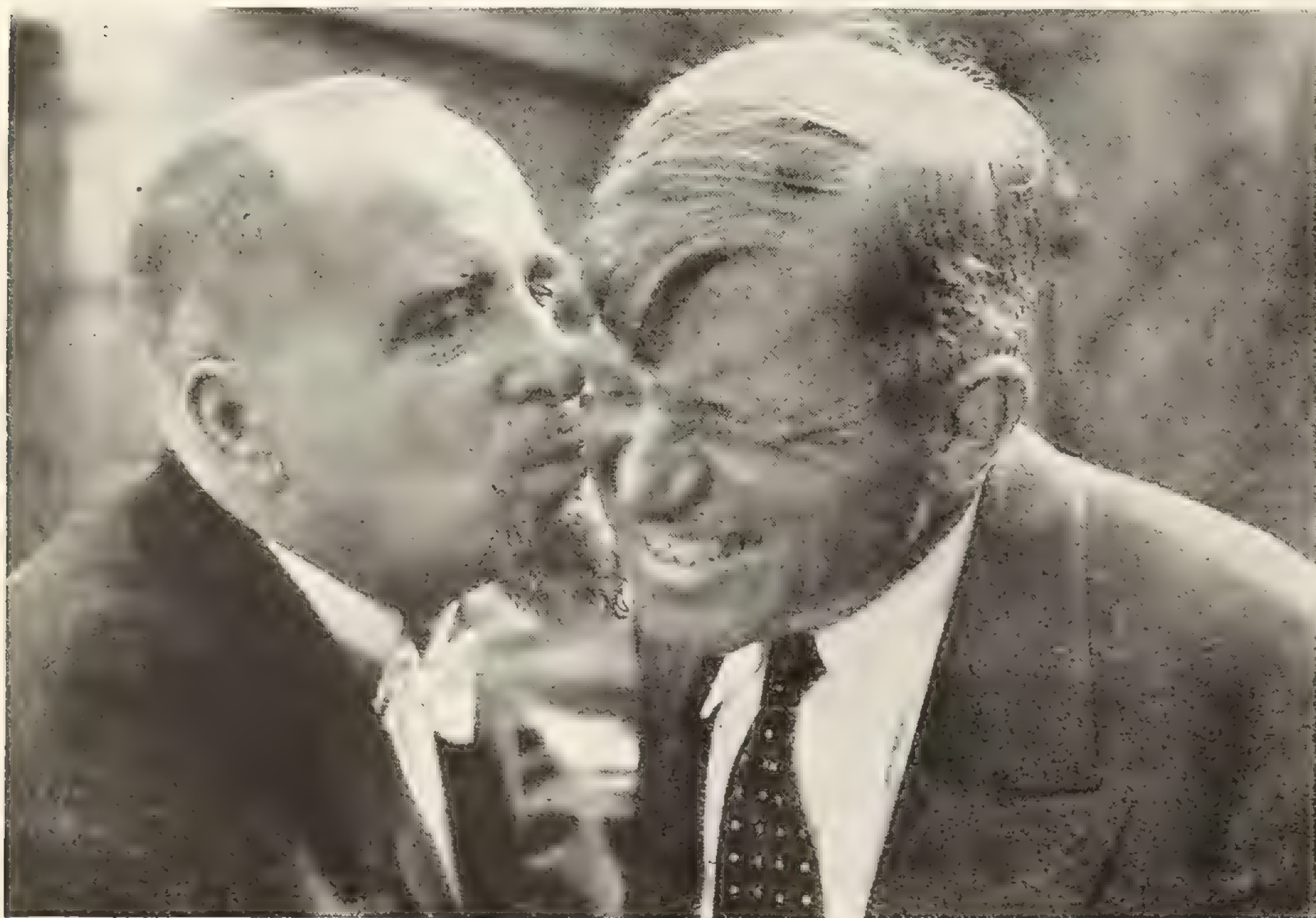
* * *

Elsie Janis, affectionately known as 'Sweetheart of the A.E.F.,' American musical comedy and vaudeville star, has been signed to a contract by Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation 'to contribute material, ideas and talent and to supervise production of a super-talking, singing and dancing production with every star and leading featured player under contract to Paramount in East and West Coast studios taking part.'

According to Mr. Lasky the full resources of the company's writing, acting, directorial and technical departments will be placed behind the picture; each director and writer contributing his or her share to the preparation plans.

* * *

The modern chorus girl is bearing up as



Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" submits to osculation. But he doesn't like it.

best she can under the stigma given her in the days of the Florodora and 'beef trust' choruses.

"It's all a relic of the past, when they talked of 'perfect thirty-six' and meant 'perfect forty,'" declares Frances Grant, one of the hundred and ten 'big-time' chorus girls assembled from all over the world by the First National Studios.

Here are Miss Grant's 'de-bunking the chorus girl fable' items in tabloid form:

1. The chorus girl of today who dances in 'big-time' is not a heavy eater.
2. She does not diet to make her thin. Her diet is that of an athlete.
3. She is not a 'perfect 36.' Her most popular number is 32.
4. She takes no exercise except her dancing, which keeps her from getting fat.
5. She never fails to average seven hours of sleep per night for the six working days of the week.
6. She practically always enjoys perfect health.
7. She drinks milk, buttermilk and orange juice, seldom coffee or tea, and often has never tasted champagne.
8. She seldom marries a millionaire.
9. She's usually well educated.
10. Her average age is eighteen.

* * *

Mary Pickford's first screen grandmother, Gertrude Norman, has proved that veteran screen players can be just as good in dialog pictures as in the old silent films.

Miss Norman, who plays Mrs. Tobias Greene in the "The Greene Murder Case," Paramount's all-dialog mystery drama, made her debut with the Edison Company in "Laddie," one of the first motion pictures to be produced. Later she was called to Biograph where a little girl with long curls, Mary Pickford, was starting on the series of pictures that made her 'America's Sweetheart.' In many of these pioneering productions, Miss Norman was Miss Pickford's mother or grandmother. Since then she has played in hundreds of pictures.

* * *

After a long separation, Robert Armstrong and Jimmie Gleason, who made such a tremendous hit in that phenomenal stage success, "Is Zat So?" are together again. These reunited friends are playing the featured rôles in the Pathé all-talking attraction, "O, Yeah?" for which Gleason wrote the dialog—all of which may help to explain the following conversation overheard recently on their set:

Cameraman: "Just a little hotter with the lights on the back of their necks."

Head Electrician: "Okay. Hey, Pete. Hit them on the back of their necks with a coupla broads."

Bob Armstrong: "Hit who on the back of the neck?"

Electrician: "You and Mr. Gleason."

Jimmie Gleason: "Is Zat So? Well looka here——"

Bob: "Now pipe-down, Jimmie. This is my scrap."

Jimmie: "Oh, yeah?"

Bob: "Yeah. Let me do the talking."

Jimmie: "Listen here, big boy. I'm the guy that puts 'talk' in 'talkies.'"

Bob: "Is zat so?"

Jimmie: "Yes, zat's so!"

Bob: "Then give me silent pictures."

Jimmie: "Oh, yeah?"

Bob: "Oh, yeah!"

* * *

When Meriam C. Cooper's name was found among those on the passenger list of the first Graf Zeppelin flight, close friends of the adventuring motion picture director were not unduly surprised.



Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire are the co-stars of "No, No, Nanette." Doesn't she remind you of Renee Adoree?

Hardly anyone knew that he and his brother camera-explorer, Ernest Schoedsack, were filming a picture called "Grass" several years ago, until that epic of the Bakytari tribe of Persia had been completed. While "Grass" was still being pointed out as a film classic, Cooper and Schoedsack had slipped away to the jungles of Siam. Almost a year later they turned up with that tremendous, natural drama of a native family's battle against the jungle, "Chang."

When they decided to make "The Four Feathers," without telling anyone their destination, or plans, they embarked for Dar-Es-Salaam, Tanganyika Territory, on the east coast of Africa, in the late spring of

1927. A trading ship took them south to Mikindani, at the mouth of the Rouvuma River. In June they trekked upstream with 200 native carriers and returned in December. They then proceeded on the Indian Ocean up the African Coast, through the Gulf of Arden, through the straits of Bab el Mandeb, and up the Red Sea to Port Sudan. From Port Sudan they traveled 700 miles southwest to the Nuba Mountains of the Soudan and finally to the Red Sea Hills, the land of Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzys, 'first class fighting men.' There they buried themselves for eight months and shot 60,000 feet of film, as local background for "The Four Feathers."



That collegiate quartet! Two members of the University of Southern California Glee Club, left and right, are assisted by Marion Byron and Phyllis Crane.

The Best Lines of the Month

From "The Dance of Life"

Bonnie (Nancy Carroll): "Keep on takin' them falls and you won't have no more teeth than a juvenile."

Skid (Hal Skelly): "Don't worry about me, kid, I'll be eating corn off the cob when you're shaking like a vibrator."

From "The Cock-Eyed World"

Top-Sergeant Flagg (Victor McLaglen): "What are we drilling men for—thousands of 'em? What are big battle ships bein' built for? Everything to kill, wound, maim and destroy! Why, half de dough dey're spendin' on dem dere airplanes would educate de woild!"

From "The Awful Truth"

Lucy (Ina Claire): "Would you call on me if I asked you?"

Norman (Henry Daniel): "I would not! There is a small restaurant in the business section where for a long time I was in the habit of lunching. One day the food was bad and I had a severe attack of ptomaine poisoning. Nowadays when I meet the proprietor on the street, I nod pleasantly and hope that he is well; but you don't catch me going there any more to eat!"



From "Fast Company"

Bert Wade (Skeets Gallagher): "Why don't you really start to take an interest in him yourself?"

Evelyn (Evelyn Brent): "Maybe I will. He's the first man I've met yet that seems to me to be really a man, and not just a collection of vaudeville jokes fixed up by an expensive tailor."

CONFESSIONS of the FANS

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the screen and its stars. We offer \$50.00 in prizes for the best letters—first prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00—received before November 10, 1929. By 'best letters' we mean the cleverest and most interesting on screen topics, not to exceed 200 words in length. Next best letters will be printed by way of honorable mention. Sign your full name and address, please! Letters should be sent to Confessions of the Fans Department, SCREEN-LAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

To travel over the world, seeking adventure and meeting strange people has always been to me an ambition which I mean to realize some day. Meanwhile, the movies have acted as a medium between me and my desire.

Often have I glimpsed the crystal clearness of a mountain lake set down like a jewel between its huge green guardians with their snowy caps; or have been transported to some fairy isle of romance in the South Seas, where the moon is a thing of awe-inspiring beauty as it sheds its rays on the gently moving waters of the lagoon. Then, too, has come before the vision and to the ears, the pulse-beat that is Africa—weird, eternal, the unsolved riddle of the tropics!

I have seen, through the movies, the most beautiful lands in the world. I can only thank my lucky star that there is such an art, and never cease to marvel at the wonders that it brings forth as time goes on. There is more reality and idealism in motion pictures than can be found anywhere else that is touched by civilization in the world.

Virginia Byrd Pearce,
Chester, Va.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

Just a few months ago, I was one of those fans who held out bitterly against the invasion of the talkies, and prophesied that they were just a passing diversion, and would not last. I used all the latest and snappiest arguments to tell just why they wouldn't 'click,' why they wouldn't last, and why we would eventually return to the all-silent picture.

But now I'm using all the arguments I can think of in favor of the talkies. Here are a few of the most potent reasons for my hasty jump from the negative to the affirmative side of the talkie question:

Mary Pickford's voice in "Coquette"—eloquent beyond my words to express; Pat O'Malley's rich baritone, with just the hint of an Irish burr to it; Louise Fazenda's delighted and delightful giggle; Paul Muni's voice, which held me entranced throughout two showings of "The Valiant"; Johnny Mack Brown's delicious southern accent; Betty Compson's lilting soprano, and Groucho Marx's ridiculously irrelevant speeches.



Davey Lee is one screen star about whom there is no possible argument. Everyone loves him.

Whenever I think of these, and other treats afforded me by the talkies, I shudder to think of their being taken away from us, and I sincerely hope that my prophecy never will come to pass.

Miss R. Palonsky,
628--4th Avenue,
San Francisco.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

Some people spend a lot of time worrying about the birthdays of the movie stars. Much of the time, missing the correct answer by ten or twenty years, they say: "Yes, yes! She's getting on in years. She'll be through before long."

I don't like that. And I'll just bet you never saw one of those unappointed critics get up in meeting and read reports on their own birthdays, beginning, "I am sorry to report another year gone. In a few more years, I'll be junk." You bet they don't!

And this is not all. These same devotees will discuss at length the most intimate details concerning the lives of the stars. We can't tell what effect such seemingly trivial things may have on the lives that are spent sowing pleasure and joy to the multitude. Why shouldn't they, in turn, have praise, power, money, every good thing in life?

Let's check our own birthdays, together with all the unexotic facts of our lives. Step right up and throw the first stone. But aim straight! Who's first?

(Mrs.) F. R. LeBrecht,
1700 E. 15th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

Garbo, like some faint, elusive perfume, steals into your heart—and you are charmed by her!

She is somewhat of a mystery; that is why she is so very fascinating. If we knew her every movement, she would only be commonplace. Her appeal lies in the fact that she is different.

Knowing nothing of her real self, it is of the screen Garbo that I speak. Having seen some actresses play a part, we more fully appreciate the Garbo who lives her rôle. For the time being, she ceases to be Garbo, but becomes the character to be portrayed. A star so talented becomes an artist, and when this is true you not only see a picture, but you feel it as well—her joys are your joys, her sorrows yours, too. You love with her; laugh with her; cry with her.

Garbo's every movement is expressive of deep emotion. A lift of the eyebrows, a curve of the lips, a gesture of the hand, a glance of the eye will turn sunshine to pathos, then back again in lightning-like succession.

I have no fear of hearing her first talkie, for I know that she will do that as superbly as she does all else.

H. L. Parks,
3000 West Avenue,
Newport News, Virginia.

Three Loud Cheers!

Three loud cheers for the way in which our favorite film players have made their debut in the talkies. They have proved themselves in my opinion, more capable in this new development than the recruited stage players. And the picture fans have shown that they prefer to see the well-known faces rather than unknowns from the New York stage.

The best of the stage players survive, but the best are few in number. Maurice Chevalier and Al Jolson have made big hits and, perhaps, Ruth Chatterton and Jeanne Eagels. But look at the list of film stars who have given such perfect characteriza-



Norma Talmadge adds another fan to her already enormous collection. Norma's first talkie is "New York Nights."

tions since the advent of talking pictures. There's Myrna Loy, for example, in "The Squall"; and Mary Pickford, whose enactment of the title rôle in "Coquette" was nothing short of perfect. Bessie Love and Conrad Nagel have achieved new popularity by reason of their splendid accomplishments via the talking screen. Corinne Griffith has added glory to her name since first being heard. Ronald Colman proves that he can more than hold his own.

As for the younger players, they have proven that they are just as good in the talkies as some of the more experienced stars.

Ellen W. White,
5247 Florence Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Hand to Rudy Vallee

Practically all my life I have been associated with musicians. Being a music critic has made that necessary. I firmly believe that a musical profession is the most colorful, intriguing profession of all. In the past six months I've noticed a change in modern music. Rudy Vallee, I believe, is responsible for that change. With his introduction of soft, sweet music, the blare of jazz is disappearing. Rudy Vallee has started something!

But, because he has started something, I sincerely hope that Hollywood will not try to make a screen actor of Rudy. His place is in music, there he should stay. Understand, I'm not adverse to his making "The Vagabond Lover." I, for one, am anxiously awaiting its release.

Miss Marjorie Howe,
"The Pines,"
Shreveport, La.



Kenneth Harlan has a loyal band of followers to whom each new Harlan film is a real event.

Thanks to Talkies

Here's to the greatest entertainment medium in the world—talking pictures. I do not believe that anyone can be antagonistic to this marvelous development in motion pictures after seeing and hearing such wonderful pictures as "Broadway Melody," "The Singing Fool," "Alibi," and other worthwhile pictures.

To those people who have not the means nor the opportunity to see great Broadway productions, a new field of entertainment will be opened. They, too, will be able to see the finest plays and hear the glorious voices of the great stage stars. The scope of talking and sound pictures is tremendous. Its possibilities are unlimited. I look forward to the development of this new art into an educational field as well.

Then too, thanks to the talking pictures, some of our old favorites have not been lost to us, while on the other hand we have learned to know and admire lesser luminaries whose personalities have become enhanced by the beauty of their voices.

Among the actors and actresses who deserve sincere praise are Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Louise Fazenda and Chester Morris.

Gloria Kafflow,
245 Broadway, Room 601,
New York City, N. Y.

To Talk Or Not To Talk

I would like to ask all the fans of this department if they think Charlie Chaplin's next picture should be a talkie or a silent one. And I wonder if that dear man isn't thinking very hard about it, too.

Come on, fans, tell Charlie to make it silent! He will be glad to know what you think about it. I love the talkies but you can't laugh out loud and hear a talkie too, and I would like to see more silent pictures. My favorites are Mary Pickford, Douglas



Mary Nolan's popularity has increased since talkies have added a melodious voice to her blonde beauty.



A fan writes in praise of Pat O'Malley's rich baritone with its hint of an Irish burr to it!

Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Nolan, Charlie Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert and that all-hot-and bothered Lupe Velez. What she did to Old Man Pittsburgh—and how! And I won't forget that nice boy, Gary Cooper.

Margaret Siles,
53 Fleming Park,
Pittock, Pa.

Not Too Acid!

Here is a shower of bouquets, acid drops and comments.

We want:—to congratulate Myrna Loy for Nubi in "The Squall"; Ronald Colman for Bulldog Drummond, and Lily Damita for Camilla in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Also to recommend this picture for not having a theme song called "San Luis Bridge is Fawing Down."

I also want to remark on how well Ruth Chatterton is named; to request another theme song like *Oh, Night of Splendor*, but not too much like it; stars to pretend stop pretending their lime-light love is artistic; a smile from Greta Garbo, and to demand better chances for Diane Ellis.

Mildred Smith,
Manassas, Va.

Garbo Again!

In an interview Greta Garbo said: "Talking pictures are so far beyond the experimental stage that anyone unwilling to recognize their superiority to silent pictures is either hopelessly old-fashioned or plain stubborn." Miss Garbo has fine intelligence and strength of character. She is interested in making pictures which will be dramatically worthwhile. I believe her opinion of the talkie is sound.

While hearing and seeing talkies recently, I have been struck by the number of

superior features which the speaking screen has in contrast to the legitimate stage. On the stage the action must be over-emphasized to be made effective. How much more sensitive is the living picture. What delicate and significant suggestions may be made! The quiver of a lip, the hint of a smile, a slight gesture of the hand, the low inflection of a charming voice—all are possible and natural. And there is the flexibility of the screen, flashing from one action to another. Is not one justified in holding to the conviction that in the future some of the great dramatic creations will be on the screen and that the talkie as a vehicle for good entertainment will have no superior?

Bert S. Chewning,
1205 Bennington Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

A Hand for Personal Appearances

The following statement appeared recently in a local paper:

"The value of personal appearances of movie stars in picture houses about the country has long been a mooted question. Sometimes producers feel that these appearances harm the drawing power of a player. Other times they feel that such tours are of real benefit to film productions."

I would like to state my opinion on the subject.

First of all, who isn't thrilled beyond words to sit in the theater and see before them, in flesh and blood, one of their favorite stars?

I have seen personally, such stars as Buddy Rogers, Davey Lee, Lily Damita, Jackie Coogan, Lew Cody, Anita Stewart and Robert Agnew. How I enjoyed their performances! Buddy Rogers did one of his scenes from "Close Harmony" and sang several songs. Davey Lee lisped a little speech in his cute manner and sang "Sonny



Lily Damita won new friends with her colorful characterization in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Boy." Lily Damita talked to the audience and her French accent was charming.

I cannot see where a personal appearance harms the drawing power of a star. Instead, it brings him more admirers, and affords many fans their only chance of seeing, personally, their favorite stars.

I think Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian form the best movie team. Here's hoping we see, and hear, more of them.

Maxine Tweddell,
415 E. Euclid Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.



"Broadway Melody" brought new fame to Bessie Love. You'll see her soon as the trouping heroine of "Road Show."

SCREENLAND

HONOR

Joan Crawford, Take
Stardom and Screen-
the Same Picture,

TWO years ago, SCREENLAND received a telegram from Joan Crawford. It read: "God bless you! Every other magazine has said I look like Pauline Frederick or a few other girls. You say I can stand alone, on my own feet. May I always merit your praise."

Joan, you're a nice girl; and SCREENLAND is happy to be able to report that you are now a star in your own right, standing fairly and squarely on your own, without the aid of mirrors. You are an original personality and a brilliant actress. There is no star quite like you in motion pictures. Very much the modern girl, yet quaint and old-fashioned enough to work hard and consistently for screen success, you deserve all our applause. You are a good sport in "Our Modern Maidens" sharing some of your close-ups with Anita Page; and it is your reward that you should shine more brightly than ever in your very first starring picture. May you make many more! P.S. Regards to Doug!



Joan, a dancing girl from musical comedy, has become one of the most important dramatic actresses on the screen.



She's a sweet, natural, sun-tanned girl off the screen, who goes in for sports clothes and sincerity.

PAGE

Your Bow! You Win
land's Award with
"Our Modern Maidens"



A new portrait of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. She assumed her new rôle as Mrs. Doug about the same time she stepped into stardom.



She hasn't forgotten how to dance! Joan Crawford in one of the wild costumes she wears in "Our Modern Maidens."



Joan is more than a mere whoopee girl. She is a real actress, capable of putting over drama in a great big way.

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THIS mad movie world! A living electric sign on Broadway brings out the crowds and the reserves, while 26 shapely show-girls spell out the name, "Hollywood Revue," sing a little, and do a few dance steps high above the White Way.

☞ A rowdy and somewhat ribald entertainment, "The Cock-Eyed World," plays to 800,000 people and grosses something like \$650,000 in its four weeks' run at the Roxy, a theater which formerly attracted by reason of its superior stage presentations rather than the pictures presented.

☞ Bobby Jones, national amateur golf champion, turns down an offer of \$50,000 for two weeks' work making a talking picture.

☞ Bobby Jackson, millionaire script girl, arrives for work at a California studio in a \$10,000 motor car.

☞ About 38 years ago Thomas Edison took out his first patent upon a device to produce motion pictures. It was granted August 24, 1891. At that time it was suggested to Mr. Edison that he protect himself by foreign patents as well. "How much will they cost?" Edison is said to have asked. "About \$150," was the reply. "It's not worth it," is the reported reply of the electrical wizard. He saved \$150 and he might have made millions.

☞ Ufa begins to make talkies in Germany. And to show they are in earnest about it, they have created a new directorial post, that of "Dialect Doctor." The explanation is that English really



consists of two languages, English and American, and the chief duty of the Dialect Doctor is to see that results are equally understandable in both Yorkshire and Vermont. For instance, "Swell Baby" in American would be "Bonnie lass" in English. Ufa directors maintain that, as a new language is evolving in the United States, "it is fitting in the highest degree that such an objective entertainment medium as the screen should properly recognize it."

☞ Seven producing companies donate 778,000 feet of feature pictures to the Culion leper colony in the Philippine Islands. The pictures include the best comedies and features produced in the past year. Movie-night is the one gala night for the world's saddest shut-ins—their escape from grim reality.

☞ The cry from the partially-deaf theater patrons against the talkies has been heeded. A device has been perfected to be attached to seats, the operation of which will permit all those not totally deaf to hear the dialog and music of talking and synchronized screenplays.

☞ Dr. Sheldon Shepard of the First Universalist Church of Los Angeles, sums it all up: "We have not yet begun to realize the almost illimitable benefits that will come to humanity from the development of the talking motion picture. There is far more in its potentialities than improved entertainment and widened education. It has that subtle, spiritual something, a characteristic of all true art, which ministers to the inner peace and growth of human-kind."

D. E.



TAKING A TALKIE SCENE

How they shoot a sound scene. A bird's-eye view from the 'wings' of the cabaret set of "The Painted Angel" starring Billie Dove, with workmen and technicians preparing the arrangement of lights, cameras, and equipment. Director Millard Webb is seen at table in middle foreground, with Cissy Fitzgerald.

GRETA GARBO

An Amazing Psycho-Analytic Portrait
of the Screen's Mystery Woman



Greta Garbo as she looked when she first arrived in Hollywood—a lonely, moody, shy Swedish girl. Hollywood direction, lighting, and clever costumes helped her to burst her bondage and become a world celebrity.



The poised and perfect Garbo of today! She found in America just that help which has allowed her to bring her real self—shut in, a being of inarticulate moods—out into the glare of the Kleig lights.

HOW about the lovely Miss Garbo, who has but 22 years to her credit (or debit), a Swedish woman who already has become what the psychologists call the *soul-image* to the American people, and to many millions besides? Everything about her, so we are told, is mystery. To begin with, her history since she came to these shores reverses the theory that foreign actors are ruined by Hollywood and Americanization; their peculiar novelty wears off; their fire dies; from being passionate they become good sports, and from being unique they become commonplace. But Greta Garbo, while she was always Greta Garbo, has undergone an amazing development, as if she had added to herself only what was best in America and rejected the shoddy.

No amount of success has rooted out her initial qualities, and, were it not for the new psychology with its knowledge of types, we could have no key to her mystery. Her mystery is this: She is genuinely shy, yet she broadcasts herself to the world; she loves solitude and is not a mixer, yet she stands in the glare of terrific publicity; it is not easy for her to express herself to others, yet she is today one of the truly remarkable actresses of the

screen. America has, every year, a Prize Beauty contest, and every district of the land sends its favorite good-looker, and from these one is chosen as Miss America. Yet none of these Prize Beauties even faintly resembles Greta Garbo. She is not in any way the typical American beauty, whose symbol is the American beauty rose, shapely, open and frank of face, familiar, a good fellow, a mixer, with nothing in the least mysterious about her. She might live down the next block. Greta Garbo lives in Never-Never Land, and she is more popular, more loved of Americans than any of these.

Her appeal is not direct, like that of an Anita Page or a Mary Pickford; it is subtle, evasive, often unexpected. She is not changeless, like a Norma Shearer or a Marion Davies. Most actresses have what we might call one face. Greta Garbo is a woman of a thousand faces. She always looks different. Spread out a set of her photographs and each is quite different. Here is the face of a very worldly woman, here is the face of an innocent, here is sheer loveliness, even magic; here is something approaching plainness. If we can say that almost every woman moves with a certain rhythm by which we place her—the

Psycho-Analyzed

By James Oppenheim

athletic motion of a Helen Wills, the comedienne lightness of a Marion Davies—we can say of Greta Garbo that she has a thousand rhythms, as if she were all women in one, as if she were typical of all the women of all time.

Such women are comparatively rare and they correspond with what the psychologist calls the *soul-image*, that is, the ideal woman, the woman that every man seeks in his dreams, the woman who will mean everything to him; and because she is changeable and varied, so unexpected in her thought and action, so different always, remains forever a mystery. The soul-image type woman, as Dr. Jung points out, runs the gamut of what women have been: from the shady to the light, from the demonic or devilish to the divine. Of course she may not have lived these things; but one senses in her nature all feminine possibilities—the child-like, the naive, the worldly, the

irregular; maiden, mistress, wife, mother. She is Mona Lisa with her mysterious smile, a smile that sometimes looks like sadness, sometimes like joy. She is Cleopatra. She appears on the world-stage always as a disturbing beauty, a Helen that launches a thousand ships and destroys a kingdom.

Psychologically this means that the woman is many-sided, instead of being caked and fixed like most of us. She is a mystery even to herself, and hence to men she furnishes the lure of the unknown and her many-sidedness gives promise of rich relationship.

This, of course, does not explain Greta Garbo, so



According to Oppenheim, Garbo has become the 'soul-image' to the American people—that is, the ideal woman that every man seeks in his dreams! Above, in a love scene with Lew Ayres.



The popularity of Garbo points to a change in the American people. The great audience has come to appreciate subtlety in beauty, depth in character, artistry in acting.

much as describe her.

For explanation we must turn to the problem of types. To begin with, Greta Garbo is an introvert, not an extravert. The extravert is normally well adapted to the world, a doer rather than a dreamer, a good mixer, one who plays the game with a certain lightness of touch; among women usually a good hostess, a good pal, sociable, tactful, charming, 'selling' herself easily, and just born that way. The introvert is the opposite. He tends to withdraw from the world into the world of imagination, of dream, of inner things. Such men and women in the Middle Ages became monks and nuns and retired to the cloisters. Such women sought not 'carnal love' as they put it, but became the brides of the church. The introvert usually isn't a good fellow, he finds it almost impossible to 'sell' himself, he (Continued on page 107)

The Battle of the

Broadway 'Follies' Graduates
Who'll Win the

By Alice White

HOLLYWOOD ALUMNUS

SOME things burn me up; and one of them is to hear people say that stage experience is terribly valuable in the movies!

Where do they get that stuff? Why don't they open their eyes and look about them?

The biggest picture stars today have never been backstage in their lives, except on social visits. I'll admit there are a few exceptions—not more than a handful of them—who prove the general rule.

As to Hollywood chorus girls, I've worked with them in quite a number of pictures now, and I find every time that the brightest, the snappiest and the smartest of them are girls who have walked right up to the casting bureau and filed their applications without an hour of stage experience back of them.

They are fresh—I mean in the nice, unspoiled way. They haven't been through the Broadway musical comedy mill which is pretty sure to take away some of their freshness.

Think what it must be to play in an old-fashioned show! You rehearse for weeks; and then you go on doing the same thing for months and months, night and day—



Alice insists stage experience is not essential to screen success.

that is, if you're lucky enough to be in a successful production! I know that I couldn't stand it for a month.

You can sometimes see the effects of it in the girls who come out to Hollywood with all the so-called 'glory' of Broadway behind them! They lack elasticity; they are not adaptable. The studio routine gets them. No wonder some of them fail to fit into the studio life and have to go back to jobs along the Great White Way!

There's one funny thing about this business of the actors and actresses who come out to California full of wise-cracks. They may like to pose as high-hatting the screen, but

(Continued on page 106)



Hollywood's "Show Girl" kicks up her heels at the idea of a Broadway background for movie maidens.



Broadway never produced a prettier show-girl than Olive Hatch—in fact, Olive is a strictly Hollywood product!

Beauties

Versus Studio-Trained Stars!
Purse, Screen Supremacy?

By Dorothy Mackaill

'FOLLIES' GRADUATE



Dorothy Mackaill believes her stage training made her movie career possible.

THERE is no better way of getting into motion pictures—for a girl—than through the magic doorway of the stage.

And I think it is the easiest and surest way. It is the best preparation; it educates a girl in self-confidence, in poise and in the development of her latent talents.

If that was true in the old days of silent pictures (and I believe very firmly that it was), then surely it is even truer in this talking picture era.

And the stage gives a glamour — an atmosphere of romance—which means a tremendous lot to the public. I don't want to be immodest, but if you could see my fan mail you'd realize what I mean!

I remember my own experience so well. I am English, you know; and when I was in my early teens I was like most English girls—sweet and shy and retiring. Yes, I was positively bashful! (My Hollywood friends will find that very hard to believe, but it's true!)

Just the same, I wanted to be an actress, so I went up to London and got a place in the chorus of the Hippodrome. I had everything to learn — and gradually I learned it!

At first they put me in the back row, while I was being trained. Then I was advanced to the front. The show went to Paris, and I went with it. And at that time I first faced the cameras—in a French moving picture that I've never even seen, and I've never met anybody else who ever saw it either!

I was frightened to death, much more so than I ever was on the stage. "No more cinema for me," I thought. "I'm going to America and see

(Continued on page 106)



Dorothy has that 'Follies' figure and that Hollywood smile and that Vitaphone voice!

*Photograph
by Vandamm*

Dr. Watson *Explains*

By
Rosa Reilly



Dr. John B. Watson, eminent psychologist, tells SCREENLAND readers that the motion picture acts as a fine emotional outlet for the American millions.

“SEX appeal,” says Dr. John B. Watson, “is the foundation of life. It is the vital force behind the motion picture industry, as well as all other industries—the one sure road to human happiness.”

Step up and meet the Doctor!

You all know, of course, that he is one of the most eminent psychologists of America. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago, a former Professor at Johns Hopkins, the founder of the Behaviorist School of Psychology, author of five books on Behaviorism, and a two-fisted, high-powered advertising executive as well.

But that's not the reason I want you to know him. I want you to meet him because he is the IT Doctor himself. He is an expert on how to get your man—or woman, and has all the answers down pat—with words and music. But we mustn't interrupt him. He's going to settle, once and for all, this controversy about whether Sex Appeal is or is not necessary in moving pictures. Listen to

what he says:

“The motion picture,” continues Dr. Watson, “functions as one of the best of pathological laboratories. In America, just as in other countries, because of the upheaval of the World War, we have lost our sense of security. We wonder why we were born, why we have to work, why our love affairs, many times, turn out tragically. We continue wondering about the uneven economic conditions of life, the different interpretations placed on justice and honor—one for the overlord and another for the underdog. And we end by wondering where we can turn in sorrow, disgrace or defeat.

“To turn our minds from these oppressive thoughts, we all need recreation. But recreation to the mass of the people is often prohibitive on account of its cost. However, there is one relaxation within the reach of all—the motion picture theater. And in these theaters, seeking surcease from worries and woes, we find each week over a hundred and ten million people.

“But do they go there because they want to see a news-reel or Ramsey MacDonald, or a cartoon of Mickey Mouse?

“They do not.

“They go because the one sure objective they have in all this uncertain life is the overmastering desire for love and affection. And because, in many cases, these desires are unful-

filled, they visit the picture houses to grasp what has eluded them. They want to see that lovely, slender person, Greta Garbo, lay her golden head upon the powerful chest of John Gilbert. They want to see that virile man kiss this yielding woman in a way they have missed being kissed. Then they want to go home—to dream. To dream that the person to whom they are married or engaged is leading them through a scene of mutual passionate beauty such as they have just watched Greta Garbo and John Gilbert enacting on the screen.

“In this fashion, the motion picture distills a powerful influence. It acts as a fine emotional outlet for the American millions.

“To be specific, let's imagine Mary Hamilton, we'll say. Mary is married to a young lawyer. She was a beautiful, wistful bride, speaking her vows with the low-voiced assurance of first love. But something went wrong with that marriage. Mary can't exactly fathom the reason for

Vital Force

Behind MOTION PICTURES

Dr. John B. Watson, the Famous Psychologist, Founder of the Behaviorist School of Psychology, Settles Once and For All the Controversy: is Sex Appeal Necessary to the Motion Picture Industry? Read What this Authority Says

it. She only knows she feels frustrated, miserable. But instead of brooding about it, she dresses herself prettily and goes to the Roxy or the Capitol Theater.

"Settling herself comfortably in her seat, she watches Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in an exquisite love scene. Soon Mary isn't unhappy any more. She is dreaming. Day dreaming that she herself is Janet; and that on her lips, the tender kisses of Charles Farrell are falling.

"A little later the picture is over. The lights go on, the orchestra begins to play and Mary goes home—happy. Life isn't any more a dreary routine. Even broiling the chops and fixing the pineapple and lettuce salad has a touch of romance to it. For all the time she is imagining that she is the heroine of a love drama, in which her husband, transformed into a dream lover, is the hero.

"And so another marital crisis is past. Once again the movies have proved a positive, alleviating factor.

"Many of these people who seek their happiness in the motion picture theater write me letters and ask for advice. I can do little to aid them. One psychologist can't remake the world. But where I can help is by trying to stir the sentiment of the movie millions up to the point where young boys and girls from birth upward can be trained so they mature in truth and beauty."

Although Dr. Watson is almost fifty, he looks a young forty. He is a big, splendidly built man with the energy of a Mussolini and the pep of an Alaskan dog team. He has a Rabelaisian laugh and a broad sense of humor. He is physically a combination of George Bancroft, William Powell and Lewis Stone. He is the Bill Haines of the scientific world. A Bad Boy among the psychologists all right, for he is always stirring up scientific controversies over his original solutions of human behavior.

Although Dr. Watson writes profound books on Behaviorism, he is just a human being like the rest of us, with the

same problems. It has only been nine years since with little or no money, a young wife and heavy financial obligations, he gave up academic honors to seek a place in the business world. Starting out selling coffee to the retail trade in order to gain business experience, he is now a member of the crack advertising corporation, J. Walter Thompson Company. He has risen steadily, both in the advertising and in the scientific world.

"Most movie goers, just like most other people," goes on the doctor, "make the miserable mistake of thinking they will be happy tomorrow. As children we think we will be happy when we can act as we please. Whereas, Huxley said: 'A man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes.

"The pursuit of happiness is almost always an unhappy quest. I dislike that word 'happiness' anyway. Fulfillment is a better word for it. And my idea of fulfillment is throwing yourself so heartily into work and into outdoor sports that there is neither time nor energy left for repinings, repressions, inhibitions. That is the ideal I should like to see worked out for every child born on the earth.

"I myself am not a movie fan," Dr. Watson concludes.

"My work and my family leave me little leisure for keeping up with current pictures.

"But I sincerely believe that the motion picture industry would shortly come to grief—just as the human race would cease to exist—if it were not for the appeal of one sex for another.

"Whenever I do visit a moving picture theater, I don't do so to study the sex habits of the penguins or the geologic structure of the great Antarctic Barrier. I go there for the same reason that a hundred million other people go there—to enjoy youth, warmth, beauty. To see the perfect consummation of masculine strength with feminine loveliness—the one Paradise of which a man may be eternally sure!"

Dr. Watson Says:

"The motion picture functions as one of the best of pathological laboratories.

"Whenever I visit a motion picture theater, I don't do so to study the sex habits of the penguins or the geologic structure of the great Antarctic Barrier. I go there for the same reason that a hundred million other people go there—to enjoy youth, warmth, beauty. To see the perfect consummation of masculine strength with feminine loveliness—the one Paradise of which a man may be eternally sure!"

Mr. *and* Mrs. John Barrymore's

The Famous Stars Offer For the Five Best Letters

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello want to know what kind of a picture you would like to see them co-star in. Costume drama, or modern comedy drama? Can you suggest any particular book or play that could be adapted to suit their screen requirements? For the five best letters on the subject the Barrymores offer five twenty-dollar gold pieces. By 'best letter' is meant the most interesting suggestion written in the clearest and cleverest style.

A new portrait of Dolores Costello Barrymore. Wouldn't you like to see her play opposite her husband?

NEITHER John Barrymore nor Dolores Costello has ever offered a gift contest before. Mr. Barrymore is one of the most reserved and secluded of all motion picture stars, preferring to let his screen personality speak for him. Personal appearances, interviews, autographing pictures—all such things are *taboo*. But he is really interested in this SCREENLAND gift contest. It is his first gesture of comradeship towards his many fans. His wife, Dolores Costello, joins him in this friendly offer. \$100 in prizes of 5 \$20 gold pieces for the 5 best letters.

Address:—MR. AND MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE

SCREENLAND Contest Department

49 West 45th Street, New York City

Contest closes November 10, 1929



John Barrymore was the star and Dolores Costello the leading lady in "When a Man Loves," adapted from "Manon Lescaut." They have not appeared together on the screen since this picture.

Gold-Piece Prize Contest!

Five \$20. Gold Pieces Answering their Question

NOT since "The Sea Beast" and "When a Man Loves" have these two famous stars appeared together on the screen. John Barrymore discovered the beautiful girl who later became his wife when she was playing 'bits' at the Warner Brothers Studio and he was looking for a leading lady for "The Sea Beast." The delicate charm of the daughter of Maurice Costello captured the interest of America's great actor and he requested that the lovely little unknown be given an opportunity to prove her talent in his picture. You all know the result: with the release of "The Sea Beast" a new favorite was born. Dolores Costello's grace and beauty and ability won the hearts of her audiences. The Barrymore-Costello team became one of the most popular combinations in motion pictures. They played together again in "When a Man Loves" and both earned new laurels. And now that Dolores is a star in her own right, and the exquisite love scenes enacted on the screen were made reality when John Barrymore married his leading woman, the Barrymores want their fans to suggest what kind of a picture they should co-star in—costume drama or modern comedy drama; and they will welcome suggestions of any particular book or play which could be adapted for them. The prize offer is \$100—in prizes of five \$20 gold pieces, for the five most interesting letters.



A close-up of the celebrated Barrymore profile. The star himself prefers to play rôles which offer him opportunity to characterize. The famous Barrymore voice will first be heard from the screen in "General Crack," a special production starring America's greatest romantic actor.



Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore on the Barrymore yacht, on which they honeymooned in the South Seas.

The Costello-Barrymore romance is one of the favorite real-life love stories of Hollywood. Like that of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and Joan Crawford and Doug Jr., the Barrymore romance was born in the colorful atmosphere of the studio, and presents the always-fascinating picture of two great stars turning screen love scenes into the real thing!

Chevalier ~ Lubitsch ~ Success!

A French Star and a German Director Work Together on the Screen's First Original Operetta, "The Love Parade," for American Audiences!

By Rob Wagner

AT last, the dream of cinematic production—a screen operetta! Not a revue or Follies show of patched-together acts and gags, but a full-length opera with its own story, casts, solos, duets and magnificent choruses.

Nor is "The Love Parade" simply one of our well-known operas like "Carmen" or "The Mikado" translated to the screen. Such operas, like the present screen revues, are essentially of the stage and carry with them all the stage limitations.

Leave it to Lubitsch to remember that the screen has a glorious technique that in the first excitement of sound pictures has been largely tossed aside. De Mille began the renaissance by returning to the tools of his trade in "Dynamite." Now the great German director is making a musical film in which he uses all the triumphs of the cinematic idiom.

Needless to say, "The Love Parade" has been written and scored directly for the screen; and while it is basically an operetta, the action is not confined to the time-and-space limits of



Above: shooting the royal staircase scene, showing the Queen, Jeanette MacDonald, descending the stairs between two lines of grenadiers. Note the seated figure of Director Lubitsch at the foot. As Miss MacDonald descends Lubitsch and the camera truck will precede her across the marble hall.



Howdy, Queen! Her train is seven yards long and two yards wide, weighted with sequins, pearls, and rhinestones.

a stage. There are, in fact, over fifty sets and locations used, and the songs and dances extend in many instances over several sets.

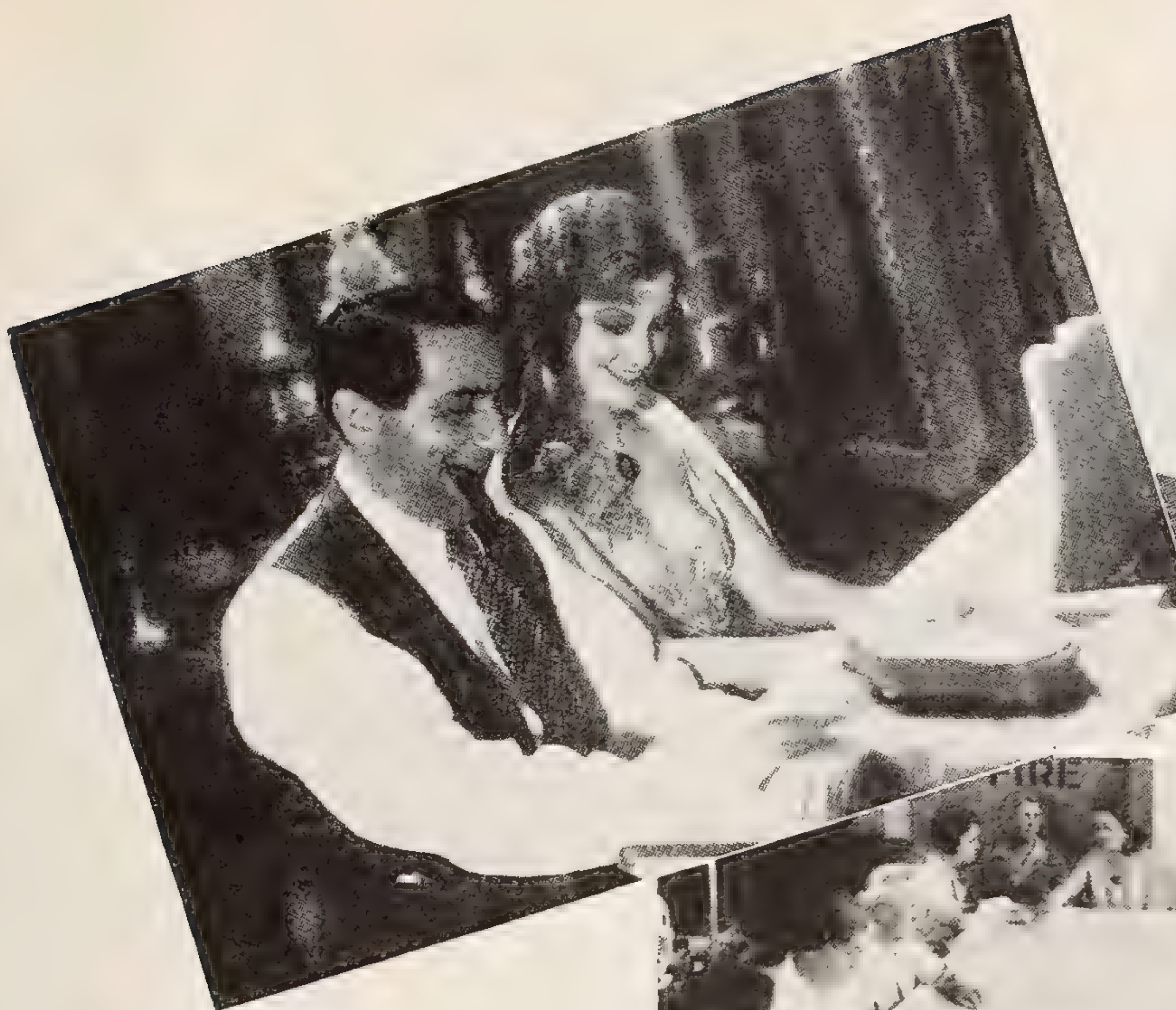
So much for the mechanical and technical side of the screen's first original operetta.

The most interesting phase of the artistic adventure is that it has brought together three great foreigners—Lubitsch, Chevalier and Guy Bolton. Lubitsch is regarded as one of our greatest directors. (He is the only one whose pictures have ranked among 'the ten best' every year since votes were taken); Chevalier's instantaneous repetition of his European successes has placed him at the top of our screen entertainment, and

Guy Bolton's name as an author is famous throughout the operatic world.

A German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman—and an American cast! Who says the war is not over and forgotten? Perhaps the most eloquent evidence is the devotion that has developed between Chevalier and Lubitsch.

The other day I barged over to watch them work. Chevalier was singing a song beneath an apple tree—an amusing song about his out-of-work charms—while Lubitsch sat beside the igloos (sound-



Above: Director Ernst Lubitsch plays a Victor Schertzinger duet with Jeanette MacDonald, the heroine of "The Love Parade." Lubitsch is an accomplished pianist.



Photo by E. A. Schoenbaum

Lubitsch and Chevalier agreed to limit themselves to one cigar a day. The director's eight-hour smoke shows up the star's favorite little panatella.

proof camera booths) and smiled in happy approval.

"Chevalier is a wonderful fellow, Bob," he said as we strolled over to the playback room to hear the result. "He has a fine figure, a splendid voice, intelligence, magnificent art, and above all—*sharm!*" (Lubitsch still has difficulty with his c's.) "Even his accent, instead of being a handicap, adds to his sharm. And such a gentleman, Bob, don't you think so? This has been the happiest picture I've ever made. Not a cross word or an angry look. Everybody loves Chevalier. He is just as sharming as his screen personality. No wonder he is such a colossal success."

"It seems strange," he went on later as we lunched together, "that I have made so many French comedies and this is the first time I've ever made one with a real Frenchman!"

"I understand he is the greatest male IT-er of the screen. Do you think his American success will go to his



Above: ten girls in the Paramount wardrobe department worked for two weeks on the Queen's beaded white satin train. Here are the workers on the job.



The royal lovers in the original operetta, "The Love Parade"—Jeanette MacDonald and the star, Maurice Chevalier.

head?" I asked.

"You forget, Bob, he was already a tremendous success in Europe. He gets a big salary here, but he also got one there. No, he is very sensible, and, like his countrymen, he is thrifty and saving. No foolishness, no, no. Americans think the French are gay spendthrifts. But they are not. Chevalier will take good care of his future.

"You'll laugh, Bob, when I tell you the greatest kick I get making this picture. It's correcting Chevalier's English! Yes, he comes to me and asks me how to pronounce words. Me! Isn't that amusing? You remember how you kidded me when I first came over. Remember, you printed a story about how I couldn't think of the word 'naked' and said I was just 'plain?' Well, now Chevalier asks me how to pronounce everything."

The little episode, however, is not really
(Continued on page 103)



Fannie Hurst, author of "Lummox," is delighted with the way her book promises to emerge on the screen.

FANNIE HURST

*Says: "Talking Pictures
are Here to Stay!"*

By Alma Talley

"I AM delighted with the way 'Lummox' promises to emerge on the screen. I have not yet seen the completed film, cut, edited, etc., but I did see most of it in the making."

Yes, prick up your ears and listen; it's Fannie Hurst talking. Fannie Hurst, the highest paid writer in America, whose yearly income from stories is something we all dream about when we read the success ads. Fannie Hurst, whose fictional characters have animated miles and miles of film.

And this is the author who is actually pleased with what a producer has done to her novel!

You didn't know such things could be, did you? Nor even suspect? The usual picture of an author after view-

ing his work on the screen is of a man hesitating between gas and a leap out the window. A man with his teeth all gnashed.

"Is this what they've done to my lovely, beautiful story?" he moans. Miss Hurst herself felt just that way about it some ten years ago when "Star Dust" was filmed.

But now, after the filming of "Lummox," there's not a moan from Miss Hurst. Only a delighted smile. For they have done right by our "Lummox"; her brain child has not been treated like a step-child at all.

Perhaps it's those cursed, but popular, talking pictures which are making things look up for an author. Way, way up. For it says right in the author's book just how

The First Interview on the Talkies Granted by Ameri- ca's Highest Paid Woman Writer

Mary, or Nell—or *Lummox*—talks, and you know how we all believe anything a book says. And so dialog can bring an author into his own.

Not always of course, even yet. For isn't there a report that Mary's and Doug's new co-starring picture is being advertised: "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare, with additional dialog by Sam Taylor?" Sophisticates are already chuckling at Mr. Taylor cutting into Bill Shakespeare's laurels like that.

But Mr. Shakespeare couldn't be reached to supervise his own production.

Miss Hurst was right on hand when "*Lummox*" was filmed. In fact, she was consulted in the casting.

"I was amazed," she said, "at the number of actresses who wanted to play *Lummox*. On the surface she is a dull, plodding creature, with no opportunity to wear clothes. Yet hundreds wanted to play her. It was the most coveted rôle in years."

Miss Hurst spoke with justifiable pride. She has the simplicity, the sincerity of greatness. Her voice is rich, musical; and she has the same vivid vitality which comes through the printed page to her characters. She looked very picturesque, with a red scarf tied around her hair, a red silk work smock over her white linen dress. Two Pekingese dogs sprawled at her feet. We sat in a couch-hammock under



Miss Hurst in her study, dictating one of her vivid stories of modern life.

the trees, behind the hundred year old farmhouse which is her summer home.

"Of course you know how Winifred Westover was selected for the part of *Lummox*?" she said.

The story has been told before, but Miss Hurst's version is amusing.

"One day in New York a girl came to see me, just as I was going out. She must see me, she said. She had an appointment made six weeks before. An appointment? Nonsense. I had no record of an appointment. But she had one, she insisted, and she had come thousands of miles to see me—all the way from Hollywood.

"So finally I agreed to talk to her and she introduced herself as Winifred Westover. I'm playing *Lummox*," she said.

"That rather staggered me, because Mr. Brenon and I had been working closely together and he hadn't notified me of any such decision.

"'You can't be,' I told her. 'In fact, we're not even sure who's to make the picture.'"

"'Mr. Brenon will make it,' she said, 'I've been praying that he will. And I'm going to play it. He doesn't know it yet. No one knows but me—and now

(Continued on page 96)



Herbert Brenon, the director, and Fannie Hurst with Bobby Ullman, the little godson of the late Rudolph Valentino.



Basil Rathbone brings his voice and his technique to the Hollywood studios. Welcome to our talkies!

DON JUAN *from* BROADWAY

A 'Great Lover' of the Stage Succumbs to the Screen

By Bradford Nelson

PERHAPS the talkie invasion has brought Hollywood no more interesting figure than the man who has been known for eight years as the 'Great Lover' of the stage.

Gilbert, Valentino, Novarro et al have all had their adherents among the followers of the screen. Stage devotees, however, have been unswervingly loyal to one man, Basil Rathbone.

Over six feet tall, with flashing black eyes and a real profile, Basil Rathbone has brought 'ohs' and 'ahs' from his audiences without stint during the runs of such romantic successes as "The Swan," "The Czarina," "The Captive," and "The Command to Love."

The silent pictures didn't intrigue Rathbone at all. Contracts from movie producers were sent back untouched. He continued to give his services as a great lover exclusively to the stage.

Talkies came, however, and the highly capable Basil, with many others, succumbed.

Where once he kissed before the footlights, today a microphone records his romantic interpretations. And already movie fans are showing great interest in his por-

trays. Unknown except to followers of the New York stage, his first picture, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," has given Basil Rathbone a picture following over night. The 'great lover of the stage' has 'clicked' on the screen!

Now he is playing his second talkie rôle, the lead opposite Kay Johnson in William C. De Mille's picture, "This Mad World." Day by day fan letters pour in asking, "Who is this Rathbone? Where did he come from?"

When I visited the gentleman in question he handed me a big batch of these letters and gave me that very delightful grin which is so much a Rathbone characteristic.

"This movie thing is certainly a great cure for any one with a tendency to egotism," he said. "After playing for years before big houses, I thought a few people knew me. Now, however, I realize how very few people the speaking actor really reaches. 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,' for instance, has only been out a few weeks, and yet I've received letters from every State in the Union. On the stage such communications were always confined to the states immediately around New York.

"I'm enjoying every minute of this movie experience, and I hope they'll like me well (Continued on page 109)



Charles Sholl



Hendrickson

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

RICHARD DIX *and* JUNE COLLYER *in "The Love Doctor."*

Lessons in Lure

Her art doesn't depend upon clothes. And just between us, she could struggle along without the feather duster, too, if she really had to!



Myrna was a dancer before she became an actress. Now she is a good actress who hasn't forgotten how to dance.

Something from "Songs of India" would come in handy right now—if we could only remember it.



Miss Loy lends her grace to Vitaphone pictures and the public is properly grateful

Learn About Lissome Grace from lovely Myrna Loy

Myrna making believe she's Mrs. Samson. We could go right on about Myrna — columns and columns about her!

In Kashmir sign language this must mean "Come on over!"

And this, boys and girls, is her gentle reminder that class is dismissed. "That's all there is; there isn't any more!"

All photographs of
Miss Myrna Loy
by Fred R. Archer.



Gene Robert Richee

CLARA BOW and James Hall in a little specialty entitled: "Love and Kisses." Ssh—it's all for "The Saturday Night Kid."



WILLIAM POWELL and Kay Francis in
"Behind the Make-Up." They quarrel,
then they kiss and make up—you know!



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE talkies may be known as 'the drawlies' as soon as Dorothy Sebastian's sweet southern voice is heard from the screen.



Irving Chidnoff

RUTH CHATTERTON, distinguished star from the 'legitimate,' has been adopted by picture audiences. She's one of the family!



Gene Robert Richee

CAN this be Fay Wray? No longer a demure ingenue, but an exciting woman. Read all about the new Fay on the opposite page.

The TRANSFORMATION *of* FAY WRAY

A Sweet Little Girl Grows Up

By John Engstead

filmed with Hal Skelly, William Powell and Fay Wray. It's not Hal Skelly who is the particular reason for enthusiasm. It's not William Powell.

But Fay Wray!

In a quiet, reticent girl is developing the charming woman, Fay Wray. She talks with ease. She cries with ease. She walks with ease. Director Robert Milton shakes his red head with pride because he helped to put her in the important part. The script girl understands the lovely Fay. All the film 'rushes' back the firm belief in their Fay Wray.

A year ago, it was rumored that the young actress was to be dropped from Paramount's contract list. There was no confirmation of the report.

Today, she is still with the same studio. She has moved into a dressing room in the same row with Clara Bow, Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, William Powell, Ruth Chatterton, Evelyn Brent and Gary Cooper.

People ask how it happened.

Some say it's her marriage to John Monk Saunders. Some believe it is a change in Fay Wray herself. Others point out that it is because of the multitude of all-singing, all-dancing, all-more-or-less-artificial girls of Broad-

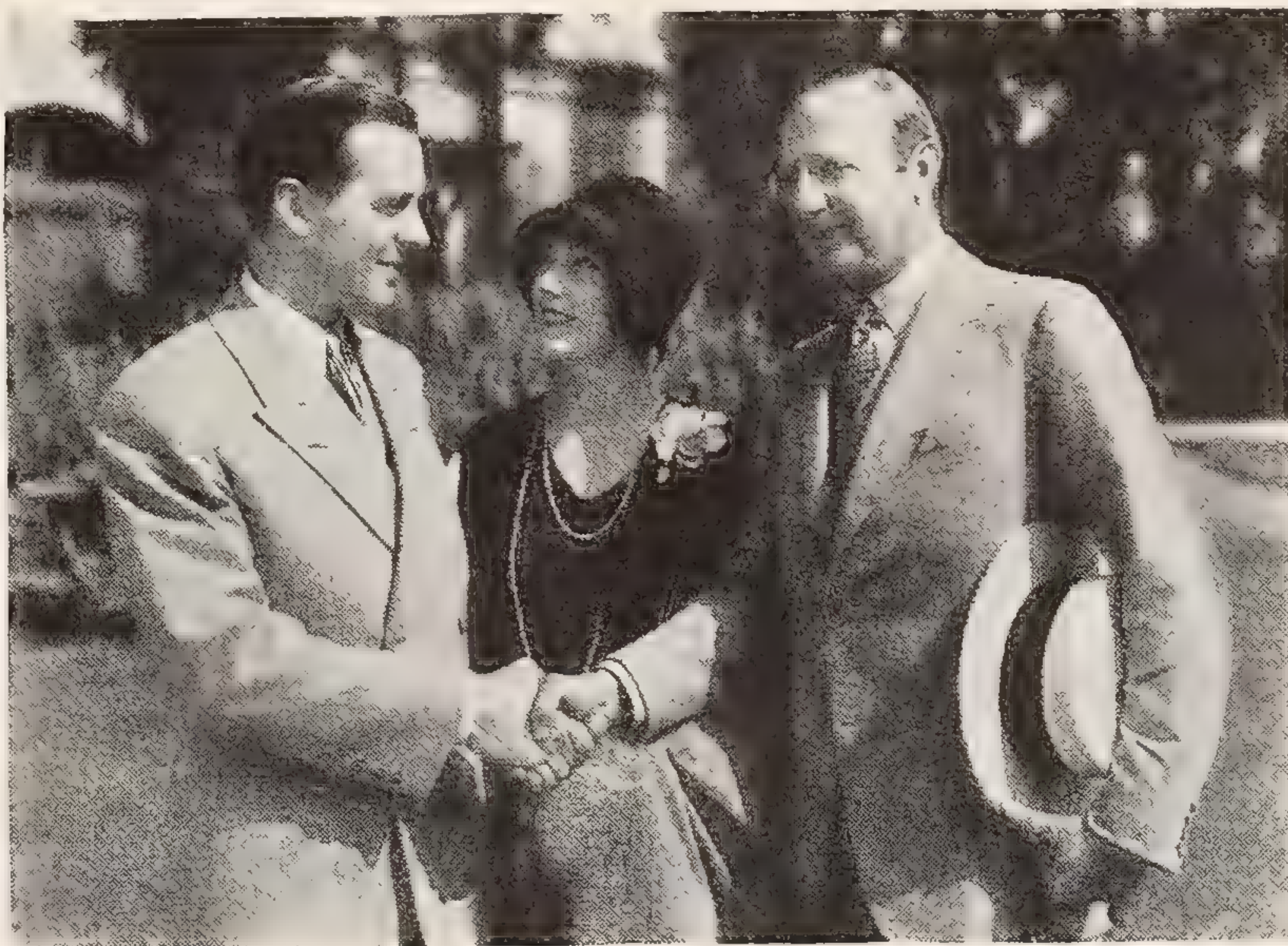


Fay Wray when Erich von Stroheim discovered her for "The Wedding March"—shy, sweet, and serious.

CONTAGIOUS enthusiasm envelops a certain stage 13 at the Paramount studios in Hollywood.

Every time one of the giant sound doors opens after a scene has been taken, there is a little more of the feeling inside and a little more leaks out.

On this stage "Behind The Make-Up," a dramatic story of an actor's life at home, is being



Fay Wray, her husband, John Monk Saunders (left), and her boss, Jesse Lasky. Fay is one of Paramount's most promising players.



Fay Wray today—an emancipated ingenue, gay and gallant, the season's sensation in talking pictures.

way now in Hollywood.

Whatever it is, on the same stage where Hal Skelly is giving a performance better than his Skid in "The Dance of Life," and where William Powell is speaking with an Italian accent and accounting for himself in a splendid manner, Fay Wray is the source of all enthusiasm. It is gradually spreading throughout the entire studio.

(Continued on page 108)



Above: Harold Lloyd sticks to his old friends who knew him 'when.' Here's where Harold gives his big barbecue parties.



Polly Frederick's 'gang' know they're welcome when they see the flag flying from her lighthouse beach home. It means 'Come on over!' Miss Frederick and director Archie Mayo are the sun-tanners on the beach.



Doug and Mary have the most select and exclusive 'gang' in all Hollywood—with Princes and Duchesses among those present.

The Gangs of

Yes—Talkie Town has its Gang

By Herbert Knight Cruikshank

FOR an up and coming community Hollywood is sadly lacking in the development of a colorful criminal element so necessary to the modern metropolis. The lack of 'Little Augies,' 'Scarface Als,' 'Hip Sing Tongs' and 'Cry Baby' gangs has a markedly deleterious effect upon civic industry. For instance, Hollywood has only one tabloid. And it, poor thing, never has a chance to set a headline more thrilling than 'Man Bites Dog While Thousands Cheer.' Never any really organized massacres. And those 'taken for a ride' merely roller-skate home again!

But Hollywood has its gangs just the same. And, as elsewhere, they are the very heart of Talkie Town. You either belong. Or you don't. Yes, to be a social success in the Cinema City, one prerequisite is membership in a gang.

So now that we have graduated from the underworld to society in two not-too-long paragraphs, here goes for advice on What a Young Goil Should Do To Enjoy Gang Life in Hollywood.

Well, First of all, try to get an invitation to Marion Davies' beach home. Just try to get one. That's half the

fun. It adds a sort of tang to the game. And if you are successful, you're in for a flock of fun that you'll never forget.

Someone pulled the *bon mot*: "Marion Davies Closes Beach Home—Hundreds Made Homeless!" This, however, was rather poetic license, or something. Because even though Marion's hospitality has included guests in four-figured numbers, three figures of 'em never came back. And even the one remaining re-fill order would be carefully weighed before welcomed to the inner circle. To be included in the Davies coterie, it is necessary to have something. Not money, or beauty, or any of those things; but facile wit, a charm of personality, a modicum of mental agility. Consider, for instance, a few of the regulars to whom Marion would introduce you: Charles Spencer Chaplin, the Marquise de Gloria, Wild William Haines, George K. Arthur, Bebe Daniels, Adophe Menjou, Seena Owen; brilliant directors whose names seem to mean so little to the fans writing celebrities like Bess Meredyth,



Marion Davies is the social queen of younger Hollywood. She is a royal hostess and invitations to her beach house parties are eagerly sought. Here's Marion with Billy Haines and George K. Arthur.



The theatrical invasion required social leadership, capably supplied by Jimmy and Lucille Gleason, to say nothing of Grandma and Russell!

Hollywood

Life! But It's All Good, Clean Fun

Frances Marion, Louella O. Parsons, Agnes Christine Johnson and even Madame, herself—Madame Glyn, of course. There is conversation. And good things to eat. And many interesting things to see and do. A good time is had by all, and there is no indignation except on the part of those who aren't invited.

Yes, I should say that if you can get into the Marion Davies set you're of the socially elect in Hollywood.

Then, of course, there is the Manor House on the hill. Here dwell Massa Fairbanks and that perfectly ado'able Mary Pickford. This is a sort of cross between the American Consulate at Swatow and Queen Marie's summer place. On Fourth of July the American Consulates run open-house whoopee for visiting dignitaries. And when any of these are in town, Doug-and-Mary do a Jimmy Walker with keys to the city and a dignified *olla podrida* of entertainment. Prince Whoosis—you know whom I mean, the kid brother of that nice-looking chap who's always falling off horses—was a guest at Pickfair, and as for Duchesses and things, they fairly crawl up your sleeves.

Then there are visiting delegations of "Coquette" contest-winners and accompanying newspaper women, and once in a while a kind of Inaugural Ball when hoi-polloi

clutters up the place like Congressmen in the East Room of the White House. Mary

and Doug are seldom seen at Hollywood festivities, and excepting selections from the United Artists group there is little intimate entertainment activity visible.

Before Florence Vidor said 'yes' to that fiddler, and before Dick Barthelmess demonstrated his matrimonial courage, she and Dick and his pal, William Powell, and Ronald Colman (Ronnie, they call him) used to get together for a feast of reason, and probably a little caviar or corned-beef or something. But that's shattered now, as is the Foreign clique over which Emil Jannings and his Gussie reigned with rod of iron. The great 'Yannings' told a dozen Mittel-European stars what they might do and what they might not. And meantime he busted around the house in his pajamas, unconcerned as a baby. It may be added that many a temperamental gypsy has been called on the Jannings' carpet for indiscretion, and lectured soundly.

Before her marriage Lina Bas- (Continued on page 110)



Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman Lowe have lions like Lionel Barrymore and visiting celebrities to their parties.

Is the Star System

That's a Question that Stalks, Ghost-Byways of Hollywood.

By Helen Ludlam

THERE is a question that stalks, ghost-like, through the highways and byways of Hollywood. Appearing and disappearing, causing some to shiver and some to rejoice, some to ignore; yet there it is, just the same!

What is the question that lurks in the pleasant paths of pictureville? It is this: will the vivid and lovely visions of the screen, these mysterious beings who make us laugh and cry, hate and adore—these glamorous creatures we call stars, eventually pass forever from our notice?

Now why, you ask, should I get that idea after all these years of star supremacy? The answer is talking pictures!

Talking pictures that have changed everything else in Hollywood are at last checking up on the stars. Are they going to get away with it?

When I decided for one reason or another that there was something to the idea, I burst about asking questions of everyone I met. Actors, directors and executives "What about the star system," I demanded, "Is it tottering?"

Almost everyone stood pat on the notion that the sound screen would have as many great personalities as the silent. Their reasons for their belief alone had interesting differences.

And yet, and yet—in spite of what they said I found that production plans in almost every cast bore out my hunch; and one company is planning to do away with the star system altogether! So it is really a crisis, and a spectacular one.

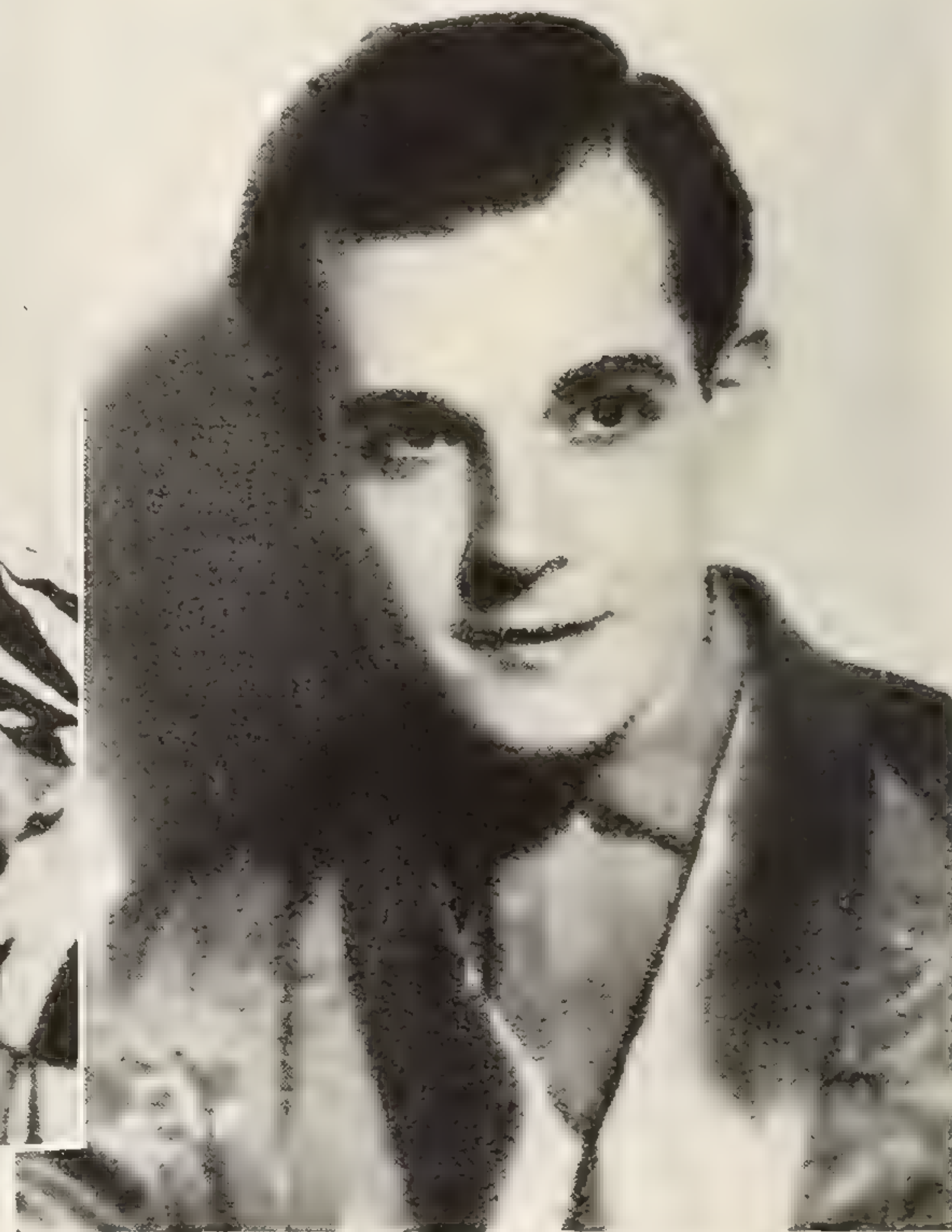
John Robertson, who has given us some of the finest pictures ever made, believes that as long as there are human beings there will be idolatry of strong personalities. "But the public will choose its own," he said. "The only stars worth the name have been exalted by public opinion. Man-



Dolores Del Rio, Mexican accent and all, has survived the assault of the exacting talkies.



Evelyn Brent believes that stars will be less important in talking pictures than in the old silent days. And she's a new star!



Ramon Novarro thinks the fate of a star in the future hangs on his ability for characterization. Novarro is safe.

DOOMED?

Like, Through the Highways and Read the Answer

agers have never been entirely successful in forcing stars on the public, and with talking pictures it will be practically impossible.

"For one thing, while talking pictures take some thing away from the mystery surrounding the stars, making them more intimate, more touchable, it also strengthens the sincerity of the adorer's feeling. He refuses to accept a personality he is not really attracted to, no matter how much publicity he reads about the beauty, charm and marvelous abilities of that star. If Mr. Adorer doesn't think so he won't stand for the imposition."

Fred Niblo, the distinguished director, was inclined to take an opposite view; yet when we got to arguing I found his ideas on the subject were about the same as Mr. Robertson's.

Mr. Niblo felt the star system was unbreakable, human nature being what it is. But he qualified that statement with another. He thought there would perhaps be a weeding out of stars due to talking pictures. Some personalities improve with the added quality of sound and others are dimmed by it. Both men feel that a well-balanced cast is a necessity in sound pictures.

Edmund Lowe elaborated on this thought by saying that sound pic-

tures could not be the succession of flash-backs that were both possible and popular in silent pictures. A scene is a scene, just as it is on the stage; and although it may be but a few lines, if it isn't played well it won't mean a thing. In the old days they could flash back to a girl for a second and if she was pretty that was all that mattered. Now, the gal has to be able to read lines intelligently or she won't do.

Corinne Griffith also thinks a strong cast a necessity in talking pictures. It makes for better entertainment, and whatever strengthens the entertainment qualities of a production is a step upward and should be observed. Corinne thinks talkies demand the best from every department, not acting alone, and when crudities are all ironed out the world will have finer entertainment than it has ever had.

Evelyn Brent
(Cont. on page 98)



If the star system is on the wane, why was Irene Bordoni coaxed from the stage to make movies?



Richard Arlen asks nothing better than to be allowed to play interesting rôles, with or without stellar billing.



Joan Bennett has signed a long-term contract with United Artists. Stars are still with us!

The *New* LILA LEE

Hollywood Calls her 'The Girl with the It Voice.' This Frank Story of Cuddles' Courageous Come-Back is More than a Mere Interview. It is a Touching Human Document

By Margaret Ettinger



The latest portrait of a brand-new star—Lila Lee! Smart, stunning, and emotionally mature, with a background of heart-break and struggle.

Then with a crescendo note the crash came. Everything went at once. She had married and had a little son. She and her husband had put all of their savings in a ranch, out in a rich country where citrus fruit grew without any coaxing. There was never any frost in that region, nor any blight. But the frost and the blight hit at the same time and as fate would have it, both Lila and her husband lost their hold on the whimsical fickle machine of motion picture success simultaneously with the ranch disaster.

"There is such a thing as a mortgage coming due," said Lila the other day when we were sipping tea on the terrace of her beautiful beach place, overlooking the Pacific.

"I always thought a mortgage being foreclosed was a good angle for fiction and all right for a motion picture sub-title, but I didn't believe such a thing could actually happen.

"But it did, and the ranch was swept away and with it all my hopes and money."

Then came a two-year period that must have been frightful for Lila. Having been used to success and accustomed to luxury, she felt acutely the meagerness of her existence.

Of course, there were dozens of friends, close friends who didn't suspect the true condition of things. They knew Lila was out of a job, but so were lots of other people.

She had a way nevertheless, all through those lean days, of looking jaunty in a last year's suit; and she had a knack of tilting a two-year-old hat so that it looked smartly new. So she kept her mettle up during those tragic, lagging months.

"I thanked God that it had been necessary in the years that had passed, for me to have a large and assorted wardrobe," says Lila. "There were two full years when the thought of ever having a new hat again would have sent both my head and heart into ecstasies of delight."

"I remember, I kept saying over and over again, 'this is a good experience for you, come on, get a kick out of it. Dramatize it!' But the creditors were endless and I became so sensitive that I felt when I went with old friends that they looked on me as a failure. I know now that was not so; but it's queer how one's mind works

A YEAR ago Bryan Foy, then a director and supervisor of sound at Warner Brothers, was talking to a group of people around a luncheon table at the Montmartre in Hollywood. He was using plenty of adjectives in telling about a girl whom he prophesied would ride the crest of the wave in the talkies. He intrigued the listeners with his enthusiasm over the 'It' in her voice; the understanding in her interpretations.

From that small luncheon table group—there were seven or eight—word spread throughout Hollywood. Long before Foy's picture was finished, Warners were besieged with requests from various companies and directors, to let them run off some of the scenes in which the girl, Lila Lee, played.

Once the film was seen the Foy enthusiasm caught on. Contracts were proffered to Lila from all sides.

I first met Lila several months before the Foy luncheon. In those days she was disconsolate. She had not had a job in months and she felt she was licked—through in pictures.

Her career had been one of such easy ascent from the time she was a baby of four, when she appeared with the Gus Edwards show, "School Days," on through the days when at ten she was a star in motion pictures. Life was easy. Success was handed to her without a struggle.

immediately depression hits, and how, try as you may, you do get the feeling strongly that the world is against you.

"I did the worst thing I could have done under the circumstances. I stopped going out, refused invitations and became morose. I know now that many of my friends tried to help me. But I shied away from them, thinking they were patronizing me, pitying me. Can you imagine such ingratitude?"

"Fortunately for me a few of them refused to be so ruthlessly cast aside. Probably they suspected true conditions because they did everything possible to bring me out of myself.

"I made, during this time, one 'quickie.'

"Then I met Bryan Foy. We had known each other as kids when we played on the same bill—he with his father Eddie Foy and I with Gus Edwards.

"Brynie had come to Hollywood and was with Warner Brothers. I had read of his good fortune in the papers, but do you think I would have gone to see him? There was that old pride of mine standing in the way, saying, 'he has succeeded—you have failed.'

"Finally, one day, quite by accident, we met. His friendliness, his real delight at seeing me, the fun we got out of talking over old times, buoyed me up.

"I was half hysterical when he suggested I come over to the studio for a voice test, that he had a part in his next picture, 'Queen of the Night Club,' for me.

"I can't begin to tell you what Brynie did for me," said Lila.

"Not only was he responsible for getting me the job, which was a god-send, but he gave me confidence in myself when my grip was almost gone.

"It is one thing for a director to direct a person who is full of assurance and quite another matter to take one who has lost her nerve and courage.

"Yet not one day passed that Brynie didn't say 'that was great, kid,' or 'Lila, your work is corking.' He probably didn't think so at all, but his terrific understanding told him that was exactly what I needed.

"He did more than



Remember little Lila in De Mille's "Male and Female?" This is the same girl, grown-up!

that. He went everywhere and talked about me. He told producer friends, actor friends, director friends that I was a great actress.

"Even now, and that is a year ago, people tell me, 'Oh yes, Brynie Foy told me about you. He thinks you're a great actress.'

"You know how it is in any business and particularly so in motion pictures, where everyone is more or less closely associated. If one person of importance says you are good, everyone else is willing to be convinced that you are."

That picture was the turning point for Lila. She has worked constantly ever since. She reached a very high note in "Drag" in which she played an intensely interesting rôle opposite Richard Barthelmess.

She has created a new screen personality. Whereas she was once identified solely with ingenue and 'sweet young thing' parts, she is now cast in highly emotional parts. Perhaps those years of 'time out' have made her a better actress by building her character and gearing her up emotionally.

I asked her what element she thought most important as a force to success.

"Two factors can be responsible," she said.

"The one is need. Dire necessity will drive you on to do something. Necessity puts the fight in one, of course.

"Then there's the other thing. Wanting to accomplish something because some person believes in you. That pushes you on and you are feverishly eager to click because of their belief in you.

"All during that period of my trying to come back, there was Brynie. I couldn't fail because he believed in me and I wanted to make good for his sake. The pressure of necessity was there also, driving me on."

Personally, I believe there is no one in Hollywood who isn't thrilled with Lila's success. She is such a popular, attractive, wholesome, outdoor person.

She is tall and willowy slender, and at present is more than usually tanned; because, as I mentioned
(Continued on page 99)



Lila throws off the shackles of stardom and rakes her own front-yard at her Malibu Beach home.

Delight Trance' REVIEWS

30 stars in one show!

THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE

All-Dialog

THIRTY stars in one show! It can't be true. But it is. Along about the 20th star you may be a little dazed but I can assure you that you are seeing absolute, authentic stars as nearly in person as possible. The revue is in color, all-singing and dancing—and positively no doubles!

This is probably the most expensive show ever staged for the screen. It fairly bristles with stars: Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Bessie Love, William Haines, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Lionel Barrymore, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Gwen Lee, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, Anita Page—stop, stop! I can't bear it.

It has Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. It has Shakespeare. It has—oh, everything. Marion Davies dresses up in her soldier suit and sings a song. Marion is a vision and I wish she'd hurry along in her first talkie. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy appear in a magic act, culminating in Oliver's slipping on a banana peel and a close-up in which he says pathetically: "I faw down and

go blomp!" (my favorite scene.) Norma Shearer and John Gilbert enact the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" with due regard to the sensibilities of possible Shakespearean students in the audience; and then please everybody by burlesquing it, directed by Lionel Barrymore. William Haines is so really funny in his scene with Jack Benny you wish you could call him back for an encore. This Mr. Benny, by the way, looks good to me. The rôle of master of ceremonies in a revue like this is a thankless one; but he is singularly inoffensive. Charles King croons a Mother song. Conrad Nagel sings a little, clowns a little—all without losing his customary calm. Bessie Love, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, Cliff Edwards, Charles King, and Gus Edwards trip the light fantastic with convulsing results. Joan Crawford has a nice voice. There's an Albertina Rasch ballet and hot stepping by other choruses. Marie Dressler has a number called "I'm the Queen" and pretty nearly convinces her audience that she is the queen of this show. She's a great trouper.

Marie Dressler and the chorus in "Hollywood Revue."



It's rough and racy

The Cock-Eyed World

All-Dialog

"THE Cock-Eyed World" is breaking records—for theaters and frank fun. Motion picture audiences have been polite long enough. They want to have a good time. "The Cock-Eyed World" gives it to them. It is rough and racy. It says right out all the things that "What Price Glory?" only hinted. You had to be a good lip-reader to know what *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* were saying to each other in the war picture. But all you need to get the general drift of the repartée in "The Cock-Eyed World" is good hearing and a little imagination. It's bold and brazen, and how they love it! At the Roxy in New York where I saw it in its third week of record-breaking business—I couldn't get in before—I was surrounded by nice, quiet, home folks, who sat there clucking and uttering other disapproving sound until they forgot to be refined and just let themselves go in good, robust laughter.

"The Cock-Eyed World" is motion picture America's revolt against puritanism. It is downright indelicate. It has scenes which Rabelais would have loved, and probably did. It has bawdy farce and on the other hand, scenes of shameless sentiment reminiscent of "What Price Glory?" It is a box-office phenomenon. One of the best newspaper critics in New York reviewed it the day it opened and raised horrified eyebrows. It wouldn't go, he said. It is still running as I write this, and to show what they think of its pulling power outside Manhattan the Fox Company have booked it in their other theaters for at least two weeks' run instead of the customary one week. You go to see the picture and figure it out for yourself.

Raoul Walsh has directed in the breezy and buoyant style demanded by the material. We resume relations with *Flagg* and *Quirt* in their soldierings here and there, from Brooklyn to Nicaragua. And when they fight they fight; and when they love—well, they fight some more. Jean Bary is the Brooklyn blonde; Lily Damita, the tropical temptress. Lily appeals to both boys in a big way and they are rivals for her fickle favors. There are farcical scenes in Mlle. Lily's boudoir.

Next season: "The Cock-Eyed World Boys in Paris."

Victor McLaglen, Lily Damita and Edmund Lowe in "The Cock-Eyed World."



This negro epic is beyond doubt a masterpiece

HALLELUJAH!

All-Dialog



An impressive scene from "Hallelujah," with Daniel Haynes as Zeke exhorting from the revival train.

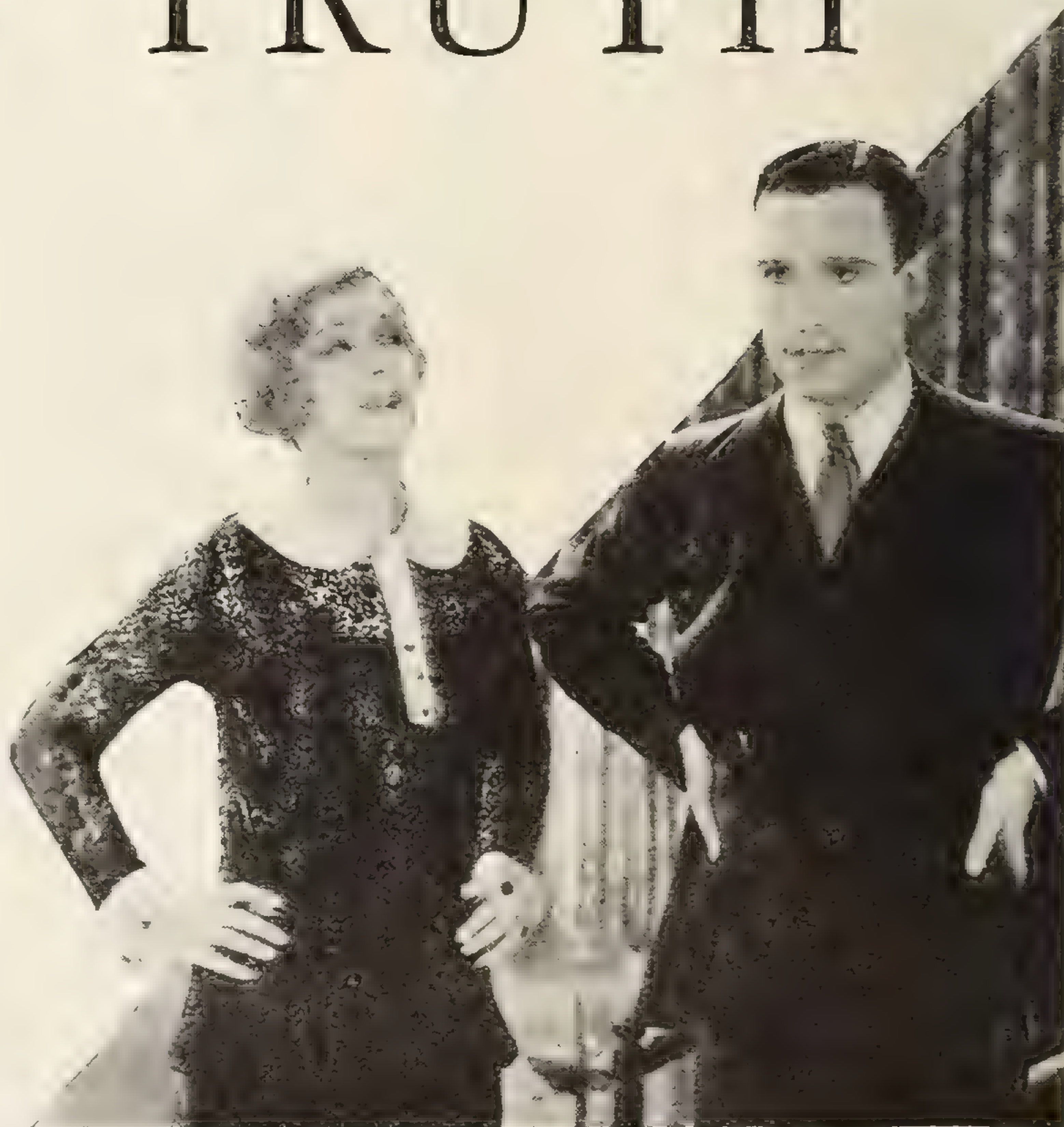
IF the talking pictures never scored another triumph, "Hallelujah" would justify their existence. For this negro epic is beyond doubt a masterpiece. King Vidor, who sprang to greatness as the director of "The Big Parade," has been known as the most promising of all picture directors. He has registered with the classes and the masses. Critics have watched him. The public has waited for his pictures. And he has proven again that he stands head and shoulders above most of the men directing today. He is a young genius working in a new medium. "Hallelujah" is the hardest task he could have set himself; but his amazing accomplishment is the answer to those few who still deny the motion picture a place among the arts. Whether you will enjoy "Hallelujah" is another question. It is big—powerful—and often painful. But it must not be missed. The story of Zeke is a black man's struggle against sin—his temptations, his trials, his defeats and victories. He becomes a preacher, conducting revival meetings—only to yield again to his dusky siren. We follow him through his wanderings which finally lead him back home, to his Mammy and Pappy. The revival scenes with their pulsating music are the most startling ever filmed. They are pictorially magnificent and dramatically shocking. Daniel Haynes lends his splendid voice to Zeke. The vibrant little Nina Mae McKinney is the Clara Bow of her race—an amazing natural actress. You needn't be ashamed of your movies, now that "Hallelujah" has set a new artistic standard.

Meet the Missus!

The AWFUL TRUTH

All-Dialog

BOYS and girls, ladies and gentlemen, and friends: meet the Missus! Meaning Mrs. John Gilbert née Ina Claire. She makes her talking picture debut here, and "The Awful Truth" is that she would be hailed as a great talking picture star even if she hadn't married our Jack and had all that publicity. Pathé can pick them! Last month Ann Harding; now this dazzling, brilliant and beautiful person, Ina Claire Gilbert. Her initial talkie is not an important picture, perhaps; but she makes it significant with her inimitable acting, her blonde piquancy, her sly humor, and—not least, ladies!—her amazing wardrobe. Never have you seen clothes like this! Ina retorted when a New York exile in Hollywood exclaimed over 'those Manhattan clothes': "New York, nothing! They came from Paris." And they look it. As a fashion show and nothing else, "The Awful Truth" should be seen. But there is more: it is expert comedy, rather fragile, about a delightful divorcée; slow in spots, but mostly diverting, and always amusing when Miss Claire is on the scene. A new leading man, Henry Daniel, has an interesting voice. Ina Claire is one of the potentially great stars. Hurry back to Hollywood, Ina!



Ina Claire, brilliant and beautiful, and Henry Daniel, her interesting leading man, in "The Awful Truth."

The best entertainment of the month

Gold Diggers of Broadway

DON'T miss this show! It is the best amusement of the month. And when I say that I am not forgetting such a masterpiece as "Hallelujah," such a box office wow as "The Cock-Eyed World," such an expensive pot-pourri as "The Hollywood Revue." But it's my conviction that "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," judged simply and solely on its merits as good entertainment, leads them all. The test of the amusement value of a show is: do you get to fidgetting before it's through? Or do you sit there for two hours and forget yourself and then, when the lights go up on the final fadeout, blink and think: "Why, it can't be over so soon?" "Gold Diggers of Broadway" offers a full measure of evening's entertainment; but it seems short. It is gay and rollicking; spontaneous and unforced. It is a feast of beauty. Dazzling scenes in color. Comedy scenes, as funny as any you've ever seen. Love scenes with a nice naturalness. And tinkling tunes of the type that will send you whistling out of the theater, if you're not careful. What a cast! Lovely little Nancy Welford, a welcome newcomer, has what movie musicals need: grace, charm and a real voice. She's a find. Ann Pennington dances. Conway Tearle comes back. Nick Lucas croons. Winnie Lightner clowns and sings—she's the star feminine comic of the talkies. Albert Gran is grand. "Gold Diggers of Broadway" is a gorgeous show.

All-Dialog and Color



One of the dazzling color scenes from "Gold Diggers of Broadway," with Nick Lucas, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, Winnie Lightner and others.

Another picture of backstage life, but this one is different!

The DANCE of LIFE

All-Dialog



Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in "The Dance of Life," the talking picture version of the stage play, "Burlesque."

THIS is the long-heralded talking picture version of the popular stage play, "Burlesque." And it looks as if it will be even more popular in its celluloid version than it was on the stage. The medium of the motion picture affords the opportunity to paint the colorful background of the burlesque troupe—the stuffy dressing rooms, the cheap hotels, the tawdry shows—in strong, bold strokes. And the original Skid, Hal Skelly, repeats his stage success. This Skelly is a weird person to pick for a movie favorite. He is tall and awkward and homely. He doesn't seem to act. But somehow, before you know it, he has won you. He's lovable. He's pitiful. He's real. There is one scene in which he does some of the finest acting I've ever watched on the screen—the scene of his goodbye to Bonnie, when he is leaving to accept a big-time offer in New York. Nancy Carroll as Bonnie is good; but it is Skelly's scene. It approaches greatness. This tale of the hooper with a weakness for liquor is a tolerant, wise and sophisticated show. There are revue scenes in color—songs—dances—chorus girls, both of the Broadway and burlesque variety. Another picture of backstage life, but this one is different—you can count on on it. It has some of the real smells and savors of life behind the scenes.

Ta-rah-ta-rah! To 'ounds! To 'ounds with the Mad Varicks

HER PRIVATE LIFE

All-Dialog



Walter Pidgeon provides the love interest for Billie Dove in "Her Private Life," talkie version of "Declassée."

TA-RAH-TA-RAH! To 'ounds! To 'ounds with the Mad Varicks. And see *Lady Helen Varick*—ixnay, it's Billie Dove—taking the 'edges at one bound on her black charger. "Her Private Life" gives some sort of an idea as to what makes Merrie England so top-hole merrie, what with its fox hunts, its blue-blooded aristocracy, its card tables, and its well-bred boredom.

A handsome *Lady Helen* is Billie Dove whose private life we peer into. Here is a Billie dovelier—I mean lovelier than ever, whose technique before the microphone seems to improve with each talking picture. You're going to enjoy a song sung to Billie by Walter Pidgeon, for Walter becomes the exciting part of the love interest when Billie comes to America after divorcing her blundering husband—Montagu Love. A splendid performance is contributed by Holmes Herbert, who endeavors to win the love of the English beauty, then gives her up to the one she loves. Roland Young, the stage favorite, flits about in a rôle in which he is wasted—I fancy he's getting some microphone and camera practice, don't you know!

Now here's a real murder case for you!

The Greene Murder Case

All-Dialog

Now here's a real murder case for you! Not one little murder, nor even two—but four! Four fine, juicy, elegant murders in one picture. "The Greene Murder Case" is the very best of all the mystery dramas so far. It is better than the book. In fact, so much better that when author S. S. Van Dine saw the picture he must have felt pretty silly to be confronted with a better climax than he offered in the book. At last, a picture that goes the book one better! The director has managed to maintain the brooding chill of the old, old mansion which shelters so many unhappy and uncongenial souls; one by one, you watch them drop off—until there are only a few left. And pretty soon, you begin to wonder if *you* won't be the next, even if your name isn't Greene. It is then that the soothing presence of *Philo Vance* makes itself pleasantly felt. What would we do without *Philo*? Particularly as played so superbly by William Powell. Good old Fido—I mean *Philo*. When he sets to work to unravel the mystery of the disappearing Greenes, you may rest assured that the murderer will be brought to book—wherever *that* is. But if you didn't read the book, you're in for a real shock. The cast is excellent, especially Morgan Farley, Florence Eldridge, and Jean Arthur.



William Powell, Florence Eldridge and Jean Arthur are important players in the excellent cast of "The Greene Murder Case."

If you like melodrama, you'll fall right into the "Woman Trap"

WOMAN TRAP

All-Dialog

HERE'S an out-and-out melodrama, one of the grim-and-gripping kind. If you like that sort of thing, you'll fall right into the "Woman Trap." It has Chester Morris in one of his now famous bad boy rôles, and Chester is enough for me. I could watch him indefinitely — that graceful panther-like tread, that sudden brave turn of his sleek head, that—here, here! Chester is running right away with me, and I can't let that happen, fun or no fun. Mr. Morris is one of the three stars of this film; Hal Skelly and Evelyn Brent are the others. Hal and Ches are brothers—Hal a policeman, Chester a crook. Of course younger brother gets into trouble, testing Hal's devotion to duty. But in the end it is the crook who straightens things out so that justice, and Evelyn, may be served. This is no part for the subtle Miss Brent. She is wasted on a regular-girl rôle; she should always be cast as a suave and silken siren. It's Chester's show as far as I'm concerned.



Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly in a scene from the grim-and-gripping melodrama, "Woman Trap."

My, my—what will these young folks do next!

Our Modern Maidens

Silent



Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Crawford getting married in the interests of "Our Modern Maidens."

MY, my—what will these young folks do next! Things weren't like this when "Our Dancing Daughters" were mere slips of girls. The well, but not so favorably known younger generation seems to get younger and giddier with every new picture. Their latest fling is "Our Modern Maidens," which is a sort of sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters" in that it presents more adventures of Joan Crawford and Anita Page, in new guises. And it is Joan Crawford's first starring picture, the reward of her good-bad behavior in that first flaming-youth film. Or maybe it wasn't the first; it may have been the 116th, for all I remember. You lose count after a while. It's a good vehicle for Joan, and swift-moving entertainment all the way. Joan plays the ring-leader of a little band of whoopee artists, which numbers among its members such popular players as Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, and Eddie Nugent. Then there is Rod La Rocque, as the man of the world whom Joan captivates. Just to prove they're all quite, quite modern, Doug Jr. and Anita Page stage a little romance of their own on the side, when Doug is supposed to be in love with Joan. Therefore that gay and gallant young lady nobly gives up her boy friend to her girl friend—only I suspect that she knew that Rod was waiting all the time. Joan is splendid. She is sincere, dramatic, and always interesting, with a newly-added patrician appeal.

MALIBU BEACH



Sun—Sand—the Blue Pacific! Come to Hollywood's Pet Playground

WE, Patsy and I, had gone down to Wesley Ruggles' new summer home at Malibu Beach. That's where picture stars go, just to be themselves.

Wesley has a new house, with a lovely walled-in garden at the back, with a charming sun-parlor where the sun can hit it in the morning, and where he has his breakfast. Out in front is a broad terrace, looking over the ocean.

Clara Bow lives next door. Harry Richman was there at her home that afternoon, and all afternoon they played Harry's rec-

ords on the phonograph.

"And I don't know any deeper devotion than that!" remarked Patsy.

Kathryn Crawford, Wesley Ruggles' fiancée, aided him in receiving at the party, which was in the nature of a house-warming—that is, if one warms houses in summer time.

Guests already overflowed the house when we entered, and we found others sitting on the terrace or on the beach before the house.

We said hello to Mrs. Neil Hamilton, who was wearing a suit of beautiful blue and white silk pajamas. She said that everybody wore pajamas at Malibu nearly all the while—that even if you were married there, probably the bride, in a white veil, would be wearing white silk pajamas!

Laura La Plante came up just then, and Mrs. Hamilton reproached her for not wearing pajamas also, reminding her she had promised, but Laura declared, "This is my summer dress,"—indicating a pretty white silk sports outfit—"and if I don't wear it now it will be winter and I'll have it on my hands."

Neil Hamilton wasn't there, being away on his yacht.

Kathryn Crawford was looking daintily radiant in green organdie. She is one of the loveliest and most popular of the film

Clara Bow rests up at her beach house after the week's arduous studio It-ing.



STAR PARTIES



By Grace Kingsley

actresses, kindly, charming, witty.

We asked Wesley when the wedding was coming off, but he generously exclaimed, "I'm ever so much older than Kathryn. I wonder if it would be fair to her!"

We hadn't thought about that, Wesley being one of those perennially young people, vital, energetic and alert. Besides he is really not old at all — only of course Kathryn is around eighteen, which makes any man over thirty seem a bit venerable, perhaps.

We found Walter Catlett out on the sand, and he was telling about a monkey owned by a friend of his, Ray Raymond, and of the amusing things the animal did.

"He missed his vocation of actor by one generation!" commented Walter.

Walter told us of the dire fate that befell Gershwin because of his, Walter's, singing in "Lady Be Good."

"I never knew the lyrics and I can't sing," averred Walter. "So Gershwin sold only one million copies of the song, 'Lady Be Good,' instead of five million."

Gertrude Olmstead joined the little crowd listening to Catlett, and

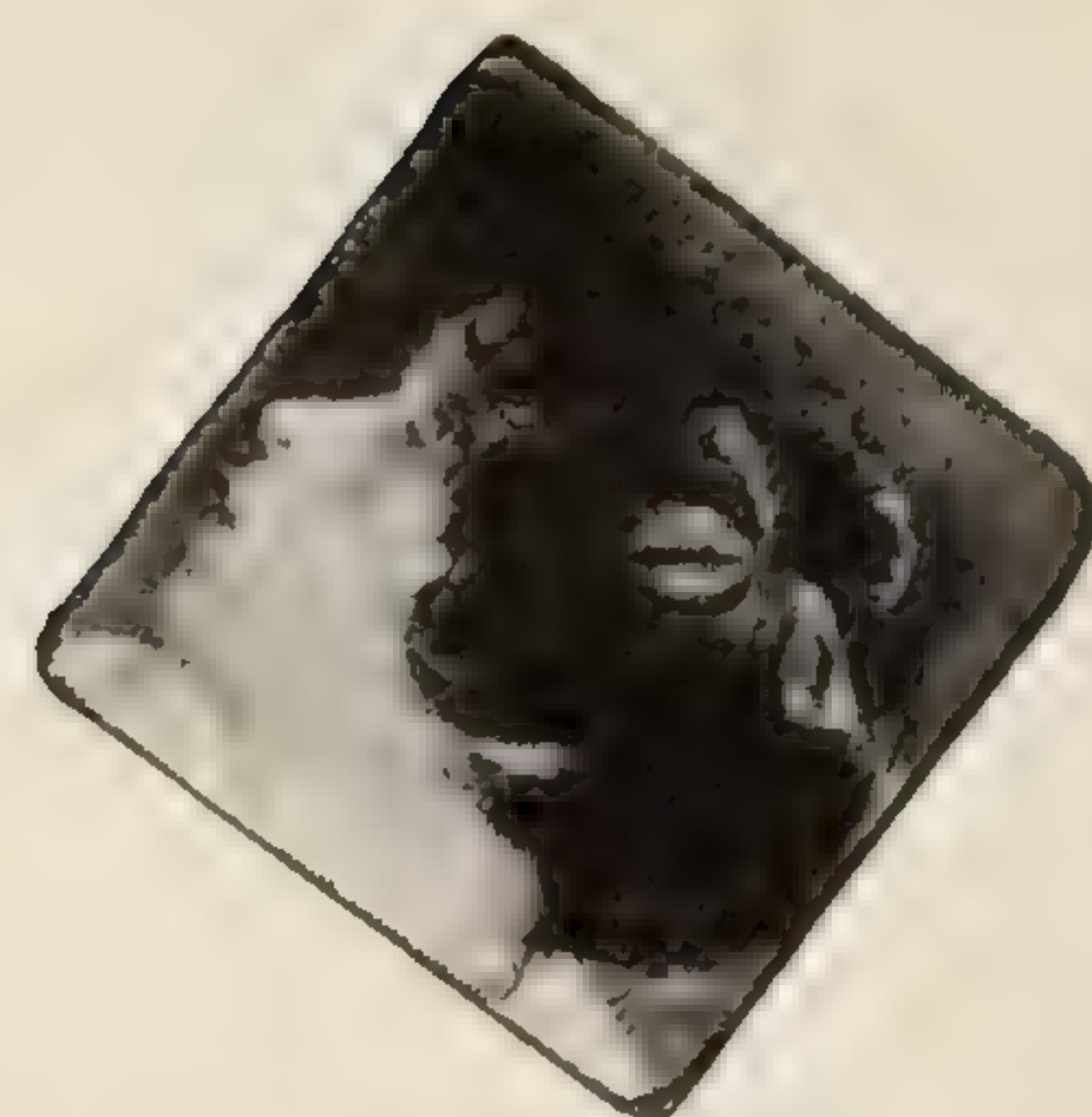
(Continued on page 104)



Wesley Ruggles, the director, and Kathryn Crawford are among the sun-tanned members of the Malibu Beach movie colony.



A major attraction of Malibu: beautiful Billie Dove in her white bathing suit!



Helen Kane is the new hit of the singing movies. She is seen and heard in "Sweetie" and "Pointed Heels."

'Sugar' Kane!

Sweet Baby Eyes, Baby Voice, Baby Pout! How Helen Became the Pet of Broadway and a Bet for Talkies

By Sarabelle Lewis

NEW YORK might be likened to an Achilles. It has its vulnerable spot, but it's in the heel and hard to find. Once in a while, however, somebody strikes that vulnerable spot and New York succumbs from her subways to her towers. Every tenth person treading on her concrete pavements is looking for the tender spot; the rest are satisfied to have steak to go with their mashed potatoes.

While the Big City might be said to be as cold as the steel in the girders of her big buildings, when she softens, she does it right, with two-inch headlines on her front pages, names etched in electric lights and her throngs eager to give the victor the glad hand.

Helen Kane, born within one of the boroughs, the neighborly Bronx, poked around New York from the time she was fourteen, and only a little over a year ago hit it square in the heel, so to speak. But with that one stroke, the city literally crumbled up and fell in her lap.

Instead of smiling at New York, Helen Kane pouted a provocative, puckered pout at it. Instead of using sophisticated terms to woo it, she muttered half under her breath a soft "Boop, boopa, doop." All the chimneys pricked up their brick ears and harkened, for when had they ever before heard a baby voice sing, "Boop, boopa, doop?"

Today over a couple of million phonograph records are grinding out 'boop, boopa, doops'; radios are broadcasting Miss Kane's singing, and last but not least, the 'mikes' in Hollywood are being tickled in the diaphragms as she shows them a few new vocal tricks.

In a cozy, five-room green stucco bungalow of doll-house proportions in Beverly Hills, with an orange tree or so in the backyard, one maid in its domain and a studio piano in its living room, Miss Kane has taken up her abode while she makes her two pictures for Paramount, to whom she is under contract. In order not to interfere with a musical comedy career, her contract reads that she makes two pictures in the east during the winter and show time. With her are her sister and her five-year-old nephew.

Noted for a baby voice that can sing naughty little songs and just make them sound cute and funny, she looks exactly as she ought to look. She is just so high with round, round hazel eyes that look up at you appealingly. Wisps of short black hair curl around an oval face. She is cuddly, with *bona fide* curves in a town gone diet mad.

Her way of talking in a baby voice is as natural as breathing to her. Like everyone else she was born with a baby voice, with baby looks and with baby eyes, only as she grew up—but not very much up—she kept certain tones in her voice, held onto

(Continued on page 100)



Gene Robert Richee

HERE'S the Baby-Talk Girl of Broadway,
Helen Kane, now a sweet sensation in
the singies. Boop-boopa-doop!



Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL in a brand-new rôle, as a gay Senorita. With her, who wouldn't be willing to build castles in Spain?



Elmer Fryer

THIS woodland nymph is really Marilyn Miller, who makes her screen debut in the all-color, singing and dancing "Sally."



FREDRIC MARCH is of the new school of screen heroes. He has agreeable manners and a soothing voice. He can stay!



Irving Chidnoff

CORINNE GRIFFITH refused to be daunted by the 'mike' menace. Result: she is a greater star in the audibles than ever before.



Elmer Fryer

FOOTBALL, football! Loretta Young is inspiring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. to score a touch-down for the honor of First National!



Irving Chidnoff

NORMA TALMADGE and Gilbert Roland may always be relied upon to supply their admirers with potent love scenes—like this!

A (Hop)—Scotch Holiday

Josephine Dunn Goes In for Athletics

Josephine faw down
and go blop!



In our day hop-scotch was
never like this. But then
we never played it with
Miss Dunn.



All photographs of
Miss Dunn by
Ruth Harriet Louise.

Josephine is discouraged.
She has added and add-
ed and still she says her
figure's all wrong. Ex-
cuse us, Josephine—but
it looks very good from
here.



LEWIS SCHUYLER STONE, *Gentleman*

Something about
a Reserved and
Aristocratic Actor

By Ralph Wheeler



Lewis Stone—always affable, ever discreet, but never unbending!

YOU would never expect to find the aristocratic Lew Stone sprawled on a divan in the sunny living room of his beach house, a week's stubble on his jowls, roughly clad in woolen pullover and corduroy trousers, a pungent pipe dangling from his lips, would you?

Well, he wasn't!

The suave gentleman of the screen is quite the gentleman—and equally suave—in his home—properly barbered, properly groomed and properly puffing a non-nicotine cigaret.

Around Lew's beach bungalow is a wall which he doesn't need. For the wall of reserve he has built about himself is quite sufficient to keep out the unwanted. Few people penetrate beyond that wall. Lew keeps his thoughts and private life to himself. It is shared only by the diminutive circle into which his magnetic personality has drawn those whom he chooses to call his friends.

They tell a story about Lew that may or may not be true, but it's illustrative, nevertheless:

There was a formal party in a very formal home. Several hundred guests were at the affair, playing bridge, dancing, enjoying open-house hospitality.

Along toward the end of the evening, a blasé individual stepped out into the cool patio and came upon Lew Stone silently smoking, regarding the moon as it rode in silvery grandeur above the tips of the wispy cypress trees.

"Don't blame you for coming out here," growled the intruder. "This is a bum party, eh? Whose joint is this, anyway?"

Lew flicked an ash from his cigarette, glanced quickly at the man and shrugged his shoulders.

"Mine," he replied simply, and walked away.

Lew Stone is the acme of gentility. Always affable, ever discreet, never unbending from that poised reserve that is reconciled only with his great love for the military. Indeed, if Lew has any regrets whatever as he looks back

over his long and glowing career, it is that he did not yield to his first flame of desire, to be a soldier.

Reared in a military school, Stone graduated just in time to join up for the Spanish-American war (oh, yes—he's that old!) Continuously since that time he has cherished that association and never has broken his contacts with the army, remaining in reserve units, priding himself upon his records as a horseman, rifleman, fencer, boxer. When the World War came, Stone again donned khaki as a military instructor, emerging a major, a rank he holds today in the Reserve Corps.

It is a strange fact that Stone, at an age where most men are at the carpet-slipper and fireside cycle, is as great an attraction for women as in the days of the old Burbank Theater on Los Angeles' Main Street, when he was the reigning matinée idol of the West.

Lew himself sniffs at the very mention of sex appeal. He would not care to analyze his magnetism for the opposite sex. In fact, he is more gratified by the letters he receives from men and elderly people. You see, he went all through the 'mash note' stage many years ago.

Whenever he wants to get away, Lew unlimbers the gear on his yacht—a sturdy belly-beamed craft—and stands out to sea with no particular destination in mind. Hermisillo, Ensemada, Guadaloupe Island, Magdalena Bay—almost any port along the dreamy Mexican coast will do. There he cruises at will, anchors where he will and does as he will. There is no one to intrude. Whatever is to be done will be done Mexican style, *manana*—which means it won't be bothered with!

On a recent sea jaunt, Lew stopped in at Catalina Island to see the new Wrigley aviary of tropical birds. Smart as an admiral's barge, his trim launch swirled to the yacht club dock, and Stone stepped

(Continued on page 99)

On Location

By Helen Ludlam



John Boles and Bebe Daniels in one of the many beautiful love scenes from "Rio Rita," the vivid musical romance.

WE'RE off to the "Rio Rita" location! To the most gorgeous country, with lovely rolling hills that remind one of Maryland except that they are not so green. A graceful Spanish *hacienda* had been built as the home of *Rio Rita*, with patios, balconies and winding staircases that were enchanting. Gardens had been planted and large trees transplanted to add to the beauty of the place—magnolias and accasias and a quantity of flowering shrubs. Near this set a wooden shed had been built for the comfort of the orchestra. It wasn't a shed exactly. It was a roof with adjustable canvas flaps on all four sides which could be arranged as awnings whichever way the sun moved.

When I arrived Bebe Daniels was having her hair dressed in her tent dressing room. These dressing rooms are the cleverest I have seen. Made of heavy and attractive striped canvas they, too, had the adjustable sides that let a current of air through the place and kept the sun from its victims. There were about fifteen of these tents all furnished with wicker furniture, dressing tables, lounge chairs and couches for the noon hour siesta. Some of the extras and bit players were enjoying a game of bridge in an unused set, the tavern, which

had been shot the week before. It had not been dismantled, for there is always the chance that there might have to be a retake, and strings of garlic, chili peppers, salami and Mexican hats hanging from the rafters and any available outjutting beam. Graceful *ollas* supplying cool water for the thirsty ones were sitting about on benches or on the flagstones. I thought the term *olla* was known to everyone until I asked how to spell it and to my amazement I discovered that not one person knew what I was talking about except the native Californians. Just why they should have the monopoly I can't see, because these containers were found on every ranch in the country in the old days. But perhaps I'd better explain what they are. Long ago the Indians discovered that by mixing and baking a certain kind of red clay they could make a jar that kept water as cool as the spring from which they drew it, no matter how hot the weather or even if the jar is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The California water companies have adopted the method and make their coolers of this same clay, only with the modern craze for adulteration they don't make the con-



The company on location for "Rio Rita." The 35-piece orchestra conducted by Victor Baravalle is holding forth in the shed at the right.

with Bebe Daniels for "Rio Rita"

Beauty—Color—Songs—
Bebe! Come Along on
this Alluring Location

tainer one hundred per cent clay so the water isn't as cool. The word *olla* is pronounced *auya*.

At the scene of action five or six horses pranced in front of the cameras mounted by fierce desperados bent upon entering the senorita's domain—for no good reason, you can be sure. In real life the 'desperados' were very nice men indeed, most of whom had little knowledge of horseback riding and none whatever of how to crash a lady's home. But we are in the movies, and in the movies we do many strange things! The smallest horse held the largest and fattest man. Isn't that always the way? As he galloped down the hill for another 'take' the side lines roared with laughter. "I'll bet that horse isn't laughing so hard," said Don Alvarado. "Gosh, no! He's sway-backed already," said one of the grips. But the pony kicked his heels so I took it for granted that he was cheerful and undismayed.

"Rio Rita" is Don Alvarado's first talkie and he is very excited about it. In "Rio Rita" he plays Bebe Daniels' brother and a very handsome young blade he is, though



John Boles adopted an old Spanish custom, the siesta, when the troupe went on location in the Rio Grande country.

don't tell him I said so. I'm just letting you in on a secret—he's really handsomer off than on the screen. He is not at all the delicate-looking youth that his fine characterization of the 'fire and ice' man in "The Battle of the Sexes" might lead you to believe. He is lean and sinewy and looked as if he might be a difficult person to worst in a scrap.

I didn't see John Boles until almost time for lunch. He had been doing some hard riding during the early part of the morning and had gone to his tent to change and get a rub down.

We had lunch in the mess tent that was large enough to shelter four hundred people—and just the week before it had been asked to do so when the choruses were working. The sides of this tent were also elevated as awnings so that instead of being hot as most tents are it was delightfully cool.

I don't think I ever saw a more luxuriant location lunch. Two kinds of salad, salami, cold ham, cold tongue, cold roast beef, hot soup, hot or iced tea and coffee, milk and ice cream. It was swell, and served by the McHuron caterers. They brought everything out in chuck wagons, one with a charcoal incubator. It is quite a trick to keep so many people comfortable in so isolated a spot, two or three miles from a habitation of any sort. Two hundred and fifty five-gallon bottles of drinking water were used daily as well as one thousand pounds of ice, Justin McClosky, the assistant director,

(Continued on page 94)



John Boles, Helen Ludlam—SCREENLAND'S Location Lady—Bebe Daniels, Victor Baravalle, director Luther Reed, and assistant Justin H. McClosky.



Come Along to the
Quaint Norman-
French Farmhouse
that Laura and Bill
Seiter call Home!

*"It's a great racket," and so is this tennis court
on Malibu Beach where Laura La Plante's new
home is located.*

How Laura La Plante Entertains

By Jason Carroll

WE started in Hollywood, drove through the bewildering beauties of Beverly Hills where scores of picture stars and other celebrities reside, on through Bel-Air and the famed Riviera until we finally dropped down over the Palisades at Santa Monica. But we had really just started. We drove on past the beach clubs and public beaches where thousands are seen daily, bathing or acquiring their sun-kist tans, on through the new Castellmare region on the high cliffs, on and on past Topango canyon, the ruins of the old Ince-by-the-sea studio, until finally we found ourselves approaching Malibu.

Here in this exclusive spot, nestling between towering purple mountains and the booming breakers of the Pacific, is the far-famed beach rendezvous of the elite in the Hollywood picture colony. But we didn't tarry here. The goal of this story, the end of the rainbow, was still ten miles further on, over the new State highway which runs along the ocean from Santa Monica, through the

immense Rindge rancho which has just been opened to public traffic after long years of litigation.

Ten miles more, making exactly thirty-six miles from Hollywood! During this mileage one may still see something of the old West, real cowboys ridin' herd on some stray cattle, both horses and riders stopping to stare curiously at the never-ending stream of metal monsters which have invaded their domain.

Finally, we dropped down off the cliffs to gaze upon a large bay, where only an occasional cottage dotted the primeval shores. There is a lighthouse, next a steamboat, and further off, nestling against a point, a picturesque Norman farmhouse. The keeper of the lighthouse is Pauline Frederick, the captain of the steamboat is a wealthy business man and the dwellers in the quaint Norman farmhouse on the beach are Laura La Plante and William A. Seiter. We had reached our destination!

What price seclusion? Laura and Bill actually live in this far-away spot. It's beautiful beyond dreams, but

Laura and Bill are working folks. They work from ten to twelve and fourteen hours at their studios when they're making pictures, and as they are highly popular in their respective professions of star and director, they are always working. Yet they cheerfully drive approximately seventy-five miles six days out of every seven to enjoy the absolute seclusion of the night or day at their beach home because they love it with a love that is easily understood, once one has seen this exquisite retreat and thrilled with the peace and comfort of it all.

"Isn't it great to be so far away from the hurly-burly of Hollywood—and yet so near?" asked mine host, Bill Seiter, as he settled down in an immense easy chair. Laura hied herself upstairs for a siesta, before making preparations for the influx of guests on the morrow, Sunday.

"I drive down here from the First National studio in an hour and Laura can make it in the same time from Universal. Of course," and he grinned, adding a knowing wink, "it takes much longer going back. For pure enjoyment we wouldn't trade this little home for all Beverly Hills. We have to spend one night in town at our apartment in the Country Club Manor, and darned if we don't feel all cooped up. Tell you a funny one about Laura. She used to have a dickens of a time getting



This spacious living room is modern and comfy, yet in keeping with the true Norman simplicity which is the keynote of the house.



Arched doorways are popular in the neighborhood of Hollywood. This one is framed colorfully with antique maps.



Of Norman French architecture is this quaint farm house on the blue Pacific, home of Laura La Plante and her husband, William Seiter.

from our city apartment to the studio on time when she had an early morning call, and now she almost gets there in time to help the janitor open up in the morning. This is the life, buddy—nothing but vim and vigor, and believe me, you need gobs of that in these hectic days of making movies that talk, sing, dance, or what have you!"

Suiting actions to words, Bill donned his tennis togs which consisted of the necessary part of a bathing suit, whaled the daylights out of the writer two out of three sets, and then led a dash, in which Laura joined, into the booming surf. We swam out to a (Continued on page 111)

In New



Gloria Swanson on her way to join her husband and attend the London premiere of "The Trespasser."

Left: Walter Huston, the Broadway star who divides his time between pictures and stage.

Lower left: Phillips Holmes, who, Anne Bye predicts, will be one of the new movie idols.

Keeping Up With the Broadway Parade

"**H**OLLYWOOD—where men are men and women are glad of it!"

Credit Eddie Buzzell with that wise crack, as well as many others. Eddie is the original wise-cracking kid of Broadway. And, like all the other stage stars, he's in the movies now!

I saw Eddie after he returned from Hollywood, where he made "Little Johnny Jones." "The movies can have me; I'm theirs," says Eddie. "If they like me as much as I like them, it's a real love match."

Eddie's life in Hollywood was made exciting because of the fact that he had to ride a horse, for the first time, in his rôle of jockey in the picture. He formulated some rules of equine etiquette à la Emily Post, as follows:

"Mount from the horse's left side. A horse considers

it a serious breach of etiquette to attempt the reverse.

"Gather the reins firmly in the left hand. The stronger grip of the right should be reserved for holding the saddle. You'll need it.

"Begin conversation with your horse in this manner: 'Whoa, Ginger. Steady, boy. Easy now. Hup-hup-hup-h-u-u-p! (The latter part of the conversation will come naturally, for your mount has started to trot. Hold tongue well within teeth to prevent removal by jogging motion.)

"Now you must post. Posting is a purely defensive move. It will come naturally enough after you have trotted for a few minutes. You simply transfer part of the wear and tear to your feet by standing in the stirrups.

"On leaving the horse, try to hold the body limp. This avoids broken bones; only a few bruises are likely to result."

York



Eddie Quillan comes to town to make personal appearances with "The Sophomore," accompanied by Dad Quillan.

Right: Eddie Buzzell, one of Broadway's favorite comedians, who has been converted to talkies.

Lower right: Gertrude Lawrence, star of "The Gay Lady," left for London to fill a stage engagement.



By Anne Bye

In spite of the required horseback riding, Eddie enjoyed every minute of his picture-making. He was sorry when the film was finished. I wouldn't be surprised to see Eddie return to Hollywood soon; and this time he will take his wife with him. Mrs. Buzzell? Why, she's the popular musical comedy star Ona Munson. She is having her first screen tests now, and if they do justice to her beauty, charming voice, and clever dancing, she will be a hit. Ona has just closed a long run in "Hold Everything," one of the Broadway successes. The Buzzells will be a distinct addition to talking pictures.

* * *

Eddie Quillan came up to the SCREENLAND editorial offices while he was in town, just to say hello. Dad Quillan came with him; and you should know Dad; he's a real

character. He is Scotch, and when he talks you can easily imagine you're listening to Harry Lauder. But Dad isn't on the stage any more. He and his family used to be popular in vaudeville as The Four Quillans. But now all the kids are in the movies—especially Eddie, who is Pathé's particular pride and joy. Eddie is a little fellow with a handsome head and a grave air of responsibility—at least, he was awfully serious when I saw him. Perhaps the strain of personal appearances—five or six a day—was to blame. Anyway, he was very much in earnest, with the gravity of the very young. It was Dad Quillan who sprang up to illustrate with a few spry steps some of the routine that Eddie does in his act. The younger Quillan has a very professional manner for one so young; he talks about his work with the (Continued on page 91)

MAKE-UP

The girl of today expresses her personality through the medium of make-up carefully applied, and chosen with an eye to the subtle art of accenting her natural beauty

By Anne Van Alstyne



Parisiennne to her finger tips, Irene Bordoni makes up for a scene in "Paris," before her elaborately equipped French dressing table.



Corinne Griffith renews her make-up between scenes at her portable dressing table, which is easily moved from one set to another.

LAST month we discussed different types of skins and I promised to go on from there with a talk on make-up. But before we begin this dissertation I want to state, girls, that an unhealthy or neglected skin cannot be made beautiful by the use of cosmetics alone. Powder and rouge never can take the place of proper skin care. But if you will adopt a system of wholesome living, intelligent skin treatment and careful cleansing, you can acquire a good skin if you haven't one already. And when you have it, *hold that pose*—as the movie directors say—and don't spoil it by using make-up so obviously that it destroys your natural beauty. And don't go to the other extreme and use none at all!

Cosmetics probably have been used ever since there was a woman in the world. The Egyptians of the Old Empire, some thirteen hundred years or so before Tut-ankh-Amen knew about cosmetics, for we have it on good authority that 'the painting and rouging of the face was as important to them as their clothes—and even the deceased were not happy without seven kinds of salve and two sorts of rouge.' And the learned gentlemen who



Loretta Young, a lovely representative of medium type of charm, adds a few touches to her make-up.

a la Mode

This department is dedicated to popularity and charm. Miss Van Alstyne, authority on all problems concerning the modern girl, will gladly answer any questions you may care to ask

part of their stock in trade and grand dames followed their colorful example. As time passed, and modern life marched along, great hosts of women began pinching their cheeks and biting their lips to produce color.

Then specialists appeared with special preparations and more or less good results. Women began to realize that beauty must be more than skin deep. Dental surgeons and oculists got in their good work. Beauty specialists improved and multiplied. The hard-boiled complexions of thirty years ago are but a memory. Women have learned the gentle art

Anita Page cleverly completes her toilet with the shade of lip rouge that best accents her blonde coloring.



Laura La Plante's mirror is fittingly modern to reflect the discreet make-up of the modern girl.

of make-up. The neatly tinted girl of today has learned to express herself and wear rouge and lipstick at the same time. And this is how—as Mr. Kipling might say—make-up came to be “just so.”

Every woman, in this modern age, needs cosmetics. She may be ever so beautiful, but there comes a time in every woman's life when a few dabs of powder and a bit of rouge will go a long way toward helping her physically and morally dejected soul. I don't mean that cosmetics will save her soul, but they won't ruin it, and they will cheer it up. And they will hide, temporarily, at least, the effects of fatigue and illness.

And the comforting thing is—if comfort is needed!—that science and the law have combined to protect the woman who depends upon toilet preparations as she depends on her daily bread. No longer does one need to doubt the purity of creams, powders and other beautifying agents. Whether displayed in the beautiful salons of the famous beauty specialists, at the corner drug store or in the department stores, every reputable brand of cosmetics today is scientifically made and is composed of ingredients that must measure up to a high (Continued on page 92)



Nancy Carroll protects her auburn tresses from powder and greasepaint. Note the strong lights needed for camera make-up.

Come *into the* Kitchen

A Comedy Queen the World Over, but in Hollywood They Know Her as a Culinary Artist



Louise Fazenda suggests the cookie-and-tea treatment to every director who has come to dread the zero hour from four to five.

LOUISE FAZENDA, comedy queen! Louise Fazenda, culinary queen! Nearly all the world knows her as the first. Hollywood recognizes her as the second and will tell you she is as expert a cookie maker as she once was a pie tosser in the early days of her comedy career.

"No, I never make pies," said Louise. "A pie to me is something soft and squashy that you either throw at someone or that someone throws at you. I see other people eating and enjoying pies. But I always lean toward a roll or a good substantial cookie. Somehow I cannot imagine custard pie being a pal for the palate of anyone who was identified with the old Sennett comedies. Can you?"

Cooking—particularly cookie cooking—has always been a hobby of Louise's. It isn't the actual preparation of

LOUISE FAZENDA'S FAVORITE RECIPES

COOKIES

2 cups butter	Grated rind and juice of
1 cup sugar	½ lemon
1 cup finely chopped almonds	1 teaspoonful baking powder
2 egg yolks	5 cups pastry flour
	2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream butter and sugar, stir in egg unbeaten, add lemon, vanilla and nuts. Add 2 cups of the flour and all baking powder. Mix well and add as much more flour as needed. Bake thin in moderate oven.

PRUNE CAKE

1½ cup prunes, stewed and chopped	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1⅛ cup sugar	1 teaspoon nutmeg
1½ cup pastry flour	1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon soda	½ lemon extract
¾ teaspoon baking powder	1 egg and 2 extra yolks
¼ teaspoon salt	5 tablespoonsful sour cream
	½ cup butter

Cream sugar and butter, add eggs, beaten together, add prunes, extract and milk. Sift all dry things together well and add to first mixture. Bake in layer cake tins about 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.



This exclusive beach cottage is the habitation of Miss Fazenda's prized possessions, two Scotch and Irish terriers.

with Louise Fazenda

By Sydney Valentine

Let the Crumbs Fall
Where They May!

BUTTERSCOTCH ICE BOX COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar	1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cup butter	1 teaspoonful salt
2 eggs	3½ cups cake flour
1 teaspoonful cream of tartar	1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoonful soda	

Cream sugar and butter and add eggs, one at a time. Beat well. Sift all dry ingredients together and add. Shape into rolls 2 inches in diameter and 6 inches long. Wrap in oiled paper and place in ice box. Bake any time after 24 hours, in thin slices. Cut with knife. Bake in cookie tins.

FUDGE

2 squares bitter chocolate	2 tablespoonsful light corn
2 cups sugar	syrup
⅔ cup milk	2 tablespoonsful butter

Hold out butter and vanilla and cook all else until soft ball forms in cold water. Remove from fire and add butter and vanilla. Do not beat until almost cold. Then stir until ready for buttered tins. If fudge sugars when cold, put back on fire, add small quantity lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vanilla and 1 tablespoon corn syrup. Treat as before.



Allan Crosland, director of "On With the Show," is tasting Miss Fazenda's famous cake while William Bakewell and Sam Hardy look on hopefully.



Louise Fazenda and her mother at their beach house, where the comedy star retreats for rest and relaxation.

delectable dishes that absorbs Louise so much as that intangible bond of friendliness which the personally cooked dish creates.

Louise may work all day on a talkie set at First National. But she isn't too tired to make that sample dish of fudge that she promised Dorothy Mackaill.

You are liable to telephone her at 9 o'clock at night and learn from her maid that she is engrossed in stuffing 18 squabs against tomorrow night's dinner party.

"Oh, I like to do it," is Louise's explanation. She has been cooking since her school days at the old Los Angeles High School when there was no maid or cook in the Fazenda family. Now, when every luxury is at her finger tips—well, there is a certain combination of condiments that lifts squab out of the bird class into something approximating the spiritual in cuisine, Louise will tell you with a twinkle in each eye.

"I remember how it was when I was a little girl and watched my grandmother on entertaining afternoons. Everybody usually sat around stiff and formal until tea and cakes were served. Then the self-conscious atmosphere seemed to disappear at once. There is something about people eating together that creates a certain little intimacy between them."

Louise discovered this early in the game of her comedy-making days. She would make cookies and cakes and bring them on the sets in the old Mack Sennett studio. She could worm out the birth date of the most reserved player in the cast. We have it on the authoritative statement of any number of responsible persons that she never let the birthday of any player in (Continued on page 103)



Elmer Fryer

THE SPIRIT OF "PARIS"

Only a French sophisticate like Irene Bordoni, actress of smart musical comedy rôles, could wear this 'ostrich' gown designed especially for her first Vitaphone production, "Paris." This graceful bouffant gown is of gray chiffon velvet trimmed in sequins and ostrich feathers. The striking head-dress is developed in sequins and matching plumes.



The talkies bring Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong together again, in a talking comedy called "Oh, Yeah?" Is zat so!

YEAH? YEAH!

Robert Armstrong Speaks his Mind about Talking Pictures

By Joseph Howard

"THE introduction of talking pictures was just about the nicest thing that could have happened for the stage actor who liked Hollywood and films but who felt that the technique of silent pictures discounted his ability about 50 percent."

Robert Armstrong made this statement in answer to the query put to him on his opinion of talking pictures. The young actor was working on "Oh, Yeah?" the talking comedy in which he and James Gleason will be teamed together.

"What I mean," continued Armstrong, "is that the stage actor feels that 50 percent of his power lies in his voice. Eliminate that, as was necessary in the old days of picture making, and you will see that the finest actors suffer a tremendous handicap."

"Despite the discrepancies that everyone is howling about, talking pictures—even at their present stage—are very much more interesting than silent films at the peak of their progress. Of course, I feel that I'm just a novice in the new development and really have no authority to announce my views. But who in Hollywood *doesn't* air himself on this subject!"

Armstrong declared that he very rarely sees a talking picture which does not interest him in some detail, even though the entire production does not ap-

peal to him. He contrasted this reaction to that he felt for silent pictures.

"Either I liked a silent picture or I didn't like it. If I liked it, I kept my eyes open. Otherwise I was likely to fall asleep. Now it's entirely different with talking pictures. I invariably find some little characterization or some clever innuendo of voice that holds my interest even though the production as a whole does not come up to expectations. I find this feeling general among a lot of people with whom I have discussed the question."

Armstrong said he believed the great danger imperilling talking pictures is their tendency to be too mechanical. The man who controls the sound apparatus is not an artist with his eye on the picture as an artistic whole. He is interested only in seeing that each sound has as nearly perfect recording as is possible.

"I can explain this best by telling of an incident that happened to me during the shooting of 'Big News.' I played the rôle of a typical newspaper reporter. Now it would have been ridiculous for (Continued on page 102)

Let's Go to

"What Picture Shall We See Tonight?" Let
tion and Guide You to the Worth-While



Man and the Moment

There's more fun in following the conventions than in defying them, might be the moral, if any, drawn from the new Billie Dove-Rod La Rocque opus, written by Madame Glyn. Billie—just a nice girl from a small Iowa town—gets mixed up with a jazzy, ginny, yachting crowd. Climax comes when Billie's clothes are found in La Rocque's bed room the morning after a wild party (shame on you, Billie) by a night club blonde out to ruin Billie's rep. Later, in the battle heat La Rocque breaks through a glass swimming pool revue to rescue his wife—you knew it all the time—from another man's arms. Fitzmaurice takes this impossible peach parfait of a tale and whips it into a mildly amusing comedy, saved by Billie's beauty and charm.



The Gamblers

H. B. Warner and Lois Wilson are the featured talkers here. In this supposed behind-the-scenes story of stock market manipulations we find George Fawcett and Jason Robards mixed up in crooked deals, with Warner, the bank examiner, married to Lois, who still loves Robards. Not a cough of truth in this carload of film.



Madonna of Avenue "A"

The beauty of Dolores Costello and the talent of Louise Dresser can't save this melodrama. Dolores is in a private school, and mama, Louise, is doing business in a low Manhattan dive to pay the bills. Grant Withers, a bootlegging Lothario, falls for Dolores but mama has him framed and jailed away. A happy ending for daughter, an unhappy ending for mama.



The Constabule

A baby comedy feature with Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon and Thelma Hill pulling funny surprises faster than you can laugh. Thelma's gone and got herself graduated from college. Pa wants her to marry the village constabule—but Thelma objects. A robbery and a race between a Ford and a hand car which bursts the last button off the vest.



Hungarian Rhapsody

Filled with beauty, young love and Magyar melodies. Lil Dagover, the luscious vamping wife of a general, flirts with Willy Fritsch, a Lieutenant, whom Dita Parlo, a country girl, loves. This triangular romance staged in rolling Hungarian wheat fields with picturesque peasants and harvest festivals as a background, is a film worth seeing.

the Movies!

Screenland's Revuettes Answer Your Questions in Screen Entertainment, Talking or Silent

Fast Company

Funny gags, lively songs, plenty of love making, in this baseball story, one of the first to be filmed by the talkies. Lardner wrote it, Sutherland directed. Jack Oakie is the hero, a dumb country boy who loves to eat. But hot Evelyn Brent takes his mind off his food. Oakie's the Home Run King when he can keep his eyes on the ball and off chorines and gamblers. 'Skeets' Gallagher, Gwen Lee, Sam Hardy, Chester Conklin support Jack and Evelyn. High lights of the film come when Oakie gives a speech over the radio—only to learn 'mike' is disconnected; and when you see and hear the big game of the World Series with Jack doing a Babe Ruth. Mike Donlin and many old-timers of the Diamond are among the technicians and extras in this snappy picture. Don't miss it.



The Drake Murder Case

Another movie murder, and a well-knit one. Amateur sleuths can have fun trying to guess the outcome. There are courtroom scenes in which Forrest Stanley—remember him?—as prosecuting attorney, and Robert Frazier for the defense do splendid work. The defendant is a lady with a past. Director Edward Laemmle makes the most of his material.



Half-Marriage

A hotsy-totsy picture, full of boudoir stuff, studio parties, and country club dances. The high light is where Olive Borden is pursued out on a studio window ledge by said menace who clutches, wavers, falls—forty feet below. Morgan Farley, from Broadway, Ken Murray, and Richard Tucker ably support Miss Borden. An exciting picture well worth seeing.



Ticklish Business

Shylock called the turn on this one. He said, "If you tickle us do we not laugh?" And that's what I say on this talking comedy. Monte Collins and Vernon Dent start tickling us from the time the film unrolls. It's the story of a ham song-writing team whose best artistic efforts are busted up by the wife. A safe bet for anybody's evening.



The College Coquette

Just another college picture! All the old ingredients are here: a girl expelled because she tried to save her room mate's honor; hops and dates, and the college coach falling for the dear little collegiate Lorelei. Ruth Taylor, William Collier Jr., and Jobyna Ralston put up a good but losing fight against a story without merit.



Sally Starr is registering a kick—but not because she was chosen to illustrate SCREENLAND'S "Hot from Hollywood" heading.

from

Photographs of Sally Starr by Ruth Harriet Louise.

At last there threatens to be another epoch in the style of men's clothes. Not since the days when men outdid women in a sartorial display of silks, brocades and laces has there ever threatened such an open revolt as seems to be in the air now. And for once Hollywood didn't start it! We don't blame the men—we've often wondered why they didn't do something about boiled shirts and high, stiff collars long ago. Now the thing seems to be for the gentlemen to go about in their pajamas!

Hollywood has had so much to worry about recently that the subject of new clothes for men hasn't been given paramount consideration; but Sam Hardy is going to sound the Masquers on the subject and George Fawcett thinks that pajamas of a conservative cut in silk pongee, linen or flannel wouldn't be a bad idea at all. Nick Stuart hopes they won't start wearing shorts because he thinks they would be ugly, but the collars certainly should be altered. They are the things that cause all the discomfort. Eddie

Lowe thinks it is all a tempest in a teapot. He's perfectly satisfied with men's clothes as they are. But then Eddie wears his 'soup and fish' with as much ease and grace as a lounging robe, and has made quite a name for himself thereby, so perhaps he shouldn't be chosen to speak for the rest.

* * *

Norman Kerry had been in England just three days when he got a cable from Universal to come back pronto and step into his old rôle in "Phantom of the Opera," which is to be done as a talkie. So Norman hurried back. Not alone into his old part, but into his same old dressing-room as well. It is number 107, and when he went to the Western Costume Company there was the old suit which fit him just as it did four or five years ago when the silent picture was made. Not so bad, Norman, not so bad!

* * *

The Brown Derby is giving the Montmartre Café some competition. The film stars go there more often than anywhere else right now and seem to feel perfectly at home, for they appear in costume and make-up during the lunch hour frequently.

Lupe Velez dashes in looking like a little gypsy in a bizarre creation, and Gary Cooper with her. For a minute we thought Gary had on make-up, too. He sported a three-day beard and a tramping outfit that looked as if it had led a hard life. "Oh, is that Gary Cooper?" cried a disappointed fan who had evidently expected to find him in faultless flannels or something.

Just the old shock of finding that our idols are flesh-and-blood folks as we are, and that they like to bust around in old clothes sometimes, just as we do. The only difference is that we can slip out once in awhile and get away with it, whereas a screen celebrity can never be himself unless his nature is great enough to let him treat the world as his family, as Gary occasionally does.

* * *

Enid Bennett was standing at the door of her husband's office on the Metro lot when she caught sight of Bessie Love walking toward her dressing room. "Why," she said, "I thought I was the only person in the world who had an Indian blanket coat just like that, and look at

Hollywood

News and Gossip about the Screen and its Stars

Bessie Love with the twin of mine!"

Enid Bennett's husband is Fred Niblo, you know, and they just returned from an automobile tour of the northern states and Canada. While in Canada Mrs. Niblo bought her coat of an Indian and she never supposed that anything like it would ever reach a Hollywood shop. But everything travels nowadays. There is no standing still any longer.

By the way, the films are trying to persuade Enid Bennett to come back. So watch out for her.

* * *

Who says that once a picture goes the rounds it's through? Marion Davies chartered the Film Arts Theater on Vine Street to give a benefit week for orphans of war veterans, and ran some of yesterday's successes as attractions.

The enterprise is in its third week and still going strong! You have to stand in line sometimes for three quarters of an hour and one friend of ours was turned away at the end of that time because the house was full.

The first day of the benefit offered "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; the second offered "The Kid" and a midnight performance of "Broken Blossoms." Then followed "Blood and Sand," "The Sheik," and other favorites, as well as a quantity of old Mack Sennett comedies made in the days when Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver and Charlie Chaplin were members of the cast.

* * *

Movietone weddings seem to be the thing in Hollywood today. Movietone recorded the nuptial vows at the weddings of May McAvoy and Anita Stewart, and was about to record Harry Langdon's when something went wrong with the mechanism at the crucial moment. The heavy load on the electric transformer plunged not only the home of Alice Calhoun, in which the wedding was held, into total darkness but the whole of Benedict Canyon as well.

For once the principal actors in the scene didn't have to wait until the electricians did their stuff, for everyone scurried about and dug up enough candles to carry on with. And although Harry and his bride will not have a strip of sound film to remember the occasion by, the soft light of the candles stamped a lovelier memory of the scene than the grinding of the cameras would have done.

* * *

An old friend is coming back to Screenland. Remember Charlotte Merriam when she starred in Vitagraph pictures? Well, she and Rex Lease got married and it didn't go so well; so, although each still thinks the other is marvelous, they decided to part matrimonial company. And now Charlotte is back on the job again and just adoring it. Her first picture was "Pleasure Crazy" for Fox; and she has just finished "Second Choice," in which she plays the girl who gets Chester Morris away from



*Sally is a new Starr, but ambitious.
That's why she is holding fast to
Hollywood!*

Dolores Costello. And you must admit that a gal has to be pretty good to get a boy away from the fair Dolores, once he has definitely looked her way.

* * *

The other day we were driving back from the beach when a swanky-looking touring car passed us arrogantly on the left driven by a chauffeur. The top was down and the occupants of the back seat were too engrossed in one another to notice that they were passing friends. We honked frantically, whereupon Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett looked around.

"Look," cried Pat, taking Tay's face in her two hands and turning it so that we could see. Tay was growing a moustache!

More honking made us all turn and there were the Gleasons bobbing along. Jimmy was driving, Mrs. Gleason was beside him and Russell and the pup were on the back seat. Pat had to show off Tay's new attraction to them.



Bebe Daniels becomes a colonel of the 322 Pursuit Group, U. S. Army Air Corps. Major Kenneth Decker has the enviable job of giving Miss Daniels her 'wings.'

She was on her knees by that time, turning Tay this way and that, the better to exhibit him. All this while we were clipping long Sunset Boulevard of a Sunday afternoon if you please, by some miracle keeping our wheels unentangled. But our frantic gesticulations and screamings to each other from the three cars at last attracted so much attention a traffic jam threatened unless we broke away.

Pat and Tay will probably be married by the time you read these lines, as the wedding is set for September and the invitation list is being made out.



Here's our lovely Anita Stewart in bridal array. Lucille Murphy, Anita's sister, is maid of honor, while C. M. Converse, brother to George P. Converse the lucky bridegroom, is best man.

And then there was Sue Carol curled up on the front seat reading a letter to the driver as she dashed up along in a stunning Cadillac. The driver? Well, everybody says she is going to marry him some day, but Sue says it is so much fun just being engaged she doesn't think she will ever marry. The driver, as you may have guessed, was Nick Stuart.

* * *

A young lady who should have known better because she was born and raised in Hollywood and knows all the celebrities, went to the



*Another bride? No, not really. It's Billie Dove in a bridal gown for her new film, with an old friend—Georges Carpentier—
noted pugilist.*

Breakfast Club the other morning for some ham and eggs. She created a bit of a stir as she made her entrance because she is a very lovely blonde—so lovely that when people first see her it takes their breath a little.

Near the entrance stood a small group of men dressed in white with shirts open at the throat. They were very brown. They, too, looked at the young lady but she dismissed them after a casual glance and a mental note since she did not recognize them: "Some of the new Mexican help, probably."

Feature her embarrassment when the 'Mexican help' turned out to be Joseph Schenck, Harry Richman (Clara Bow's boy friend), and Douglas Fairbanks!

* * *

Joe, Mary Pickford's favorite pet, is no more. Joe was a macaw, given Mary by her mother who brought it with her from South America. For years Joe has occupied a large outdoor cage back of Mary's bungalow on the United Artists lot. He made friends with everyone in his sleepy, grouchy way, and all of us who used to stop and pass the time of the day with him will miss him. Mary and Doug have left for Europe, where they will install Mary's niece, little Mary, in a school in Switzerland.

Over Universal way John Robertson is directing "The Shanghai Lady" in which Mary Nolan is featured. That nifty little lady was dressed just as you would imagine a white girl living by her wits in China would be dressed. Saucy blonde curls with a captivating scarlet tam cocked on one ear; cream silk blouse and scarlet jacket and skirt to match, so short and scant that its mother would blush if she saw it.

The company works at night and sometimes Mary does not get home until the early hours of the morning. On one of these occasions, Mary, too tired to change and remove her make-



The three husky musketeers are Nick Stuart, Charles Farrell and Richard Keene—rivals for screen rôles at the Fox studio, pals in private life.

up, drove to the Roosevelt Hotel where she is stopping, just in her working clothes. As she asked at the desk whether there were any messages for her she noticed a girl and her young man eyeing her in an interested fashion. They evidently lived in the hotel too, for they waited with her for the elevator. When Mary saw they were 'taking her big' she rose to the compliment and flashed some of the terrible imitation jewelry she was wearing at them. "Hot Dawg!" said the man. The girl froze until Mary thought they were going to have to turn on the steam to thaw her out.

"These picture people!" she heard the girl remark as she left the elevator at her floor.

"I suppose I should be careful how I look when I go in and out of the Roosevelt," Mary smiled, "but I couldn't resist teasing them when they fell so hard for the way I looked. They



Hollywood has as many beauties as Broadway. Doraine Lee, Ruth Morgan, Evelyn Pierce and Colette Moore are the four picked by Samuel Goldwyn to play in Ziegfeld's "Show Girl."

never did get on to the fact that I was in costume."

* * *

"Are you coming to our party?" asked Vivian Duncan of SCREENLAND's representative. "You were invited two months ago, remember? We don't know when it is going to be, but sometime soon. You see, I like the mountains and Hymie (meaning Rosetta) likes the ocean, so to have any peace we rented two houses. Mine's on a hill in Hollywood and Hymie's is at the beach and the party will progress from one house to the other."



Senor Don Carlos Davilla, Chilean ambassador to the U. S. and a group of officers were entertained recently at the Metro-Goldwyn studios. Note Renee Adoree, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Leila Hyams, Gwen Lee, Sally Starr and Joyce Murray.



Do you know about adagio dancing? William Haines and Ramon Novarro are demonstrating it here, ably aided by Polly Moran.

Of course the Duncs *would* do something like that. But they give the cutest parties in the world. Always some rare entertainment as a central attraction, and spread around are bridge tables for the card fiends. But when the entertainment begins everything else stops, because no one would miss it.

We saw them the first day of their picture for Metro, "Cotton and Silk." Vivian didn't



Joan Bennett welcomes her mother to Hollywood. Mrs. Eric Pinker, formerly Mrs. Richard Bennett, is known to the stage as Adrienne Morrison.

have much to do that day so she could be sociable, but Rosetta was cramming lines and rehearsing like a little war-horse with—whom do you think? Crane Wilbur! Yep. He's back on the screen because he happened to be just the type for this part. Not exactly a villain this time. He was rather a nice person, I should say by the action of the scene we saw. A trifle stern, but honorable.

Crane has been directing and writing for Metro all summer. He wrote the scenario and dialog for "Lord Byron of Broadway," which William Nye will direct.

* * *

A certain actress from the east not yet used to Hollywood conviviality asked some friends to tea. She asked a friend of her mother's to drop in too. But the friend had lived in Hollywood for many years and did not go to parties. The young actress saw the older woman a day or two afterwards and said, "My dear, you were quite right not to come to my party. I never saw such a party in all my life. I asked about 150 people to drop in between three and six for tea. About 400 came, and do you know what time we closed the doors on the last lingering guests? Four o'clock in the morning! Yes, ma'am! They ate everything in sight and drank everything but the swimming pool. Not only that, but



A beach, no work, California sun. What is there to complain about? Nothing, say George O'Brien and Rex Bell. Leopold, the dog, agrees.

I didn't know half the people who turned up."

We're afraid the little lady was a victim of out chatty custom of dropping in for a good time wherever we see lights and cars. That's all—just wanted to make her feel at home and welcome!

* * *

Mary Pickford has never stopped loving "Tess of the Storm Country." John Robertson, who directed Mary in that popular old play, was visiting the United Artists Studio and Mary spied him coming down the drive. Planting herself directly in his path she demanded with arms akimbo: "Now what air you a-doin' on this lot?"

And do you know who got a start in that same picture besides the handsome Lloyd Hughes? Well, do you remember Ben Letts, the terrible villain? And do you remember who played him? Jean Hersholt.

* * *

One is apt to meet the stars out here in Rolls

Royces or Fords. It doesn't make much difference which. Hollywood has gone plumb crazy over Henry's product. Almost everyone has a 'new Ford.' We were hustling down Western Avenue trying to get ahead of the stop signal and another Ford was trying to do the same thing to cross Western. Neither of us could quite make it. Who do you suppose was driving the other Ford, all by her little self? Mary Pickford. And that same evening we were driving with Danny Danker and Margaret Ettinger when a Rolls that was trying to park its unwieldy length in a space too small for it in front of the Roosevelt almost crashed into Danny's new La Salle in an outward lunge. And who should be getting into the Rolls? Mary and Douglas Fairbanks.

* * *

In a recent picture Rex Lease had to have an argument with a lion. The animal was afterward named after him. One day Rex went in to the cage and the lion, whose foot slipped on a board, lunged heavily toward him. "Even the people outside the cage were scared," said Rex.

"Were you scared?" someone asked.

"Was I scared? With a four hundred and fifty pound lion coming my way and me locked in his cage? Say, I was scared



The original Virginian never saw a car like this. Yet here's Gary Cooper on good terms with one. Mary Brian, James Hall and Richard Arlen grin with Gary.

for two days — and I don't mean maybe. I didn't know he slipped. He had just been fed and when he leaned my way I just figured that I looked like more!"

* * *

First National got together a marvelous set for "Lilies of the Field," starring Corinne Griffith. It was a cabaret supposed to represent the mechanical age. There were revolving wheels and disks bewildering one with their dizzy light. All the girls and boys were fixed up with the most astounding costumes, also to represent machinery.

Cissy Fitzgerald, a generation ago the toast of two continents, plays the older actress who gives the young ones good advice. "Don't drink, my dears," she tells them, "unless you are with a man. In that case it may do you some good. But don't drink alone. It won't get you anywhere."

Miss Fitzgerald was resplendent in a black



Georgia Mae and Howard Leroy Cooper came all the way from Montana to see their handsome uncle Gary work in the movies. What they won't have to talk about!

velvet gown with a dozen or more diamond ornaments emblazoning her bodice. We noticed that the redundant lines of her figure brought back memories of women as they used to be. "It's the corsets," that lovely lady smiled.

* * *

By the time you read this, Janet Gaynor will have become the bride of Lydell Peck, the young lawyer who has been her devoted swain for a long time. Here's happiness!



A reunion! Alice Terry visits her best friend, Dorothy Sebastian, on a brief visit to Hollywood. Remember Alice and Dot in "Sackcloth and Scarlet?"

ASK ME!

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

ILUFFY of Toronto. I thought you'd be back again, you little ball of eiderdown. Information is the thing. I have it and you want it. Well, here! Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He was born in 1903 in Elmhurst, L. I. He is no relation to Don Alvarado, whose real name is Jose Paige. Don was born November 4, 1904, in Albuquerque, N. M. Joan Crawford was a dancer in Ernie Young's revue, "Innocent Eyes," in 1922 in Chicago; and later in Shubert's "Passing Show" in New York City before going into pictures. Some of the stars send their photographs free, but I'm not telling such and such for I do not know.

Ida L. M., Budapest, Hungary. Friendly greetings and many thanks for the beautiful letter. All the things you say about my department are true. Oh, no, I'm not boastful—some of the other contributors to this magazine are good, too! Your favorite, Clive Brook, was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. His mother was an opera singer and his wife, Mildred Evelyn, also English, used to be an actress. He was in films in London for two years before appearing under contract to Thomas Ince in 1924. "Interference" is the first talking picture your favorite has appeared in. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lonely Brunette from Briar Hill, Surrey, Eng. Cheer up! You can always turn to my department for consolation—and the latest dates and weights. William Powell was born in Kansas City, Mo., on July 29, 1892. He has dark brown hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 168 pounds. He has had a long stage career, fitting him admirably for the talkies. Besides the films



'Whoopie Lupe,' where are you? But perhaps when a young screen star poses with those haughty Russian wolf-hounds she just has to look dignified. Anyway, Lupe, Miss Vee Dee's readers are for you.

you mention, he has appeared in "Feel My Pulse," "Partners in Crime," "The Drag Net," "The Vanishing Pioneer," "Forgotten Faces," and a few talking films, "Interference" and "The Canary Murder Case." You can reach Olive Borden at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Alice from Atlanta, Ga. I see many new faces this month with whom I'd like to shake hands—no mean feat, I assure you. Katherine MacDonald appeared in "Old Loves and New." Barbara Kent and Greta

Nissen are not married. Mary Astor is the wife of Kenneth Hawkes. Laura La Plante is Mrs. William Seiter in private life and Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge are happily married and the parents of two husky boys.

Norma K. of Bellevue, Pa. Ready to pop a lot of questions, are you? What is this anyway, a scream test? Lionel Barrymore and Charles Delaney played the two principal male characters in "The Thirteenth Hour," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film. Clara Bow, Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen get their pay checks and fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Just Me from Toronto, Canada. So you think I'd make a marvelous actress? I'd rather be an actor, if you won't mind; and if you do, I'd rather be one anyway, like Wheezer or Big Boy. George Lewis played in "College Spirit" with Dorothy Gulliver. You can reach him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. George was born in Mexico City, Mex., on Dec. 10, about 24 years ago. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His wife is Mary Lou Lohman, a non-professional. You can write Gary Cooper and James Hall at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Edmund Lowe at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Conrad Nagel and Patsy Ruth Miller at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

M. M. S. of Mass. Ramon Novarro appears in "The Pagan." His tenor voice is heard in native songs which are a part of the film. Dorothy Janis is the girl who got paid for listening in. Lucky kid. Greta Garbo has golden hair and blue eyes. Her next film will be a talking version of "Anna Christie." Dolores Costello has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest release is "Second Choice," produced by Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fran of Chicago. Favorable comment is



Ben Lyon, always a favorite, who will play opposite his fiancée, Bebe Daniels, in her next picture.

New Magic in Make-Up

For Every Woman

What Hollywood's Screen Stars Know About the Magic Beauty Power of Make-Up, Now Revealed by Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up Genius.

Discover How You Can Double Your Beauty With this Priceless Secret.

By Florence Vondelle

WOULD you like to know how to gain a radiant beauty more alluring than the fascinating vision of your fondest dreams?

Would you like to know how to give to your cheeks a complexion color that rivals the blush of a rose?

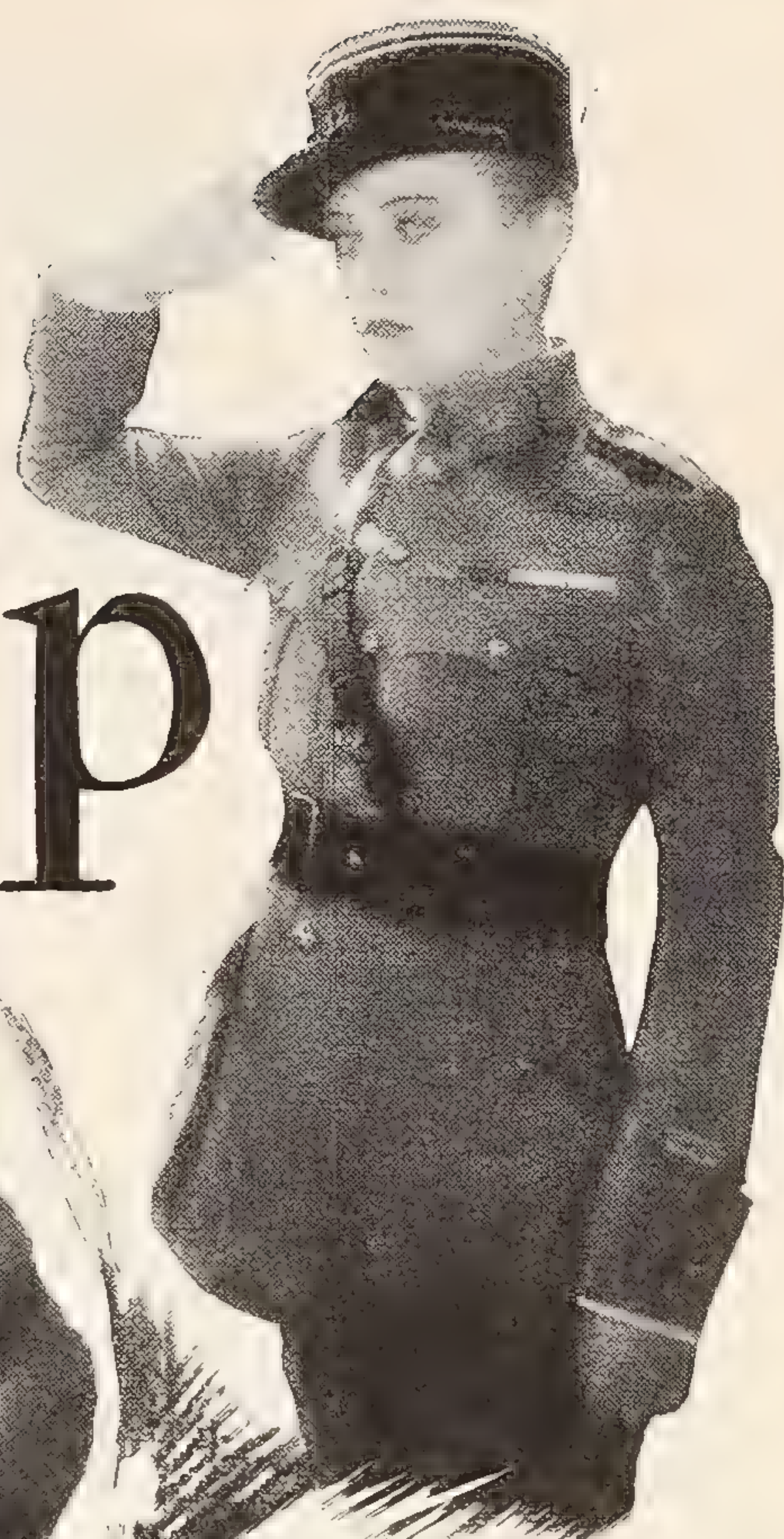
Would you like to know how to give to your eyes a luminous sparkle; how to accentuate their size and surround them with the shadow of mystery?

Would you like to know how to give to your lips the irresistible warm red of life and love?

And would you like to know how to harmonize each make-up essential...your powder, your rouge, your lipstick and other requisites...into a rarely beautiful ensemble of color harmony, blending with your complexion as perfectly as though Nature had again taken the artist's brush to create a masterpiece, in your own likeness, of beauty, of charm, and of personality.

This you may know, and more...for Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up, will unfold to you the magic of make-up as it is known to Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of screen stars in Hollywood.

Max Factor will create just for you, a make-up in color harmony...for this is Hollywood's beauty secret. Under blazing motion picture lights, Max Factor discovered this secret of beauty in make-up...and he originated colors in powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials to blend



Marion Davies
In
"Marianne"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Make-Up by MAX FACTOR

Marion Davies, whose beauty and vivacious personality have held you entranced, will be even more fascinating than ever in her new, all talking picture, "Marianne"

Marion Davies, who would never even think of using any but Max Factor's Make-Up says in a note to Max Factor:

"In the make-up ensemble, as in the costume ensemble, each essential must be in color harmony to create a becoming effect...and this I believe, is the beauty secret of your Society Make-Up"

in color harmony with every complexion coloring. Pronounced perfect by stars and studios alike, Max Factor's make-up is insurance of faultless beauty in the feature pictures you see

Likewise, in Max Factor's Society Make-Up, based on the same revolutionary principle of cosmetic color harmony, you will find, as have the screen stars, a magic beauty power in every-day make-up.

Let this new way to instant beauty be unfolded to you by the creator of make-up for famous screen stars. Accept this priceless beauty gift...your own complexion analysis, your own make-up color harmony chart and a copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" Please fill in coupon and mail.



Marion Davies approves the lovely natural color imparted by Max Factor's rouge!



MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars"...HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif 4-11-20

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

sweet to our ears and eyes and you'd be surprised how much we can digest. Gary Cooper worked as an extra for one year in pictures before he got a part in an independent company in a two reeler. His first notable rôle was in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Mary Brian was the girl in "Brown of Harvard" with William Haines. Bill, one of the wisest wise-crackers of Hollywood, has been in the movies since 1921 after a successful screen test for the old Goldwyn company. His first part was a small one in "Three Wise Fools." Ralph Forbes' American screen debut was as one of the brothers in "Beau Geste" with Ronald Colman and Neil Hamilton in 1926. Ralph was born Sept. 30, 1902, in London, England. His wife is Ruth Chatterton, former stage star, who appears in "The Doctor's Secret" with John Loder, and in "Madame X."

Connie from Canada. You think I must be quite a joker—I may be but I don't always get what's coming to me for my jokes; at that, I may be lucky. You can write to Arthur Lake at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Sue Carol at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Leatrice Joy has signed a contract with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Write to her there.

Sally of Riverside. My worthy page is one of give and take—I give you all the information and you take it with pleasure. Colleen Moore was christened Kathleen Morrison 26 years ago. She was born in Port Huron, Ohio. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer and her home town is Chicago, Ill. She is 20 years old and not



Sherlock Holmes, new style. Clive Brook's fan mail is heavier but his shadow stays the same.

related to Nancy Carroll. Nancy was born Nov. 19, 1906, in New York City. She is the wife of Jack Kirkland, scenario writer. Phyllis Haver was born Jan. 6, 1899. Her real name in private life is Mrs. William Seeman. She was married recently in New York City and when you read this Phyllis will be honeymooning in Europe. Her last Pathé film was "The Office Scandal." Her first for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was "Thunder," with Lon Chaney.

W. L. R. from Calgary, Canada. Is it any trouble to ask questions? You can't prove it by me—I answer 'em. Barry Norton, known in private life as Alfred de Biraben, was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He has brown eyes and dark brown hair. You can reach Barry at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He played with Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton in "Sins of the Fathers." His new picture will be "The Exalted Flapper" with Sue Carol and Irene Rich.

Sunshine from Marion, Ind. With a name like that, you're as welcome as the bloom of youth or a letter from Greta Garbo. Marion Davies was born Jan. 3, 1900, in New York City. She weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Clara Bow weighs 110 pounds and is 5 feet 3½ inches tall. Molly O'Day is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and her latest official weight was 118 pounds. Molly comes back in "The Show of Shows." Sally O'Neil is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 102 pounds.

Catherine of Cincinnati. Must you send a quarter to all the movie stars before you can get a picture of one? I can't answer for the effect it would have on you but a stunt like that from me—well, I'd be broke for life. Lupe Velez played with Gary Cooper in "The Wolf Song." You can write her for a photograph at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Warner Baxter was born

in Columbus, Ohio. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. His wife is Winifred Bryson who is seen on the screen now and then. Since "In Old Arizona" was released, Warner's fan mail has caused a big sales commotion in Uncle Sam's stamp department. You can write him at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Claire of Toronto. I may be a great help in the hour of trouble but I can't regulate and assist in the romances of Hollywood. Charles Rogers is not married to Mary Brian but Ben Lyon is engaged to Bebe Daniels. Ben was born Feb. 6, 1901, at Atlanta, Ga. Gary Cooper isn't married—yet.

Ida from Yonkers, N. Y. You're right, this is the page for the fans, by the fans, and believe it or not, the stars like to read it, too—I mean they really do. Al Jolson is under contract to Warner Bros. for bigger and better mammy films. His latest is "Say it with Songs." Wheezer is the youngest member of "Our Gang." His real name is Bobby Hutchins and he was born March 29, 1925, at Tacoma, Wash. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen appearance was at the age of 21 months in Buster Brown comedies for Stern Bros. Clara Bow is reported engaged to Harry Richman, popular Broadwayite.

R. L. K. of Birmingham, Ala. Some of the stars do not broadcast their ages and your favorite, Bert Lytell, is one of them. But with that grand voice of his what does mere age matter? Bert is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and dark blue eyes. He is said to be engaged to Grace Mencken, sister of Helen Mencken. (Continued on page 91)



The little French girl, Renee Adoree, is one of the best bets in this department this month.



The lovely lady from Mexico, Dolores Del Rio, in her garden. Dolores ranks high with our readers.

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Examine this new Winx in the modern, silvery vanity. Press your fingernail into the cake. Notice how easily it yields to your pressure, indicating a softness and consistency that is retained even after application to your lashes. This improved Winx will spread more evenly, more smoothly—it will cling tenaciously—will not smudge or become brittle. Leading department stores now have on sale this Solid Form Winx—and, in addition, Winx Eyelash Grower and Liquid Winx.

“YOUR EYES ARE . . . HALF YOUR BEAUTY”

YOU will be thrilled when you see the new Winx package. So neat. So small and convenient. Made especially for women who demand the latest and newest things. An indestructible, silvery vanity, small enough to fit into the daintiest handbag. Opens easily and closes snugly. And, most important is the new improved Solid Form Winx which it contains. Now you can add more natural softness and beauty to your lashes than ever before.

Thousands of women who have discovered the secret of Winx—who have made of their lashes a soft, colorful setting for their eyes, will welcome this new product. First, because they can now carry it about with them, as casually as they do their rouge and powder—safeguarding their beauty by day as well as night. In addition, this new form of Winx assures more natural loveliness and beauty.

A quick, pleasant brushing of Winx along the fringe of your lashes morning, noon and night will bring about a miraculous change. With a little water, moisten the brush and flick it across the WINX cake. Stroke the top lashes upward and the bottom lashes downward. To prevent “beading”, make certain that the brush is thoroughly rinsed before each application. When properly used, Winx will not clog or stiffen the lashes. It is actually indiscernible. Lashes seem *naturally* long and lustrous—eyes *naturally* lovely. Each fleeting, subtle expression is enhanced.

WINX EYELASH GROWER was originated for just such conditions as thin, falling or scanty lashes. It is a rich, nourishing cream made of purest materials—tested by thousands of women and always found successful. Apply morning and evening. Priced at \$1. In black, brown or colorless, if you prefer. LIQUID WINX is a waterproof beautifier unaffected by tears, perspiration, cream or any kind of moisture. If applied sparingly, it leaves the lashes soft and silky—eliminating brittleness—making an attractive, dark setting for your eyes. Priced at 75c. In black and brown.



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Buddy Rogers Fan, Iroquois Falls. It's very sporting of you to say you couldn't get along without my expert 'art-to heart information. Joseph Striker was the young man you refer to in "Annie Laurie" with Lillian Gish, Patricia Avery and Norman Kerry. Joseph is about 28 years old. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 9½ inches tall and is not married. You can write to John Harron at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. June Collyer was born in New York City, on Aug. 19, 1907. Malcolm MacGregor was born Oct. 13, 1896, at Newark, N. J. He has a 7 year old daughter, Joan.

Beulah from Dixon, Ill. You have your star dust somewhat mixed—let's sift it and get down to the bottom of a few facts. Corinne Griffith starred in "Black Oxen" and Clara Bow played a supporting rôle. That was before Clara was a star in her own right, of course.

Pitty Pauline from Indiana. Whose baby-talk sugar are you? I'll forgive you for never having time to drop me a line if you promise never to do it again. You can reach Betty Bronson at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Sally O'Neil takes her orders from the same studio—Warner's—where she sings and dances in "The Show of Shows." The nearest I can come to hitting you on your birthday with a few stars—Charles Farrell was born on Aug. 9; Farina's birthday comes on the same date; Norma Shearer's on Aug. 10; Hobart Bosworth's on Aug. 11; Buddy Rogers' on Aug. 13; Eddie Phillips on Aug. 14; Colleen Moore and Eleanor Boardman's on Aug. 19. And I have one every four years.

Y. G. from Tokio, Japan. As nice a letter as yours deserves honorable mention. Cherry blossoms, all misty pink, would make my desk look like a gift from the gods;

but I'd have little space for my trusty typewriter. However, I thank you for your kindly interest in my page and will be glad to send you addresses of your favorite American picture stars.

Inquisitive Marion, Mansfield. Is Janet Gaynor a star? I hope to spread the good news she is; but where in Ohio have you been not to know all about the famous Fox twinkler? She was born Oct. 6, 1906, in Philadelphia, Pa. Owen Moore played with Sally O'Neil in "Becky" and not Bert Lytell. Bert was born in New York City. Priscilla Dean was born and educated in New York City. She had a stage career in stock, repertoire and vaudeville before going into pictures. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. She is the wife of Leslie P. Arnold, a round-the-world aviator.

Buddy's Admirer from Patton, Pa. Another heated argument to settle—who played Buddy Rogers' mother and who played Richard Arlen's mother in "Wings?" Hedda Hopper was Mrs. Powell, mother of Buddy; and Julia Swayne Gordon was Mrs. Armstrong, the mother of Richard.

Samuel of Monitor, Sask. You are welcome to join this happy little band of co-workers—just what we're working and whom, will be decided later. Tom Mix can be reached at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Tom's latest release is "The Drifter" with Dorothy Dwan. Mary Ann Jackson of "Our Gang" was born Jan. 14, 1923, in Los Angeles, Cal. She has straight reddish brown hair and grey-blue eyes. Jean Darling was born Aug. 23, 1922, at Santa Monica, Cal. She has pale yellow hair and deep blue eyes. Joe Frank Cobb (Fatty of the Gang) was born Nov. 7, 1917. He has light brown hair, grey eyes, is 49½ inches tall and weighs 119½ pounds. He started with the

Gang at the age of 5 years. Farina (real name, Alan Clay Hoskins and the pride of his mother's heart) was born Aug. 9, 1920. His greatest ambition is to be a famous violinist.

M. G. and L. W. from Delano, Cal. You couldn't find me when I'm not answering letters, but drop around any afternoon and spend the day and bring your sense of humor. James Murray was born in New York City, Feb. 9, 1901. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has light brown curly hair and green eyes. His first picture was "The Pilgrims" in 1923; and later he appeared in "Hospitality." He has played in "The Crowd" with Eleanor Boardman and in "The Big City" with Lon Chaney. His wife is Lucille McMames—yes, she's in pictures, too.

Madge of Collinsville, Ill. Why doesn't Lon Chaney get the girl he loves in his pictures? Ah, me! That question has turned many a big happy moment into tears and my pink cheeks to pallor. (My make-up box, Ernestine—and you tell the lady.) Patsy Ruth Miller is married to Tay Garnett, the director. Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France, in 1901. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891. His latest film is "Condemned."

Monica and Roy B. of Kingston, Jamaica. You want a full-length picture of your favorites—I'm sorry, but we do not send out pictures of the stars in any length. But if you'll write and ask them prettily, you may be rewarded. Address Marion Davies and Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove and Richard Barthelmess at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. The other stars you ask about will be found elsewhere in this department.

In New York—Continued from page 71

seasoned air of an old, experienced troupier. "The Sophomore" was playing at the Paramount Theater on Broadway and also at the Paramount in Brooklyn; and Eddie was kept busy regaling the audiences with Quillan quips and steps.

* * *

Two of our loveliest ladies have left us for London—but only temporarily, thank goodness. Gloria Swanson and Gertrude Lawrence are both sojourning in merrie England—Gloria on a combined business-and-pleasure jaunt, and Miss Lawrence to play a limited engagement in a new play called "By Candlelight," which she will bring back to Broadway with her when the short London run is completed. Leslie Howard will play opposite her, and I can't help wondering when Mr. Howard is going to make a screen debut. It's about time, for he is one of the most ingratiating personalities in the modern theater.

Gloria looked grand and gorgeous all in green when I saw her. She remains positively the best-dressed picture girl. She was gay at the prospect of appearing at the London premiere of her latest picture and first talkie, "The Trespasser." And even more thrilled to be seeing Hank again—the Marquis, you know, who has been abroad for several months as foreign observer for Joseph Kennedy, Gloria's manager.

The Paramount studio will miss Gertrude Lawrence like everything. She is probably the most popular star who has worked there for a long, long time. Charming, kindly, always good-natured, she might be an ambitious beginner instead of a celebrated international star. The studio is still talking about the party she gave for her co-workers on "The Gay Lady." Her first talking feature should be a huge hit.

* * *

If here isn't Phillips Holmes! How times change. It seems only yesterday that I was talking to Taylor Holmes about his children. And now one of the children appears—a tall, very handsome, cultured, and poised young man, with a background of Cambridge and Princeton, a present of a Paramount contract, and a very bright future, if we can believe all we hear of Phillips' prospects.

I think I can safely herald a new idol in young Mr. Holmes. If he gets the right parts, he's sure to develop into a real star. He meets all the requirements, and he has something essentially his own, besides: a poetic personality. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying he is willowy and Shakespearean or anything like that. He is a very robust, modern young man. But there is a romantic quality about him that I've never noticed in any of our very

American young leading men. And he has a whimsical sense of humor. In fact, he looks the way A. A. Milne should look, if you know what I mean.

He came east to play in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," starring Clive Brook. "I considered it a pretty compliment, letting me play in a 'Holmes' picture," smiled Phillips.

* * *

Walter Huston is a refreshing person. I'd say he doesn't look at all like an actor—except that no real actor ever does! He is big and good-looking in a quite untheatrical way. He'll tell you all about his grown-up son and how proud he is of his literary talents. And when he returned from Hollywood after playing *Trampas* in the all-star talking production of "The Virginian," he spoke of Richard Arlen and his wife—what a splendid young couple they are, and what good times he had with them, and how Dick was coming east to visit him as soon as his picture schedule permitted. But never a word about Walter Huston, unless you pin him down. He started rehearsals of "The Commodore Marries" for Arthur Hopkins as soon as he returned east. When this Broadway engagement is over he will probably make some more pictures. Didn't you like him in "Gentlemen of the Press" and "The Lady Lies?"

Make-Up à la Mode—Continued from page 73

standard of purity and efficacy. And beauty specialists today know all about skins and how to treat them individually and scientifically.

So that's that. No longer the question is, "Shall we, or shall we not, use rouge, lipstick and powder?" But, "Which, out of the alluring array of preparations, shall we adopt for our own?"

And that is partly settled for us, too. Because never before have women had such scientific and sensible guidance in ways of beauty. Never before have so many people been engaged in the service of beauty. The problem of artistic make-up is not hard to solve, for there are powders, rouge and lipstick for every coloring—luscious, glorifying colors, some of them; others exquisitely dainty, made especially for fine-textured skins.

In the first place, make-up should not call attention to itself. It should counterfeit nature, but not outdo her. "Please tell me," writes a girl every now and then, "how I can make up to look like the movie actresses?" Could she see an actress made up and ready to face the camera she would realize that she does not want to look as the actress looks while she is wearing the exaggerated movie make-up. But, if she could see this same actress on the street some day, she would find the actress wearing discreet make-up—just enough to accentuate her natural coloring—because she has learned that the best effect is gained by using just the amount of make-up needed, no more.

Don't choose your powder and rouge because your best girl friend uses it with such good results, or because you like its fragrance and color. Choose it because it seems to have been made just for you. Don't get the idea that white or pink powder is the only suitable powder for blondes, that dark skins need to be lightened by powder, that deep red rouge is worn only by older women and that eye make-up can be used only at night.

Some experts contend that the blonde with the fair skin is the only woman who can wear flesh powder successfully, yet rachel or naturelle suits many blondes. There are rare transparent skins—usually they go with pale gold or red hair—which need a careful blend of white and pink and creamy powder to bring out their delicate beauty. To achieve this artistically, dust the face with white powder, the cheeks with pink, and over all a dusting of natural creamy powder of light texture. This gives a really natural effect.

The very delicate blonde must be carefully made up. Her make-up must not assert itself. Her powder must match or blend with her skin, and she may have just a soft coral-flush for her cheeks, the tiniest accent for her lips, discreet encouragement for her eyebrows and lashes, particularly if they are very light.

A blonde too, might be very lovely with pale orchid powder and geranium colored lipstick and rouge. Orchid

powder, by the way, suits only those whose skins are naturally fair, and should never be used in daylight.

The brunette, unlike the blonde, may accent her coloring. In powders, an olive or brown or pinkish tan will become her, or peach, ocher or mauve. Her powder should never be lighter than her skin. If anything, it should be a shade darker. She may emphasize her lips with coloring, particularly if her mouth is lovely. And while she may wear a bit more rouge than her blonde sister, it must not be exaggerated. Natural loveliness is the rule in the smart world today. Geranium rouge and lip-stick is becoming to nearly all faces, and is an especially flattering evening shade for every woman. Red raspberry is flattering too, to every type of skin. Many brunettes look well in a deep rose for daytime wear, and an orange shade at night.

Recently I saw a French powder—very pink, which, when applied in conjunction with an ivory-toned powder gives the effect of a very light rouge. It is not even a suspicion of an artificial make-up and it is quite lovely, especially for a very young or an older woman who would like to improve the natural color tone of her skin. This pink powder should not be used with natural or flesh powder. The best effect is obtained through using rachel or ocher.

The in-between girl is fortunate in a way, because she belongs to no distinct type, and may choose from the powders and rouges created for blonde and brunette skins the combination that best suits her. As she is not a distinct type, there are no set rules for her to follow. She has only to use her common sense and intelligence to achieve a beauty all her own. For instance, if she happens to be an 'in-between' with regular features, dark hair and a too-pale skin, she may turn this liability into an asset by leaving her face colorless, using no make-up at all except on her lips. This make-up is distinctive, but the mouth must be well-shaped if it is to be thus 'featured.'

Before applying make-up, prepare your skin for it. The skin must be perfectly

clean, and the foundation preparation, whether it be a stiff or thin cream or in lotion form, must be suited to your own skin texture. And don't fail to use an astringent freshening lotion or cold water, lest the pores become enlarged. As to the texture of your powder, heavy, light or medium, that too is for you to decide. There is no rule that applies to all types of skins.

In applying make-up, remember that a full face may be given the appearance of slenderness by using rouge a little deeply about the edge of the cheeks and very little over the surface between.

An oval face should have the rouge applied very lightly to the cheek bones. A deft touch to the lobes of the ears—just enough to make them glow—enhances the charm of the face.

If your face is long and narrow, width and charm are added by bringing the rouge to a point on the cheekbone, making it broader just below the center of the cheek. Never allow the rouge to touch the temples.

When using rouge, shade it delicately into your normal color. Work in a very little at first with an upward movement, then a little more if you think you haven't enough. At the edges, deftly tone down the color in order to break any conspicuous outline. A skillful touch of rouge low on the chin will tend to soften the effect and make it inconspicuous.

If your skin is dry, a cream or paste rouge is best and stays on well. In fact, I heard quite recently of a paste rouge that stays on indefinitely. You can walk in the rain, or go in bathing, or cold-cream the face, but the rouge stays on! All this permanency without injuring the skin in any way, it is claimed.

When you apply rouge, be careful not to leave it with a hard line around the edge, but shade the edges carefully off. The powder helps to do this, but the first application of rouge should be pretty well shaded off before the powder is applied. It doesn't much matter whether you apply rouge or powder first—but a soft, natural effect is necessary if you would achieve the radiance of a perfect make-up.

If you have a good color in your lips but find that they are inclined to be dry, rub a white lip-stick over them gently. If you wish to touch up your lips with a little color, do not smear it on, but apply the color to the bow of the lips and with a motion to the corners, blend color until it is not conspicuous.

Some girls like to use liquid rouge on the lips first. Put it on with an orange-wood stick wrapped in cotton, shaping the mouth with it carefully. Finish with your paste or lip stick. Use color on your lips sparingly. You can make or mar the appearance of your mouth by this application.

If you want to know more about make-up, about shades and colors specially suited to different types of skin, write to me. I will be glad to tell you all about them.



Dorothy Sebastian welcomes those sweet singers, Van and Schenck, to Hollywood, where they will warble for the microphones.

"I like these talking comedies. There are always a lot of laughs in them!"

"I do, too. They're often the best thing in the show."



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"BUYING A GUN"
"FIRE PROOF"

**TUXEDO
TALKING COMEDIES**
Jack White Productions
"SOCIAL SINNERS"

On Location with Bebe Daniels—Continued from page 67

told me.

After lunch everyone lazed around a bit. John Boles went to his tent for forty winks and a chance to look over the dialog for his next scene.

It is a curious thing how the 'mike' terrorizes actors. I suppose because it is such a formidable, final instrument. It records every little mistake, and mistakes cost the firm money. In their eagerness not to make mistakes the actors make more than they ever did in silent pictures. Just getting accustomed to a new technique, that's all. After a few months of talking pictures they forget all about the 'mike'. But at first! I know several tried-and-true actors with years of stage and screen experience who go perfectly blank before the mike, spoiling scene after scene. And even such fine troupers as the Duncan sisters were scared stiff when they made their first talkie tests.

Don Alverado took me over the location and showed me all the points of interest. It was like a little village with tents and sets scattered all about. There was even a hospital with five or six beds, a first aid kit and several electric fans. I wondered why a hospital tent should be necessary.

"Last week it was very hot here—115 in the shade! We were doing all the chorus work and seven of the girls passed out in one day. They had to be revived and sent back to town," Don told me.

All the hills surrounding the location had been decorated with prop cactus and miniature dwellings. The nearest of these was large enough for a man to stand upright in, the smaller ones in the distance just grand for a playhouse.

"What a swell time a bunch of kids would have playing about in those," someone remarked.

Just about that time Ben Lyon came bursting upon the scene in his new Dupont which he was so proud of he couldn't wait until Bebe got home that night to show it to her.

Ben seemed to be taking his new car very seriously. He wore a beret—"just to keep in the foreign atmosphere," he said. We all tramped over to Bebe's tent then, her coiffure being completed just a few minutes before.

Mme. Morando, the wife of Bebe's vocal teacher, Otto Morando, was with her. Madame had come out to lend moral support to Bebe who had to sing the "Rio Rita" duet that afternoon.

While Bebe is said to have had a lovely voice as a child, she had not taken it seriously; but when she was given the part of *Rio Rita* it behooved her to learn how to sing. She had worked every day for three months on her voice before the picture started and her teachers were delighted with her progress. Mme. Morando, being a Latin, is a very enthusiastic person and told me eloquently that Bebe, besides having a very beautiful natural voice, had been able in so short a time to handle the rôle like an experienced singer. "You shall see!" the vivacious little lady cried, "you shall see this afternoon when you hear her that I am right!" I must confess that I took some of it with a grain of salt, although I know what a good teacher can do with an apt pupil in a short time. And I discovered later that the Morandos must be fine teachers or Bebe could not sing as she does sing with so little instruction, no matter how clever she is.

And I have always heard that Bebe was a clever girl. She can outmatch almost any other girl in Hollywood for wit; she has used rare judgment, I am told, in the decoration of her beach houses which she builds, rents and sells; she has been known to outlast bankers, lawyers, writers and what-have-you at memory contests; and she is, I am also told, a shrewd business woman. So Bebe, besides having a good mind, must use it.

"I studied an hour every day," she said, "and practiced a few minutes before and after my lesson. I just adore it, and shall always keep it up."

She is so happy over her change of parts that it is marvelous. And everyone who knows her and I am sure the fans who saw her in "Monsieur Beaucaire" with the ever-loved Rudy Valentino, are delighted for her. She has such power for dramatic expression, such appeal for romantic drama that it seems a shame she should have been denied it these many years. Yet she is probably the richer for her experience in comedy parts.

"All ready, Miss Daniels! We are playing the obligato this afternoon," announced an assistant.

"Fine," said Bebe, and turning to me added: "Three months ago I thought an obligato was a salad dressing!"

But for the sake of those who do not know her I hasten to add that although Bebe didn't sing until three months before she stepped into "Rio Rita," she did know plenty about music and her home was quite a gathering place on occasion for musicians.

Sitting under the beach umbrella in back of the cameras I had the greatest thrill I ever had on any location when the first strains of the beautiful "Rio Rita" duet floated through the air. There we were miles away from anywhere, surrounded by hills and sky and clouds, the cooling breeze Californians can almost always count on in the afternoon allaying the fierceness of the sun, and in that balmy air to hear this lovely music played by a thirty-five piece orchestra conducted by Victor Baravalle who directed the original *Rio Rita* company at the Ziegfeld Theater in New York!

And there was Bebe, a luscious, dusky-skinned maid, the richness of her complexion and costume blending perfectly with the flower motif and olive-hued hacienda in the background.

Her voice was sweet and clear with a purity of tone that is a rare gift. She sang with perfect unselfconsciousness. Of course, everyone since "The Desert Song" knows that John Boles can sing, so his fine work as the hero in "Rio Rita" will not be the surprise that Bebe's will.

The men not in costume had peeled off and were amusing to see in their undershirts and the big Mexican hats we all wore to keep ourselves from sun stroke.

"Brother Boles," said director Luther Reed, who calls John that, "are you all set?"

"All set," said John from the background where he remains partially hidden watching Bebe for the first part of the scene.

"Okay, then. Turn them over!" shouted Mr. Reed.

"Hey," yelled a grip who was straddling the roof peak and balancing a reflector which lighted the scenes below. "There goes your tin!" and a splintering crash told of an overblown reflector at the back of the garden. Three men sprang to the rescue, crying "We're on it!" as they ran.

The second time the scene was shot I heard it from the mixer's booth and it was great. Then I went back to the set, for not being of a mechanical turn of mind I enjoyed seeing and hearing it at the same time a little better, although I know it is a terrific honor to be allowed in the booth and I did appreciate it.

But after the second 'take' things began to go wrong. You know in a theater the orchestra leader is a little below stage level and directly in the centre, within the range of the eyes of everyone on the stage. In a studio or on a location that can't be, because of the cameras. The orchestra in this case was on the side. If the conductor, Victor Baravalle, stood facing his orchestra, which he naturally had to, would have his back to the singers. He therefore had to perform a few gymnastics, turning sidewise from time to time so that Bebe



Director Mervyn Le Roy, with Edna Murphy and Eddie Buzzell—leading lady and star respectively of "Little Johnny Jones." Edna is also Mrs. Le Roy.

and John could see him. Even then it was hard. Bebe had to sit with her profile to the orchestra and John, who was standing up, was supposed to be looking down at Bebe, so what could either of them see of the leader? Precious little!

Well, twice John stopped the scene because he thought he was out of step with the orchestra, and once Baravalle stopped because he thought John was out of step.

"Say, what is this, anyway?" said Luther Reed. "Are we going to play hide-and-seek here all afternoon. Gosh, I'll have to stop the next, or I'll feel slighted!" John was pacing up and down on the set, Baravalle was pacing up and down on the right and Luther Reed was pacing up and down in back of the cameras. Then they all stopped pacing at the same time, and with everyone holding their breath the scene began and proceeded to a smooth finish.

"And I'll bet that when they go to check up, the first take will be the one they will use. That was a pippin," remarked one of the musicians.

"Baravalle has a great personality, hasn't he?" asked Ben, who had noticed that I watched him almost as much as the players. And what Ben thinks of Bebe's voice—well, I want to get to the beach this afternoon for a swim, so I'm just not going to write it all down!

For Bebe's convenience as well as to save time, a full-length mirror and portable makeup-table had been brought out to the set and between scenes she rearranged her hair and assured herself that her costume was all right.

One meets extremes in luxury and inconvenience in a studio. While a director hardly has a cigar out of his pocket before there are three lights ready for him, and a star has a chair placed under him no matter where he may be, others can stand for hours with nothing offered them or even permitted them, for it isn't technical to sit on the props, but the floor. This does not apply to writers, however!

Roaming about we found Solidad Jimenez who played the mother of Dorothy Burgess in "In Old Arizona." I asked her what she was playing in "Rio Rita," remembering her excellent work in other pictures.

"I am playing extra work," she announced. "And I play extra work till they pay me the salary I want for parts," and she mentioned a sum that I did not think at all unreasonable considering what other character women get for such important rôles. "Why should I worry about parts?" she went on. "Extra work—I have no trouble. No lines to learn, no worry, no responsibility. Parts—I have to get up four o'clock in the morning to be made up at nine in the studio. I have no car. I get good salary but I am a type and sometimes I no get a part for months in between times. That is why I want more when I do play parts. Extra work—I work every day!"

"Don Alvarado, he is my good friend and he say I should play parts, but I no do. You remember that speak I had with Eddie Lowe in 'In Old Arizona?' Well, you should have heard all the speak they cut out! Mucha, mucha speak. 'Cause why? I no know except it was too long. I speak better accent than Americans. But why not? I am Spanish! Funny if I could not speak Spanish accent. You wait and see in 'The Cock-Eyed World.' I have much speak with Eddie Lowe. In extra work I don't have to worry whether they cut my speak out or not," she said with amused eyes, "So I do extra work till they pay what I want!"



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Fannie Hurst—Continued from page 31

you. I've been praying for weeks that I'd get the part, and I will.

"I've been putting on weight," she went on, "so I'd look like Lummo. I've studied and studied the book. Does this sound familiar?" And suddenly, to my astonishment, she began reciting lines. "Aren't those Lummo's very words?" she said.

"I don't know. Are they?" I hadn't the faintest idea whether they were or not. You see, after a book is finished and published, an author gets quite detached from it.

"Get the book," said Miss Westover, "and you'll see."

"So I got a copy, and sure enough, not only did she know all that Lummo said but she had memorized every word of the book. Every single word!

"You see," she said, triumphantly, "I am Lummo. I've been Lummo all my life. And I'm going to play the part."

"She went to Mr. Brenon with the same story, and he asked me what I thought of her. 'She undoubtedly has a quality that is Lummo I told him. But in appearance—I'm not so sure.' You see, when you create a character, you have a clear mental picture of her. I see Lummo as a big, inarticulate clod. Miss Westover is obviously not that. But she had more of the intangible qualities we needed for Lummo than anyone else who tried for the part. So we finally decided she should play it."

Miss Hurst's brown eyes are constantly animated as she talks. Expressive, full of life, very vivid.

"When I was in Hollywood," she said, "I asked Miss Westover if she was coming to New York for the opening of the picture."

"I think so," she said. "I haven't seen New York in years."

"But," I said, puzzled, "what about six weeks ago when you came to see me?"

"Yes, but I didn't go anywhere. I didn't see New York at all. I stayed in hotel room the whole time waiting for your telephone call."

"My telephone call?"

"She nodded. 'You see, I had prayed that you would send for me to play Lummo, and every day I expected you to do it.'"

An amazing story, as Miss Hurst told it, even for Hollywood, that incredible city where anything can happen, and sometimes does.

In fact, there are several amazing aspects about the filming of "Lummo." One of them is that the author's presence was wanted on the lot.

"When Mr. Brenon invited me to Hollywood to stand by in the making of the picture," Miss Hurst continued, "I was astounded. A director actually wanting the author around!



Al Jolson—that's all! His next picture is tentatively called "Mammy."

Authors are usually the fifth wheel to their picture productions.

"You don't want me," I told him. "I don't know anything about the mechanics of movie making. I'd just be in the way." Oh, yes, Mr. Brenon insisted, he did want me. He needed me to make sure that the intent and spirit of 'Lummo' were transferred to the screen.

"And when I got to Hollywood, I found that my co-operation really was wanted. Mr. Brenon practically threw the scenario out the window, and carried the book itself around to work from."

"Where'd that dialog come from?" he'd say, during some of the spoken lines. "That's not the way it is in the book." He

was determined to follow the book as closely as possible. Oh, there had to be a few changes, of course, because movie technique is quite different from novel technique. But Mr. Brenon was charming about it; he'd explain why certain changes were necessary, and always the reason was a very sound one."

Of course all through Miss Hurst's conversation, you get the feeling that, being a great person, she is not given to the petty quibbling of petty authors.

She explained with pride: "All during the time Mr. Brenon and I worked together, we had only one tiny disagreement. Over one line. I thought it was bathos, but Mr. Brenon liked it. Well, he knows his box office, so I didn't quibble. What's one line! I was much too pleased with the way 'Lummo' was being treated."

"I don't mind admitting," she said, "that when 'Lummo' was first bought for the screen, I wanted it as a silent picture. Silence seemed so much more appropriate. It struck me as comic that the most inarticulate character I ever created should become my first talking heroine. Paradoxical, isn't it?"

"But I realized that the day of the silent picture is past. Whether we hail it or not, the talking picture is here."

"We protest, many of us; largely, I think, because it's new. We like to run along in our comfortable grooves, doing things just as we did them last week or last month. The radio, the automobile, the airplane, were once tiresome innovations, but no one could laugh them off! Here they are, all over the place."

"Talking pictures can't be laughed off, either. They'll soon seem quite natural. The silent film belongs to yesterday; we don't live in yesterday. We live in today and tomorrow."

"So, intellectually, I realized that my Lummo, like other movies heroines, would have to speak her piece; but the reactionary side of me sighed a little for an old-fashioned silent version of my inarticulate heroine. But I can't complain of the result."

And that is another factor in making "Lummo" a film of surprises. The author is pleased. Yes, the picture is full of ironical touches. Miss Hurst's most inarticulate character is her first to be presented in the talkies. Miss Westover comes out of retirement and prays her way into the rôle. Mr. Brenon, as director, actually wants the author's co-operation. And Miss Hurst presents the beaming picture of an author delighted with the filming.

"Lawsa, massa," the movies must be saying, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, "surely this can't be I!"



Alice Day shows the magic sign of the 'mixer' which indicates that the 'take' is okay. The 'mixer' sits in a sound-proof box and regulates the tones of the speakers while a scene is being made. Then he either shakes his head, meaning that the scene must be retaken, or signals 'Okay!'

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ELINOR GLYN
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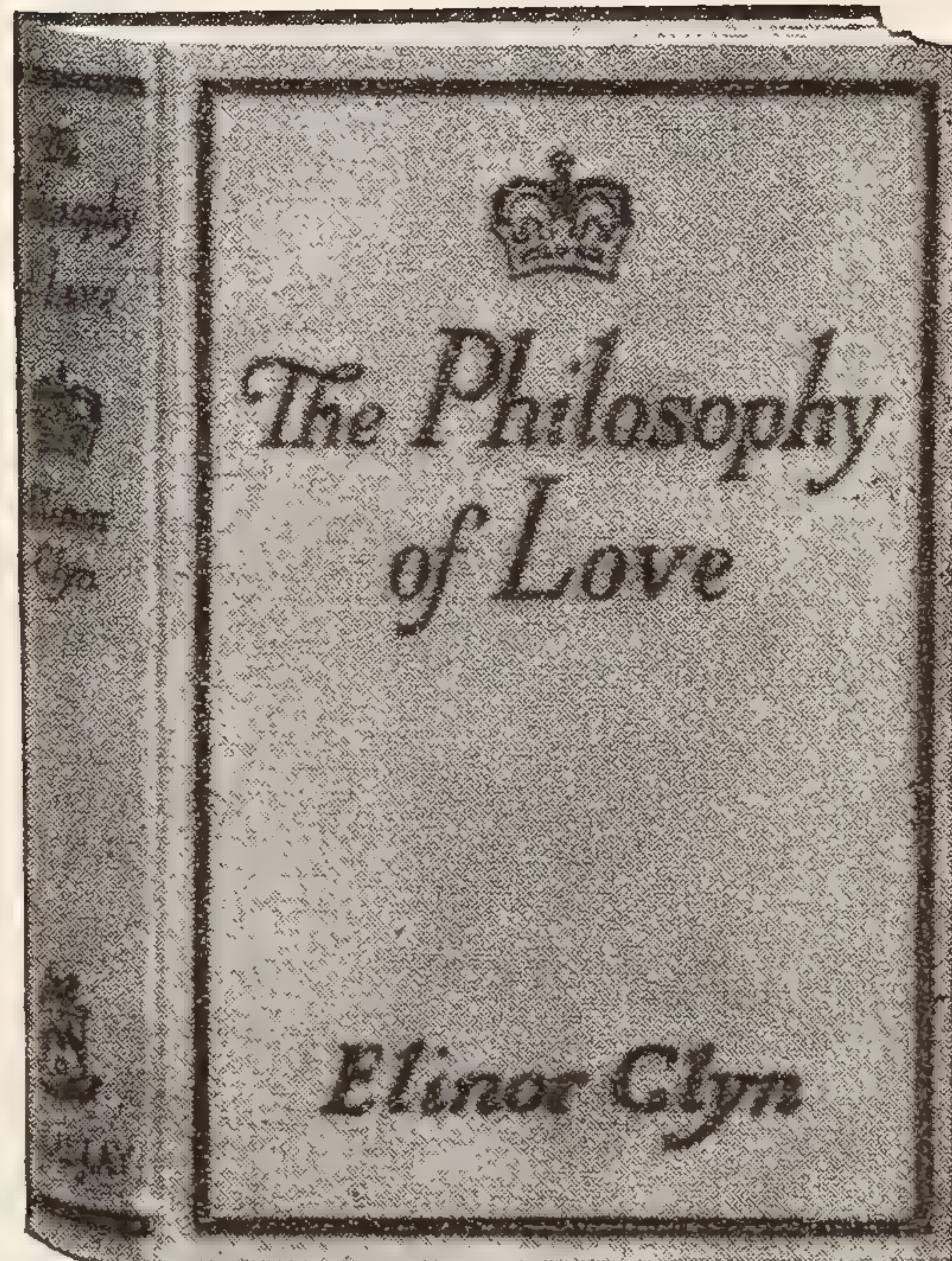
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Is the Star System Doomed?—Continued from page 45

and Betty Compson think the stars will be less important than in the silent days. The story will matter more than ever before. A picture exploiting one personality will not be so popular. The rest of the cast will be more carefully chosen and developed. Development of the story, characterization and business will also be given more careful attention.

Evelyn Brent thinks talkies detract from the glamour of a star because of the indifferent photography still necessary on account of the lighting. It is a mechanical point not yet solved—and how we miss the beautiful photography of old!

"Redemption" is just one instance of the new casting system, though the most noteworthy one I recall at the moment. With John Gilbert appear Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree in leading parts, and other well-known people in smaller rôles. Almost every cast today features three or four big featured players. From a source I promised not to quote I was told that one organization thinks that is the only way to get talking pictures over at all!

Imagine the embarrassment of these producers who have invested millions in sound picture equipment if talking pictures hadn't, after all, come to stay.

Apropos of this declaration Fred Niblo had a rather startling experience to relate when he and Mrs. Niblo returned from their vacation tour of the northern States and Canada. In every town they were bombarded with objections to talking pictures and hopes that the silent pictures would come back!

Mr. Niblo thought one reason for this was the poor recording due either to the operator, the acoustics, or the theater mechanism. The dialog he heard was faulty and blurred, enough to handicap any picture. Right here in Hollywood this sometimes happens. You hear a scene in the studio and it is beautiful. The same scene in the theater is something else again.

Estelle Taylor had an original thought on the star system subject. Her feeling is that talking picture stars will be a survival of the character actor. Whereas a star could be a star if she were beautiful and had a good story, talking pictures demand more than that. A player who can characterize cleverly, can twist and turn a well-worded phrase, will have the best future chances of popularity.

In other words, the days of the beautiful-but-dumb have passed.

Ramon Novarro also thinks the fate of a star hangs on his ability for characterization. If he plays different types of parts an actor must make them human, appealing, believable. The screen will always have its sun gods and goddesses, its Pickfords, Bows, and Garbos; its Chaplins, Colmans, and Gilberts.

What makes them star material and what makes other charming and talented people, who have sometimes done better work, merely good strong support? Is it that they haven't had their chance? Their break? Oh, no. Not often, because they have had fine parts. And if that were true why wasn't Mary Miles Minter the biggest star in the business, as Famous Players thought she would be when they signed her to take Mary Pickford's place on their program?

Paramount, then called Famous Players, spent a fortune trying to make Mary Miles Minter the greatest star in motion pictures. But they couldn't do it. Why? Many



Dixie Lee is looking over her pretty shoulder at a lucky somebody! Can it be young David Rollins? Ever since Dixie and Davey met while both were filming "The Fox Movietone Follies," Cupid has been busy, if we can believe what we hear from Hollywood. Anyway, Dixie is one of the sweetest girls and David one of the nicest boys in all screenland.

people thought she was far prettier than Mary Pickford. Why didn't the public give her the adoration they showered upon the other Mary?

Perhaps no one will ever really know. But not long ago I heard one of the greatest if not the greatest star discoverer in the business, enumerate the qualities he thought essential to the makeup of a star. This man's name was Mack Sennett.

"I have never seen a man or woman rise to stardom who did not have an intense and also an impersonal interest in themselves," said Sennett. "Where others watch the clock with their minds filled with the party they were to attend that night, these potential stars asked to see the rushes, and they would criticize themselves unmercifully. They sat off and looked at themselves just as a painter sizes up his canvas or a writer reviews his manuscript."

An actor does his work through himself. The screen actor has the advantage over his brother from the stage, for he can 'see himself as others see him' if he is not too gummed up with conceit, and the big ones never are.

All types of people are prone to talk about themselves. Actors are not alone in this vice. The difference between the great ones and the small ones is that the little man talks about himself and the big one talks about his work.

I once heard a great lady correct her little daughter. "Never gossip. It is ill-bred. Talk about things, not people," she said. That's the difference.

A great artist attracts by the interest he has in his work—his ability to lose his own personality in the character and give it life. Such people will always draw others to them. Their appeal is to a secret something in every heart they touch that is nameless but compelling. They are not thinking of that when they are doing their work; they are reaching up, above themselves, trying to touch something that is untouchable and bring it back to you who watch them. They can't quite do it, but their striving and their sincerity has let you glimpse for a moment something truly wonderful. They bring a bit of the infinite to you, and you do homage to them because of it. And you may think it is the beauty of the girl or the strength of the man, or the way he makes love or something—but it isn't that. It is that little thing called Spirit. And you can't describe it.

Mary Pickford is passionately interested in her work. No matter what else happened to her she used it all to make herself a better, a more understanding actress. Mary Miles Minter was more interested in life, and that's why Famous Players couldn't make her a great star. They were licked before they started because Mary wasn't really interested.

Perhaps fans and producers alike are beginning to realize that you can't put a round peg in a square hole. And you can't make a star out of a person who is not star material. They may be ever so valuable as strong supporting players and much happier personally in this capacity.

I talked with two recently-made stars who were very much upset by what they called 'the system.' When they were just featured players they were given a variety of parts. Now they know they will always have just one type of part to play, and they don't think they can survive it.

"After a player has had a chance to show his or her stuff," Dick Arlen told me once, "the public lets the producer know through the box office whether that player is 'jake' with them. The producer doesn't have to do any boosting. He just has to make sure that the public knows where and in what it can see its new favorite. And the public doesn't care whether that player is billed as a star or not."

While Paramount let three big stars go to other companies, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou—they created a flock of new stars to replace the old. Time will show whether the new twinklers will create for themselves an entirely new following.

No matter what is said to the contrary, talking picture casts of every studio seem to bear out the idea that the star system, as such, is passing. In the old days the advance billing read: Theda Bara in "Salome." William Farnum in "Les Misérables." Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." Now these announcements are qualified. They read, "The Painted Angel" starring Billie Dove, with Edmund Lowe, Farrell MacDonald and Cissy Fitzgerald. "Lilies of the Field" starring Corinne Griffith, with Eve Sothorn, Rita LeRoy, Virginia Bruce, Cissy Fitzgerald, Betty Boyd and Jean Bart. "The Dark Swan" with Lois Wilson, H. B.

Warner, Olive Borden, Kathlyn Williams and others. "The Virginian" with Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen, Mary Brian and Walter Houston.

In other words you see a whale of a cast in almost every picture; and that, far from detracting from the interest of the leading player, enhances his or her value. If a player rises head and shoulders above these talking picture casts you can be sure it is something in *them*. But it is the public that finds it out and keeps them on their pedestals. There may not be so many luminaries in the future; but those that do shine will be real stars, worthy the name, and surrounded by a challenging cast.

The New Lila Lee

Continued from page 47

before, she has a place at the shore where she goes on every available day off and where she has sunned herself into a bronzey brown.

She has done a series of interesting characterizations during the past few months and has just finished a delicious part in Somerset Maugham's story, "The Sacred Flame." Warners' have some nice plans for her for the next few months, during which time she is to make three pictures for them.

Lewis Schuyler Stone

Continued from page 65

ashore with Freddy Fralich, his closest friend and business adviser.

The road to the big cage is perhaps a mile from the landing stages, a winding road limned against an opalescent sky with flaming eucalyptus, fronded palms and rocky spires. To Stone it was peaceful, restfully sylvan and inspiring after a week aboard his ship. Sea legs needed stretching and Stone and Fralich struck out with great strides. They hadn't gone over ten feet when Stone was stopped by an autograph album. No sooner had he started again when a hand-shaker appeared with a whole family similarly addicted. In one mile, there were exactly sixty-eight halts for autographs, handshakes, remember-you-whens and aren't-you-Lew Stones.

Whatever Lew felt beneath that unruffled reserve of his, only Stone himself knew. Outwardly, he was all smiles, cordial and appreciative of the attention his presence created among the tourists. Too much a gentleman to suggest the annoyance he must have suffered, Stone shook all the hands there were to shake, scribbled in all the books offered, remembered all the things he never knew he did, patted all the children on the head, and went back to his boat without having seen the birds.

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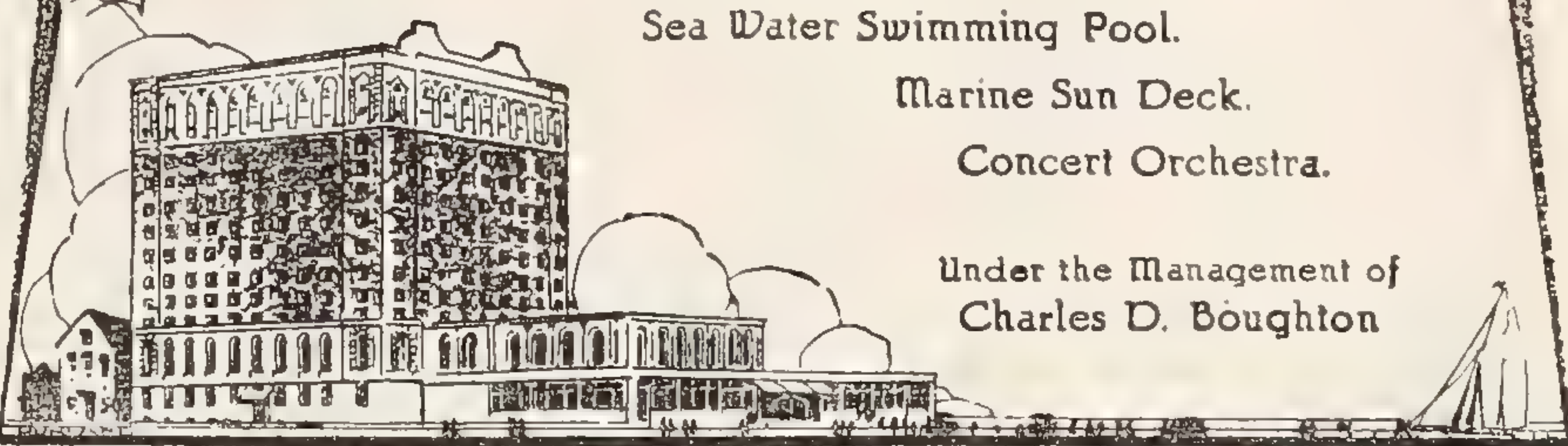
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'Sugar' Kane—Continued from page 56

some of the ways and some of the looks. Above all, she is not affected, either in her mannerisms or her dress, as one might expect a widely publicized baby-voice girl to be.

In conversation she speaks in a voice that is as light as thistledown and with a range that climbs to the top of the stairs. Given a topic, she talks on as earnestly and as seriously as a judge, as if to offset her baby type. She goes in for neither flounces nor ribbons, but for modish sports and streets ensembles.

"Everyone seems so surprised to find me sensible, and you know, I am really a very sensible person!" she explains. "I have an older brother and an older sister and though the baby of the family, I was always the sensible one while they were the giddy ones."

"My baby voice is natural with me. That is why people accept me and my work, and why little children love to mimic me and sing like Helen Kane does. When I was in the theater, their mothers used to bring them to me, and once a week I would take the little tots out on the stage and hold a contest. I get letters from youngsters all over the country, and I am very proud of my young 'fan' following."

"A girl is either born a baby type or she isn't. She must be small with small features, and not too thin. If she is a real baby type, it is all right for her to go ahead and to put it over. But woe be to the tall, large girl who assumes baby talk and baby mannerisms. She only appears ridiculous. Personally, I don't think there are many things more impossible than forced baby ways."

"As for men liking baby voices, they like them when they're natural, and sometimes they even like a little baby talk. It is not wise, though, to give men too much baby talk. It is better to talk sensibly with them. While they like the baby type, I notice that it is the other type that they marry."

Though the baby of her family, Miss Kane never had much chance to be babied, for she left school at the age of fourteen to go to work. Never were funds plentiful in the modest Bronx flat, but when the mother contracted a serious ailment from which she was never to recover, there were doctor's bills to be met, drugs to be bought and additional comforts needed. Miss Kane stopped attending St. Anselm's Convent to help defray these new bills.

She tried all the variety of jobs which New York offers its untrained girls. She was packer in a department store. She was a clerk here and a file clerk there. But always some childish prank cost her her job. Once she worked in a place where rolls for player pianos were made. As the new song hits came in and were made into rolls, she learned them. One day the boys in the office put her on top of one of the desks and begged her to sing for them. Never needing much coaxing, she burst into a tuneful number just as the boss entered the room.

When she went home that night and told her mother that she had lost another job, the mother replied, "You'll never be able to keep a job if you keep on with that singing."

After her working hours, it was Miss Kane's custom to sing everywhere that she had the opportunity, at church benefits, festivals and bazaars. She and two boys had worked up a little act, and the trio

became well-known in the parish. When the Fordham Theater on the Keith Circuit held weekly amateur acts from the neighborhood, the parish sent these three.

By coincidence Miss Kane's first professional experience was a baby type dressed in gingham checked rompers and singing real baby songs such as "Down by the Old Swimming Hole." The act was retained for three days, at the end of which time, each child was paid \$50.

"From that time," said Miss Kane, "I was stage-struck! I wanted to sing. I figured that if I could make \$50 like that, I could make more."

"So I started out on a tour of the theatrical agencies. Day after day I trudged from one to the other. I could not get in a chorus, because I did not know how to dance well enough. I had never taken a dancing or singing lesson. Finally, one afternoon, as I sat in an agency waiting room, Chico, one of the four Marx brothers, came in and saw me."

"Do you want a job?" he asked me. "If you do, come on up to the Fordham Theater with me and meet the boys." They had an act called "On the Mezzanine" which they were going to take out on the road, and were looking for cheaper players. They needed a girl to sort of poke fun at. By saying that I had had experience, I was given the part, and had my first speaking lines, but no songs.

"The pay was \$60 a week and the company was going all the way to the coast. I hated to leave New York and be separated from my mother, but the \$60 looked mighty big to me. It was the first time that I had ever been away from home, and the first time that I had ever been on a sleeping car. I was half frightened to death and very lonesome. Out of each \$60 check that I received, I sent home \$40, so I lived very cheaply on the road."

"I had had no experience with make-up before. In the company was a beautiful blonde, who used blue eye shadow. I thought that was wonderful, so I piled it and all the rest of the make-up on my face until I must have looked like a freak."

"When the company returned to New York, the Marx brothers were offered an English booking, which they accepted. My mother told me to go as I might never again be able to travel to Europe. She wanted me to have the educational advantages of such a trip."

"It was terrible leaving for that trip. She cried and I cried. When I reached the dock and prepared to board the ship, I was stopped because I did not have a special slip signed by my father giving an under-age passenger permission to leave the country. The boat sailed and I followed it three days later on another ship."

"When I reached Liverpool, I scanned the faces of the crowds, but not a familiar one did I see. I did not have much money with me, but sufficient to pay my passage to London. There I took a taxi and asked to be taken to a hotel. Of course, they took me to the most expensive one in the city. My room was truly gorgeous, but I was too exhausted, tired and blue to think about the cost. Finally, I was rescued and told to move as I would never be able to pay for more than one night's lodging."

"Happily for me, the act only played abroad for one month."

"Again I went on the road. This time

I was one of the six girls in an Orpheum act called "Stars of the Future." I sang, 'How'd You Like To Be a Kid Again?'

"When this show returned to New York, I determined to stay in New York so that I could spend more time with my mother. She seemed to be getting worse.

"I tried night clubs. They paid well and let me spend the entire day at home, besides giving me an opportunity to sing. For a slight reduction in salary, I was relieved from sitting at the tables with guests and was allowed to leave at the end of the act.

"The whole time, I was ambitious to get in musical comedies. That was my star. To my idea, there was nothing beyond musical comedy.

"It is funny, but I did not start out by saying to myself that I was going to succeed. With me, it was always, 'What can I do to earn more money?' Other girls with me would be so ambitious. They would take vocal and dancing lessons between shows and be fired with the desire to do something big. That never entered my head. I only thought of my mother and how my wages would lessen her suffering.

"True, I did work hard, but not studying. Experience is the greatest teacher in the world. When I finally did get an opportunity to sing before a great audience, I walked out on the stage with assurance. It was an assurance bred from singing no matter what might be going on. In some of the cheaper night clubs, I had to make my song heard above the din of dishes and the occasional shout of an hilarious person.

"There came a six months period when I didn't work at all. My mother was very, very sick, and since my sister had married and had her own home to look after, I was the only one left. Finally, our funds got so low that I was forced to return to the night clubs. I worked in the Club Richman, operated by Harry Richman. Then I went with Shuberts' 'A Night in Spain,' singing a bit.

"Right around the corner from this show was the Paramount Theater, which was putting on elaborate stage shows. At the end of my act, I slipped over to the theater. It is such a mammoth organization that I could not just go before one man and try out. I went back again and again, each time singing before a different man, until I had given ten auditions. At last I stood before Paul Ash, whose orchestra was playing at the theater.

"He was such a big man and I'm so little, that as I looked up at him, I sang right to him making my voice as baby-voice as possible, singing 'That's My Weakness Now,' putting a 'boop, boopa doop' at the end of each line. I let myself go.

I put everything into that song. He liked it and decided to give me a chance.

The new show opened at 11 o'clock Saturday morning, with a packed house and all the critics in the front row. On the first 'boop, boopa, doop,' the critics sat up straight in their seats. On the second 'boop, boopa, doop,' they reached for a pencil and a piece of paper. By the third 'boop, boopa, doop,' they were racing for exits and speeding toward their respective city editors. The late editions of the even-

ing papers and the early editions of the morning papers caught the news that there was a new find in the gold-mine of talent on Broadway. She was 'made' in twenty minutes.

"I was interviewed and photographed," said Helen Kane, "and everybody asked me where I had been all the time I told them that I had been right in New York."

Four days after the memorable Saturday, she was signed as an exclusive Victor artist. Within seven days the name Helen Kane was in electric lights on the famous street. As it twinkled in and out and the crowds were murmuring about the success of the city's latest darling, the invalid mother was wheeled into the theater to witness the first flush of her daughter's success.

Although Paramount offered her a big contract to stay in vaudeville, she accepted an offer to sing a bit in "Good Boy," a musical comedy. The bit was a sympathetic one of a chorus girl as 'fresh as paint,' who was in love with her producer. Miss Kane sang with just a touch of pathos the humorous songs, "Don't Be That Way" and "I Want to Be Loved By You." The part grew and grew until it became the lead.

One night as she was singing in "Good Boy" and seeing her dream as a musical comedy lead come true, her mother died. She lived long enough to see the little girl that she had told to "go on out and be a star, then, if you want to," make the grade. After that Miss Kane threw herself into her work with a fury born of the desire to have no time left to think of anything or to feel anything.

Every evening her baby voice completed its day at the gayest place in gay New York, the Club Casanova, which was really Helen Kane's club in all but name. At one of the tables one night was Richard Dix. He was so impressed with Miss Kane's work that she found herself spinning another plate in the air by working during the day in the Astoria studio of Paramount in "Nothing But the Truth." So was her day! musical comedy, night club, recording for Victor, talking pictures.

Upon the completion of the picture, she signed a Paramount contract. She has just completed "Sweetie," a musical romance of campus life, made in Hollywood with Nancy Carroll, Stanley Smith, Jack Oakie, William Austin and Stuart Erwin. As a student in a girls' school very much interested in a nearby boys' school, she has ample opportunity to provide comedy and to sing her baby-voice songs. Her next picture is to be "Pointed Heels," in which she will be featured with William Powell and Fay Wray.

Thus do people hear the famous baby voice in 35-cent picture houses, in \$2 vaudeville houses, in \$10 musical comedy shows, and in expensive night clubs. Her public ranges from the tiny tot who mimics her records to the blasé, sophisticated frequenter of night clubs.

Does a baby voice pay? Boop, boopa, doop! Vamps are now slinking in vain in Hollywood, and the sirens are spending their evenings playing solitaire, for Helen Kane is making the world safe for the baby type by building a career on a provocative pout and a soft, baby-voice. 'Boop, boopa, doop!'

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Yeah? Yeah!—Continued from page 77

me to enunciate my lines like an Oral English student. One scene called for my reading a wire story. It was a paragraph in length, but the only words necessary for the audience to hear were the girl's name and 'custody of the police.' I mumbled through the paragraph, being careful to bring out, however, these two points.

"When the scene was played, the operator in the sound box complained that there were only about three words in the whole paragraph that he could understand. And I told him, 'Sure, they're the only words you're supposed to hear.' But try and make a technician understand that!"

Armstrong is not worried over the future of synchronized films. He is confident the new medium is gradually taking a definite and permanent place in the world's entertainment.

"Growing pains—that's what's happening to pictures right now. You make allowances for human beings to pass through the awkward stage and the period of readjustment. Why not give the same break to the movies?"

Who will be the talking picture directors of the future?

Armstrong says they will be the stage directors who have combined their theater knowledge with the technique of the motion picture; and the film directors who have absorbed the art of the legitimate stage. The combination of the two mediums will be the happy solution, according to Armstrong.

"The most amusing thing to me is all this talk about a 'microphone voice.' When an actor goes to a studio looking for a part, the big question seems to be 'Have you a microphone voice?' There would be a big laugh if an actor applied for a job with a New York producer and anyone asked the actor, 'How's your voice?' What the producer wants to know is, 'Can you act?' That's the way I feel it should be about talking pictures. The microphone can pick up any kind of a voice. But the camera cannot supply a lack of talent."

Armstrong has worked out a plan whereby a film producer would be able to gauge the timing of laughs in a comedy.

"On the stage, we 'feel out' the audience at each performance. Maybe last night we got a big laugh after such-and-such a line. Using that as a gauge, we hold that the next night to give the spectators a chance to laugh. Maybe they don't think it so funny as did the audience of the previous night. Then you have to bring on your next line quicker to fill up the gap."

"The big handicap in making film comedies is that you are never sure of your timing. A few people on the set are your only judges. Pretty soon the whole picture is shot and in the can and no chance to adjust the timing of the funny lines. My idea would be to use an average group of people for a representative audience. Seat them in front of a revolving stage which has been divided up into as many sets as the picture requires. Have the players in the cast go through their lines, with the director on the sidelines closely watching the reactions of this representative audience. The round revolving stage would facilitate the change from one scene to the next, since each set could be 'dressed' prior to the beginning of the trial performance."

"It is my contention that such a pro-



Janet Gaynor says: "Here's winking at you!"

cedure would save the producer a mint of money on each comedy."

Talking pictures will improve, the young actor believes, when the present practise of using two directors on one production is discontinued.

"Of course, it is necessary to some degree right now. The stage director rehearses and directs the scenes in which dialog is used. The director of the old silent picture school handles the other parts of the picture. The result, I think, is diversified. One brain in charge, with others working under his supervision, is the logical way to secure a unified effect. And this applies to bridge building or any other form of endeavor just as it does to picture making."

Like James Gleason and every other stage player who finds the motion picture industry a vitally worth-while field in which to work, but who still has the inevitable soft spot in his heart for the footlight-world, Armstrong is of the opinion that pictures can never supply the satisfaction that comes from performance on the stage.

"In the legitimate theater, the audience is something that comes in laughing at 8:30 in chignons and boiled shirts, paying a good price to be entertained and hoping they will be given a chance to enjoy themselves. Their gala spirit reaches across the footlights and brings about a corresponding reaction among the cast. It is like a challenge which must be fulfilled."

"But of course, we actors know we can't have everything. And most of us feel mighty grateful to pictures for opening the door to so many things that the actor tied down to Broadway can never enjoy. Look at this tan! A swim every morning. Look at this muscle! A chance to play tennis just about every day in the week. Look at this mashed finger! Got that while helping Mother move into the new house I bought her in order to keep her in Hollywood. You know, she came out from New York to visit me and I thought up the house idea as a good way to make her want to stay. It's this chance to live like 'regular people' that makes us grateful for the work we've had in pictures."

Louise Fazenda — Continued from page 75

her company pass without making it the occasion for an impromptu party.

"Oh, gowan," Louise said when reminded of her almost uncanny ability of keeping track of and helping to celebrate birthdays on the average of one a week. "I was that way as a kid, too. I knew the birthdays of everyone in the neighborhood and I always tried to make them the excuse for a party. I was born that way, I guess. Just like some people are born with beautiful noses."

It is a well known fact in Hollywood that Louise Fazenda and a basket of her cookies can do more toward establishing friendly bonds between strangers working together on a picture than any Get-Acquainted Society ever organized.

"You know how it is when you walk into a room full of people? You sort of sense the atmosphere. That's the way it is with motion picture companies," explained the actress. "I can usually tell the first time I walk onto a new set whether cookies and I can do anything about it or not."

"There isn't an actress or actor who doesn't like home cooking. When they gather in a circle and eat together, naturally they start talking. By talking they get acquainted. You see my theory is very simple."

Louise admitted her practise has a sharp, sword-like quality to it. Suppose there are several women in the cast who do not make things as pleasant for you as they might. The answer to that is in flipping the pages of the cook book to the most fattening and delicious cookie recipes and urging the results on the ladies in question. They lose their slim outlines and jeopardize their careers and think what a lot of satisfaction there is in that for you!

Miss Fazenda says she would like to suggest the cookie-and-tea treatment to every director who has come to dread the zero hour from four to five in the afternoon—that period when the cast slumps and the tempo of enthusiasm sags. She has seen it work like magic in her numerous pictures where she has persuaded the director that a cookie a day will keep the doldrums away.

When a film player in Hollywood avoids scales and reveals a surreptitious interest in the 18-day diet, it is a fairly certain sign that he has just finished a rôle in the same picture with Louise Fazenda.

And with the comedienne making pictures at an almost startling rate this year, it will be a surprise to everyone if one slim figure can be found on Hollywood Boulevard by 1930!

Chevalier—Lubitsch—Success!

Continued from page 29

a joke, for when foreigners learn our language they learn it better than we do. I found this out when I helped Lubitsch and Hans Kraly title "So This Is Paris." They both caught me up many times on my casual and idiomatic English.

Furthermore, Lubitsch not only coaches Chevalier; he is constantly correcting the English of the Americans in his cast. He cannot always enunciate properly, but he knows the way the word should sound.

The other day the 'mixer' came down out of his glassed conning tower with his brows puckered. "Mr. Lubitsch," he said, "that fellow's voice recorded well, but I couldn't understand a word he said. Was he talking Siamese or Arabic or what?"

"Did it sound that way?" smiled Lubitsch.

The mixer regretfully admitted that it did.

"Good! That's just how I wanted it to sound. He's an Asiatic Ambassador of no particular country, accredited to our mythical kingdom, so I just invented a language for him."

Such a solemn fellow naturally lays himself open for a joke and of course Lubitsch pulled one on him. They were to register the whine of a dog and at the last minute Lubitsch substituted a cat. In the playback room the director pretended

to blow up.

"What's the matter with you sound fellows?" he exclaimed. "I register a dog and it comes out like a cat!"

"I told you, Mr. Lubitsch," replied the crestfallen mixer, "that I thought the dog you had selected was too old!"

It's too bad the 'raspberry' that followed was not registered.

The tremendous cost of sound pictures has caused the producers to speed up on production to such an extent that "The Love Parade," a \$650,000 picture, was shot in seven weeks—\$16,000 a day! (Now grab a camera and a mike and go out and make a talkie!)

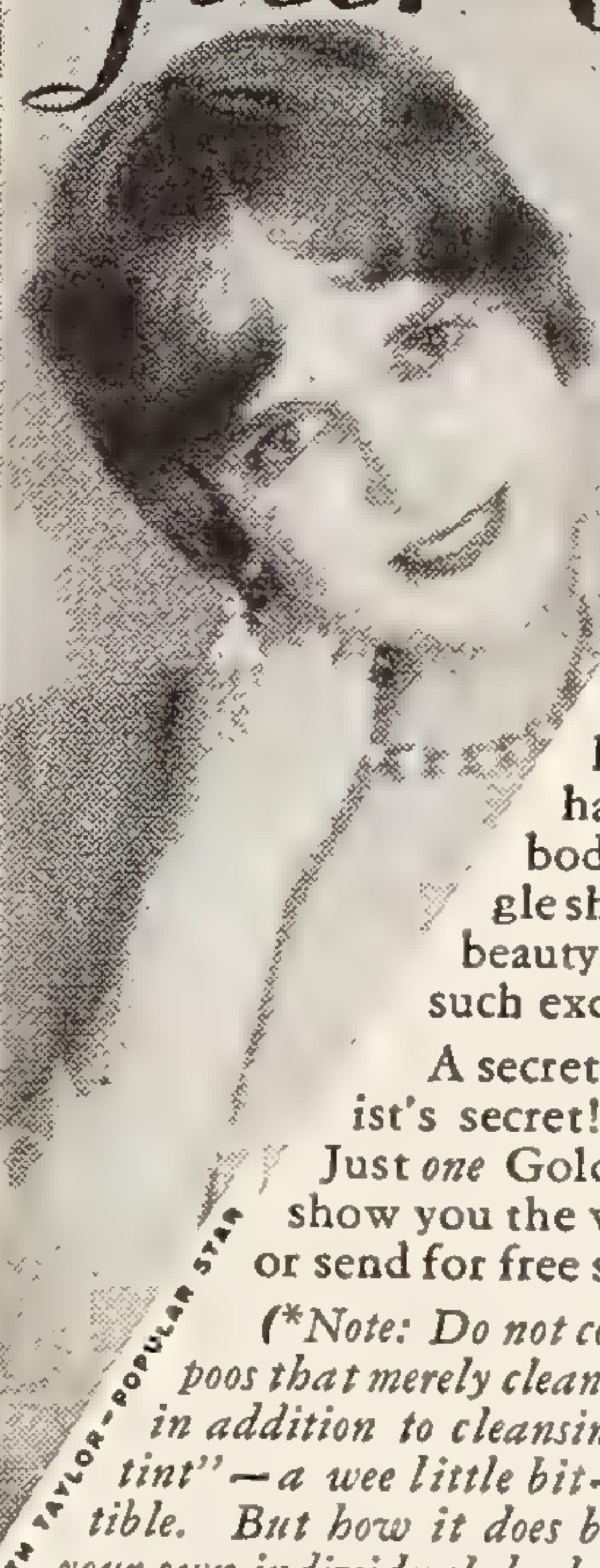
"Too fast, Bob, too fast!" exclaimed Lubitsch. "We worked from sixteen to eighteen hours a day and we are worn out. Now I can relax a little while cutting, but those poor sound fellows—they go right on. Something must be done about it."

"But we were happy!" he added with a shrug. "I gave the crew—everybody, including juicers and grips, a big dinner over in Glendale after the final shot. We had a grand time. They are all fine boys. That's why I think the picture will be a big success. Everybody in it was enthusiastic. Wait till you hear some of the big choruses. And Chevalier! Ah, stupendous! A great artist, Chevalier. And such sharm!"

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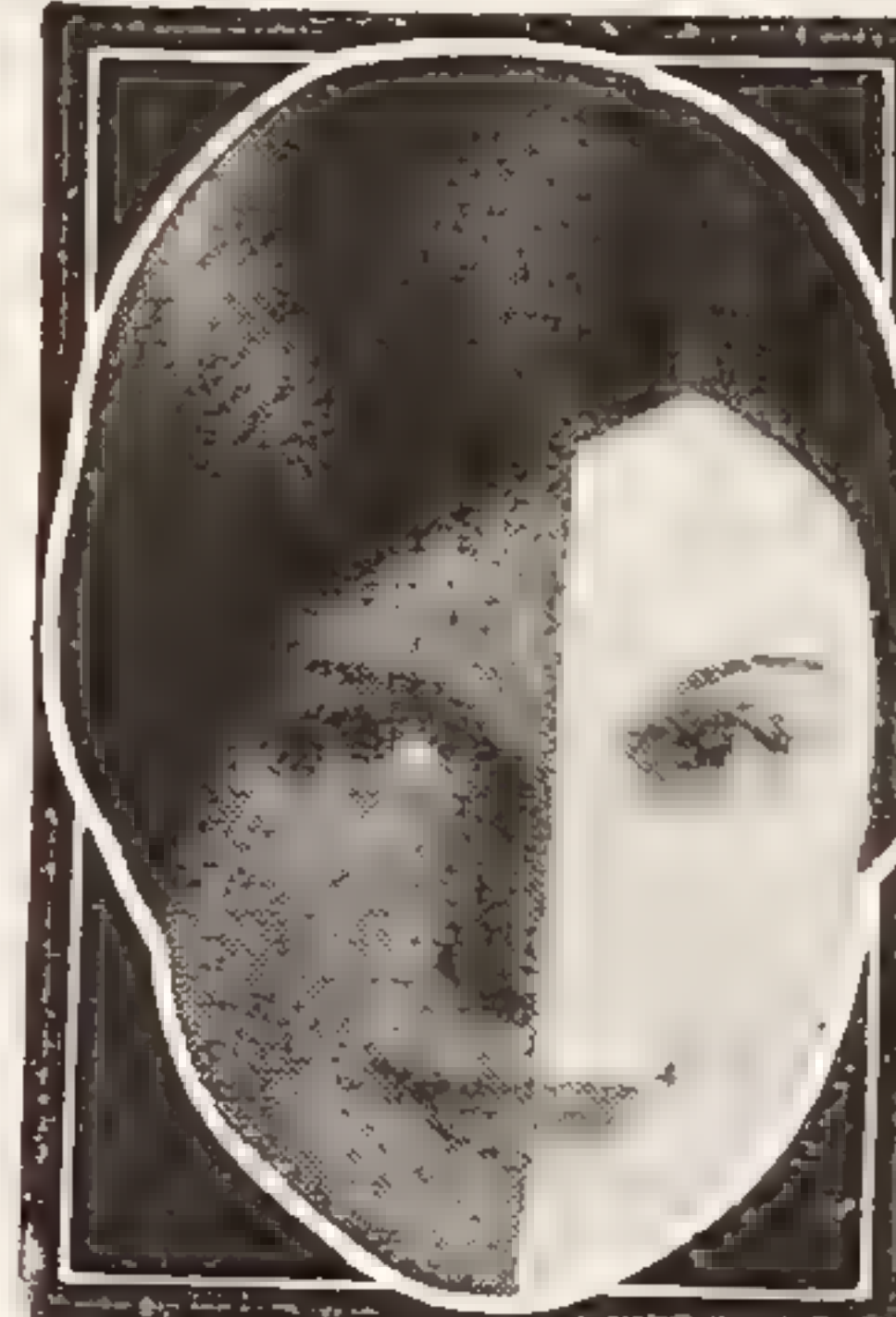
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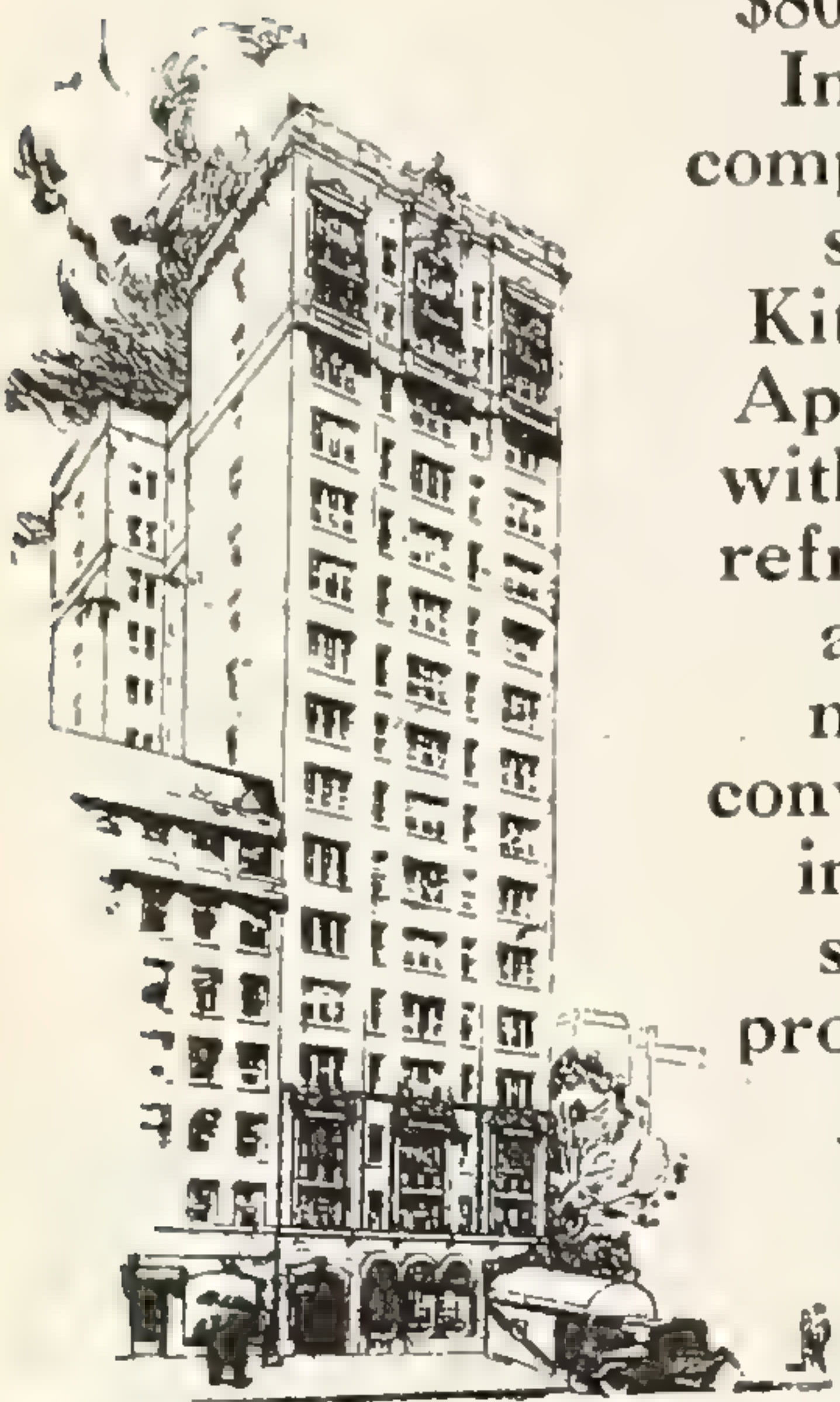
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Malibu Beach Star Parties

Continued from page 55

we noticed her hair was growing long. "Yes, my husband, Bob Leonard, likes me in a long bob," she explained, with a comical sigh, "so I'm giving him a break this summer, while I'm at the beach, and nobody to see me."

Richard Barthelmess' yacht was sighted just then. We watched him anchor out in front of Ray Rockett's house, further down the beach, and swim to shore to visit Rockett.

John Boles was chatting on a wicker divan with Shirley Mason and Skeets Gallagher, while his wife went in swimming with a crowd, including Viola Dana. Viola joined us soon, saying that the water was fine, but Patsy reminded her that she would say the same if she had just come up from under the ice in Alaska.

William Seiter was working. He and Laura own a home near Topanga Canyon beach, not far from Malibu. She is taking piano lessons, she said—her practicing mercifully drowned out by the ocean's roar. We spied Pauline Mason, a charming young actress to whom Skeets Gallagher is supposed to be engaged. She had just escaped being drawn into a game of contract bridge, she said, at which game a crowd in the card room, including Al K. Hall, the writer, Charlie Kenyon, the playwright, and Sidney Howard, author of "The Silver Cord," and "They Knew What They Wanted," and other famous writers, were engaged.

"I never could hope to compete with that bunch!" exclaimed Pauline.

Pauline is a slim, tanned girl, with a lot of elusive charm, and she is being taken to Hollywood's heart.

Bebe Daniels came a bit late, with Ben Lyon. They are very much devoted to each other, and I'm sure will wed ere long.

Eddie Sutherland was a guest, and Bebe was kiddingly calling him her father.

Eddie looked over and catching sight of Laura told us about Laura kissing a bald-headed man in the Elks' Parade.

"Dorothy Sebastian was riding in the parade right ahead of Laura," Eddie told us. "Dorothy was kissing all the babies that were brought to her during halts in the parade. Bill Seiter kidded her by fetching a bald-headed man, during the next stop, for Laura to kiss on his shiny pate!"

Sally Eilers came with Eddie. The two seem to go about a great deal together these days.

Mrs. Bert Wheeler was there, and Olive Tell, with her husband, Henry Hobart, Barbara Pierce, Ann Greenway—who is going to be a great bet in pictures, say the wisecracks—Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Johnny Farrow and Lila Lee, Sidney Lanfield, who is Shirley Mason's husband, Thelma Todd and a dozen others.

Wesley is going to build a tiny wharf in front of his house, and then people like Viola Dana, who is a regular mermaid, and had been in swimming twelve times a day, can have a convenient diving place.

Every once in a while a strange dog would pop up on the premises, and Wesley told us that not long ago he had twelve dogs at one time.

"Anybody that knows of a dog without a home just sends him to me," explained Wes.

As evening drew on, everybody assembled in the house, and a buffet supper was served.

After supper, John Boles and Kathryn

Crawford sang a ballad, their voices blending charmingly. Kathryn was in the Los Angeles production of "Hit the Deck," you know, and has a lovely voice.

Mrs. Bert Wheeler danced one of her amusing clogs, but Skeets Gallagher turned down his invitation to sing, declaring that on Sunday he wanted to forget all about work. Mrs. Neil Hamilton, who was formerly a concert pianist, played enchantingly for us. Neil is a pianist also, you know, so that the bond of music is great between them.

Both Bebe Daniels and John Boles had to leave around nine o'clock, because they were working nights in "Rio Rita."

The party broke up around eleven, and we all voted it a charming evening, as we sped homeward, along the Santa Monica coast, where the ocean was reflecting the moon and the thousand lights of the houses along the beach.

"I WANT you," said Anita Stewart's sweet voice over the telephone, "to come to my wedding. We are having only a few people."

"Well, isn't she a darling to include us?" exclaimed Patsy, who was having tea with me at the time.

We knew of course that the quietness of the wedding was due in large part to the illness of Anita's beloved brother George, and to the tragedy that lately overtook her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, when Lucille's husband was killed in an aviation accident.

The wedding was to take place at the Chateau Elysée, where so many of the picture stars are living at present, and we found a number of guests already gathered in the private drawing room and in the garden under the trees.

Some of the guests, too, were already gathered in the patio, where the ceremony was to be performed.

"Oh, there's the bride!" saucy Priscilla Dean exclaimed *sotto voce*, as she pointed out a certain window high up in the chateau.

Sure enough, there was Anita, looking out of the window of her apartment.

"If I have to marry my husband again, will you come to my wedding?" demanded Priscilla. We said we certainly would.

You know Priscilla was married to Lieut. Leslie Arnold a couple of years ago, but his former wife, whom he thought he had divorced, came into court a few months ago, demanding a cancellation of the divorce proceedings. So poor Priscilla doesn't know whether she is married or not!

Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard were among the guests, and Walter Lang came with Mrs. Wallace Reid, while other guests included Tyler Brooke and his wife, Eddie Egan, Anita's manager, and some of the bridegroom's, George Converse's relatives by marriage, especially the Baron and Baroness Von Romberg and Prince Holm; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Grace Gordon Nolan, Mrs. Stewart, Anita's mother, Ben Bard and Ruth Roland, and a few others.

Presently there was a hush, and the orchestra inside began to play "Here Comes the Bride," when Anita, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, George Converse, and preceded by Lucille Lee Stewart, matron of honor, and by the Prince, who was best man, appeared.

Anita looked lovely in a sheer green

gown, wearing a large picture hat.

The service was very short, and then everybody hied him to the dining room for the lavish wedding breakfast, with Anita forgetting all about being one of the most famous brides of the season and dashing about to see that her guests were all taken care of. Not one did she forget; but, despite the skillful service at hand, she personally saw that each of her guests was placed at table with the friends they desired to be with.

Patsy, Grace Gordon Nolan and I sat with Eddie Egan, and Grace told about riding with Anita in her car when Anita was learning to drive, when Anita called out to everybody to get out of her way because she didn't know how to stop her car.

Anita came over to our table, but when we asked her where she was going on her honeymoon, she wouldn't tell us. Then she explained that the bridegroom's brothers, who were at the wedding, were threatening to kidnap her for a lark, and she was having to keep out of their way!

At table we got to talking also about the many sweet, kindly things which Anita has done, and Eddie told how, when Betty Blythe was in the hospital, Anita had gone to her home and had the place all fixed up with fresh curtains and with myriads of flowers, to welcome and surprise Betty when she arrived.

Before Anita left, she carried her bouquet around, and instead of tossing it, she gave each of her guests a flower, which we thought a charmingly novel idea.

Then she went about, asking somebody to loan her some rouge, please!

Lucille Lee admitted it had been rather warm, standing in the sunlight during the service, and that she had wished she could have worn a bathing suit!

Anita confided to us that she had wanted an entirely private ceremony, but said that George had exclaimed: "Well, I'm not ashamed of marrying you. Are you ashamed of marrying me?"

We asked Tyler Brooke what he had been doing, and he said, "Playing the 'mite' in 'Dynamite.'" Of late he hadn't been doing anything, on account of the Equity situation, but he was thinking of hiring out as fourth man to the bridegroom's butler!

The bridegroom and bride left on their bridal trip, and soon after the guests departed.

Ben Bard has been playing on the Hollywood stage, but his engagement was finished, and he called to Ruth, saying, "Come on home, Ruth! I'm just a husband now!"

"SHOWERS don't cease even after weddings," remarked Patsy, as she drove up to my bungalow one morning. "Mildred Lloyd is giving May McAvoy one, and we're invited."

Harold Lloyd's Beverly Hills home and estate are described as one of the most beautiful in the world, and we decided long ago that the descriptions were right.

The day we went up there for the shower was a perfect one, which was fortunate, as the party was to be held in the grounds, down by the Pompeian swimming pool. We made our way through the gardens with their bright flowers and shrubbery, past the big house, built in Italian style, among

the tiny rills, lakes and miniature golf and canoe courses, to the pool, with its background of shrubberied hillside.

We approached the pavilion which faces the swimming pool by means of many stairs, so wide and shallow that you hardly are aware of descending.

"It's so lovely here that I feel almost that I don't want to go to a party, but would rather wander about the grounds," remarked Patsy.

We met May almost as soon as we arrived, and after Mildred had bade us welcome in that sweet, unaffected way of hers, we congratulated May on having become an Irish beauty once more—dark hair and blue eyes—she having let her hair go back to its natural color following a blonde period.

All May's old girl friends were present to greet her, including Virginia Valli, Laura La Plante, Gertrude Olmstead, Edna Murphy, Barbara Kent, Claire Windsor, Mrs. Joseph Jackson, Sylvia Thalberg Weingarten, Rosabelle Laemmle Bergerman, Gloria Hope, Helen Ferguson, Mary McAlister, Ruth Clifford, and a lot of others.

A number of the girls elected to go swimming, and soon Laura La Plante, Edna Murphy and two or three others were splashing about.

Suddenly there was an awful splash, and we expected to see some awfully big girl rise to the surface, instead of which tiny Barbara Kent came up for air. Somebody gave a little scream, because Barbara was only just learning to swim and dive, and we asked her please not to do that again for a while.

The rest of us chatted a while, sitting about in the comfortable sofas and chairs with which the pavilion is furnished. There was a colored orchestra, too, which played more softly than its kind usually does.

When the girls had finished their swim, tea was served in the pavilion, and then some of the guests went over to the other side of the pool, in the sun, to be photographed in movies. The pictures were talking pictures, but we didn't know that at first, and when we found out, Edna Murphy and Helen Ferguson were discussing whether Claire Windsor wore orchid underwear, judging from the peeks they got at her shoulder straps. They kidded her about it, but fried in their blushes when they found out that their chatter was being recorded.

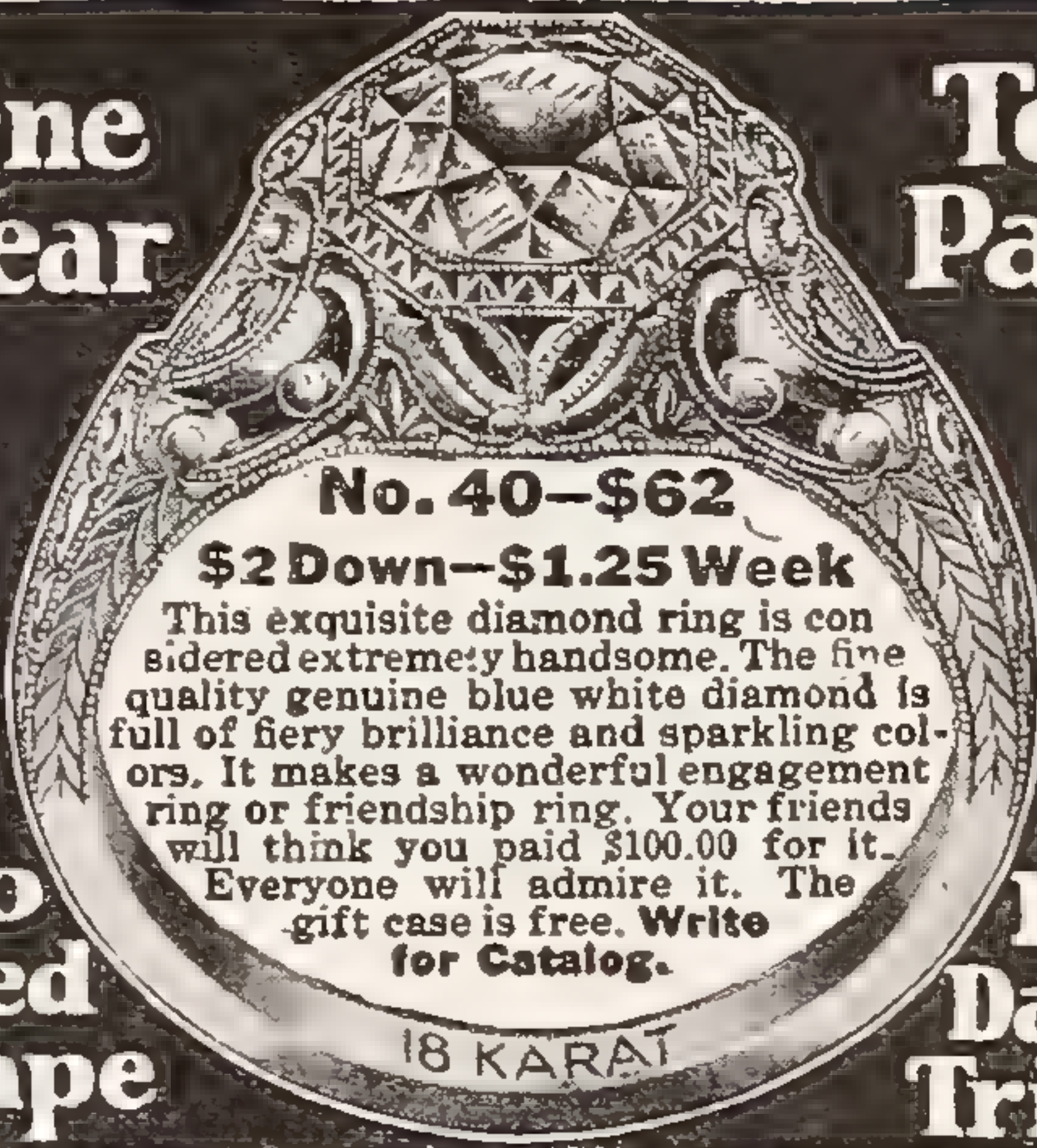
A huge pile of gifts confronted May, and she sat down, so surrounded by boxes you could hardly see her. We sat down on the floor to watch her undo her presents, but a lot of us had to walk out on her act, as Helen Ferguson put it, since we found it necessary to leave for other engagements.

It was a glass and perfume shower, and May made a lovely picture as she held her gifts high above her head for us to see, like a charming Hebe.

Little Gloria Lloyd was present, enjoying herself hugely, and behaving charmingly. She is the image of her famous dad, except for her nose, which is like Mildred's, a saucy affair.

There were a number of the guests' mothers present, and we discovered Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. McAvoy and Harold's mother drinking toasts to the bride—and all had tears in their eyes!

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The Battle of the Beauties

Continued from page 22

they're all pretty anxious to get into the game, I've noticed; and they all have that woe-begone, forsaken look when they have to go back to 'the legit!'

The theater and the movies are two different arts; at least, that's the way it seems to me. I'm not a profound student of that sort of thing, and I can't define the difference with a lot of words that I'd have to look up in Mr. Noah Webster's thrilling pages; but I know that the technique of the stage is one thing and the technique of the screen is another.

The stage is stiff. There are a thousand things that you want to do, but can't. On the screen you can do anything!

And as for being 'glorified' just because you are in a Broadway musical show—well, the girl who makes a hit in the motion pictures is seen and heard everywhere! If she sings and dances well, the whole world soon knows it. If she has beautiful hair or eyes or legs, the whole world soon knows that, too.

Many of the Broadway beauties who have recently arrived are content to keep on carrying spears and meeting Johnnies at the stage door.

'Beautiful but dumb' is a phrase that they inspired.

Now, out here in Hollywood, the more beautiful you are the better; but if you're dumb you just can't get by. Some of our Broadway celebrities are just beginning to see the light. Every single one of them has had to face the fact that they are up against a new proposition. The old stuff that they knew doesn't go. No matter how famous they may be at home, and how dear they may be to Broadway audiences, they're just greenhorns to the studio people.

In the studios something new is happening every day. No long, deadly-dull 'runs' for us! We make a scene once and for all; and just because of that, we are able to put into it a freshness and a spirit that makes all the difference. This constant change of occupation keeps people alert and

on their toes.

Broadway must be a nice street. I've never been there, but I hope to see the Great White Way soon, and find out for myself whether it's really so hot. From all that I can learn, it must be a great place to play; but for work as an actress, give me Hollywood! And Hollywood isn't so bad as a playground, either.

Lots of people hate to have to acknowledge that the stage represents the past, while the screen is the art of the future. So why bother to learn a dying technique? What possible value can that have if you really hope to get on the movie bandwagon?

This is the twentieth century. If Shakespeare were alive today he would be writing continuity and dialog out here in Hollywood; and when his day's work was done you'd see him at the Montmartre, just as he used to hang out at the Mermaid Tavern!

(I must admit that that thought isn't original. Ian Keith, who is one of the deepest Shakespearean students in this country, suggested it to me while he was looking over my shoulder while I banged this article out on my typewriter. But I'm sure it's true.)

After all, these things can best be tested by results. Some of the stage stars who have tried their luck in pictures since the talkies came have been flops. You can look up the records and verify this for yourself. Don't be blinded by the few dazzling exceptions. The great majority of them have found that their precious stage training didn't carry them so far.

But all the old screen favorites of the silent pictures have continued to hold the hearts of the public, because they knew what they were doing and what the people like who have made the movies what they are.

And that's why I think the way to be a movie star is to act in the movies and not bother about the glories of Broadway.

That's my story and I'll stick to it!

The Battle of the Beauties

Continued from page 23

if I can get into the Follies."

You see, my bashfulness was disappearing. I was learning to take myself (shall I say) at my own face value!

So I crossed the Atlantic, as bold as you please; and when I landed in New York I saluted the Statue of Liberty, took one good upward look at the skyscrapers, and then marched into Flo Ziegfeld's reception room.

"I'm Dorothy Mackaill of London," I told the girl at the desk, "and I want to see Ziggy!"

It worked! He is one of the hardest men in the world to see, but it worked! And I got the job!

Face value again, I suppose. I knew now what it was all about. And, by the way, when I joined the ranks of the glorified girls in the Midnight Frolic they gave me Jacqueline Logan's clothes to wear. Jacqueline had just left the show. She, too, entered the movies through the theatrical gate, as so many others have done.

Follies girls, living in the spotlight of publicity, learn how to handle themselves. They are the observed of all observers. If I hadn't succeeded in becoming a glorified girl, Edwin Carewe would certainly never have seen me and offered me a movie contract. So I owe my whole American career on the screen to the fact that I took up the stage first; and I haven't forgotten it. Of course, there are stage stars who have failed on the screen, but I think this was because they could not adapt themselves to the strenuous studio routine, not because they did not know their stuff.

Gratitude, I think, is the chief of all virtues. It is the one that I am proudest and happiest to claim for myself. When I hear some of the Hollywood stars, who owe their first popularity and first big chance to the fact that they were playing behind the footlights, talk about the stage, it makes me, well, jolly sick!

Where would they be if the theaters hadn't given them their start? Of course

they might have gone all the way out to California and starved to death trying to get a job; but we know what happens to all but one in a thousand girls who try that! Nothing is more heart-breaking than the sight of all those young people, so hopeful, so eager—and practically all of them doomed to disappointment.

No, I haven't forgotten that the stage gave me my start, and my opportunity. And I haven't forgotten that Marion Davies and Jacqueline Logan and Louise Brooks and Billie Dove and Mae Murray and dozens of others who have made their mark on the silver screen were once Follies girls just as I was.

The girl who has had stage training knows how to speak, how to walk. If she is really gifted, she knows how to act!

And there is another side of the matter that I mention with some hesitation, because I don't want to be misunderstood. The stage-trained girl—I mean the intelligent sort—has learned how to spend her spare time wisely. Night life has no glamour for her. The popping of corks and the music of jazz bands just give her a tired feeling. Modern Hollywood has its own night life nowadays, but you'll seldom see people in the midst of it who have served their apprenticeship on Broadway. They have cut their eye-teeth, and they know

that if one is to be an efficient worker and make the most of one's self for the benefit of the public and the advancement of one's own career, that sort of thing is out!

I really think that the movie studios of Hollywood and Burbank now have the very prettiest and peppiest chorus girls to be found in all these United States (and I'm a good enough American to believe that that gives them a lead over the entire world)! I haven't any statistics at hand, but it is certainly true that most of these girls have come out to the Coast from Broadway. They were trained in Broadway shows; they know their business from A to Z—and they know how to take care of themselves, on the set and off! Getting a mash note doesn't give them the least little bit of a thrill.

So I'm all for the stage as a preparation for the screen, though I love the screen more and am going to keep on giving it the best that is in me. And of course I have no intention of belittling the many splendid actors and actresses who had made their debut on the movie lots and have learned all their lessons there. It just seems to me that they would have learned them quicker, and been spared many disappointments and heartaches, if they had begun as I began—behind the footlights!

Greta Garbo—Continued from page 21

doesn't get on, he isn't a go-getter. Yet he is necessary to our human world. He furnishes us with the poets, philosophers, dreamers, the scientists and inventors who with their successive visions and inventions keep changing the face of the earth for us.

Greta Garbo belongs among the introverts. By nature she is shy, withdrawn, aloof, exclusive, lonely, with none of the go-getter in her. This is not a pose, but inborn; and the fact that she has developed herself, or been developed by circumstances, so that she is so many-sided is merely proof of greatness, an ability to overcome her original nature.

She is not only an introvert, but one of the feeling type. That is, just as the leading type of man is a thinker, so the leading type of woman is a feeler, or feeling person. When feeling is extraverted, as in Mary Pickford, it takes the form of tact, charm, harmonious sociability. She responds to others, not by figuring them out, or thinking, or even intuition, so much as by like and dislike. But when feeling is introverted, it is a very deep thing, and we call it a mood. A woman of deep moods is usually inarticulate. The mood is like a monstrous heavy weight in her that drags her away from the world, drags her down into herself. Greta Garbo is a woman of moods. She is, by nature, inarticulate.

Just what has worked the miracle? It is true that people who have deep moods have a terrific craving to express themselves, to break the silence and reach across to their fellows, come out of their loneliness into the world; and usually such expression take the form of art. Beethoven was introverted. His gigantic moods broke their silence and became the music that has conquered the world. The silent man is heard everywhere. Eleanore Duse was introverted, and a woman of moods. She had the strength and courage to express herself as an actress.

Did Greta Garbo overcome herself, burst her bondage, and so give, through the screen, her many-sidedness, her magic, her depth, or was it this plus the genius of direction, of lighting, even of the special

dresses that were created for her? Probably the latter. She has found in America just that help which has allowed her to bring her real self, shut in, introverted, a being of inarticulate moods, out into the glare of the Kleig lights so that the world might see her as she really is.

Her adverse critics see in her shyness mere dumbness, in her aloofness merely the fact that she is nothing and so has nothing to offer; they think she is stupid because she is not a happy conversationalist. But the new psychology, penetrating deeper, easily places her as a type which is quite normal, a type of woman meriting the old saying that 'still waters run deep.' This type you may see all about you, though it is rarer than some of the other types. It is the *introverted feeling type*; usually characterized by silence, inarticulateness, languidness, a seeming coldness, sometimes a deadly superiority over others, with now and then a demonic outbreak of temper or passion. This last is the silent mood breaking through. But when these women are analyzed they are found to have deep natures, to have deep insight into life, and when they can express themselves in some adequate form often are remarkable artists.

But Greta Garbo is not the 'pure' type. She has developed herself into a many-sidedness, so that while originally the introverted feeling type, and still retaining some of the characteristics of the type, as shyness, a love of solitude, a certain aloofness, she has in many ways developed her extraverted qualities, thus forming that type which Jung has called the *soul-image type*.

The popularity of Greta Garbo points to a change in the American people. With our popular education, our popular arts, our desire to know, has come a change of taste. That Greta Garbo has become one of the most popular figures on the screen means that the great audience has come to appreciate subtlety in beauty, depth in character, artistry in acting. Where Duse was loved by thousands, Greta Garbo is loved by millions, a new development in popular artistic appreciation.

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The Transformation of Fay Wray

Continued from page 41

Her story reads like this:

Fay Wray was one of five children. She is Canadian by birth. She lived in Salt Lake City and later attended Hollywood High School. Her parents are intelligent. They did everything they could, but one of five receives only one-fifth the attention. So she came to motion pictures straight from her school books with little back of her but burning desire. She didn't have baby beauty. She isn't totally beautiful now. Frankly, she never dressed in the fad clothing of the day. She wore those coats with a little fur around the neck and cuffs and pockets on each side. She had plain, sweet dresses any mother can make. She always looked immaculate. One wondered, being so plain, how she was discovered by Erich von Stroheim and rescued from comedies for the lead in "The Wedding March."

The von Stroheim discovery! That almost ruined her. She was in the same class with many another 'find.' She received great masses of publicity before she appeared. Before ever seeing her on the screen, thousands of people wrote her on the strength of her pictures and stories in newspapers and magazines. Everyone developed his idea of her until a totally different actress was expected. Fay Wray might have fared worse than the others. The public read and waited for long over a year for von Stroheim's discovery. Finally she appeared in "The Street of Sin" and "The Legion of the Condemned." Some persons may have been disappointed in the girl who was not much different from their own daughters.

Until recently, Fay Wray was the quiet girl in the background at the studio. She did take her work rather seriously. So, sweetly, apologetically and definitely she kept away from the public and the press. Her mother was not of the usual motion picture variety. But she protected Fay from the world. It was always her decision that overbalanced her daughter's.

Then, suddenly, when one called at the Wray home almost any evening: "Fay has gone to the beach for dinner. She is going to a theater afterward and won't be home until late." Then it became known that the dashing John Monk Saunders was escorting Fay Wray to very exclusive parties and dinner dances.

Now, John Monk Saunders is the type of person none would think ever paid much attention to quiet, shy girls. He is now in his late twenties. He holds the undisputed record for being the best-dressed, best-looking writer in Hollywood. He was a Rhodes scholar. He has degrees from the best colleges. He has traveled over the world. He always had known women of the ultra-smart world—lovely, gracious, charming and posted on every trend of fashion. Saunders drives high-powered open roadsters. He is intensely interested in flying. He writes intelligent novels. He is the author of the original story for "Wings." He had been rumored engaged to several of Hollywood's actresses, famous as heart-breakers.

During production of "The First Kiss" in Maryland, Saunders managed to find business in Washington and suddenly dropped down to Chesapeake Bay and married Fay Wray. The news was a shock to Hollywood. Gossips wondered how long it would last—this romance of the sweet girl and the handsome writer. When she

returned, she hadn't changed very much. She had vacations between pictures. When Florence Vidor went to Europe, the Saunders leased her home and the little Wray girl became mistress of the lovely Vidor mansion with its spacious grounds, restful rooms and tennis courts. During her vacations, she spent many hours with her husband: absorbing his ways of thinking, looking at life from a different angle, learning about the various parts of the world. Saunders is an expert tennis player. So he taught Fay the game every day of her vacations. They went riding. She drove his fast cars. She read his books. Gradually she changed. She managed her home wisely. There is a housekeeper and a cook but Fay manages all the menus and main items of the home. She learned to decide matters entirely by herself.

On the screen, "The Four Feathers" noted a small change in Mrs. John Monk Saunders. Along came George Bancroft's "Thunderbolt," which was also Josef von Sternberg's first talking picture. And Fay Wray was cast as Ritzy, the underworld girl of undecided morals. And she played it! She bobbed her hair, sleeked it down. She wore tight-fitting gowns; furs that fell off one shoulder. Critics liked Fay Wray. The picture was a success, record-breakingly so. And Fay Wray vacationed again at her home with her husband. She loves him. There is no doubt about that. And unconsciously, she absorbed more ideas from him. He is very quiet and very kind. Her change was the result of association with her husband, who brought out hidden qualities in her personality.

A new contract was signed between Paramount and Fay Wray. People at the studio were a little surprised because they still did not know the newest Fay Wray very well.

Now and then, she poses for publicity pictures. She looks like a vivacious and charming college girl, in this stage of her change. She comes to the studio in harmonizing sport clothes. She wears blue which brings out the color of her eyes. Yellow and orange accentuate her slightly tanned complexion. Directors, executives and writers stop to talk to Fay Wray—not she to talk to them. But even now, she is not seen in the gayest of places. She will always do things in moderation.

All her life Fay Wray has been rather charming, but it was in a sweet, plain sort of a way. To describe her easily as she is today is to tell you a few things she doesn't do.

She doesn't nonchalantly breeze into the studio restaurant and seat herself at a large table of men.

She's never late for an appointment, once she has made it.

She doesn't keep up a steady stream of conversation about nothing in particular.

She doesn't try to see how many people can be kept running all over the studio for her convenience.

She's sparkling, yet not one of the quiet girls who suddenly decides to become a cocktail-shaking flapper.

In short, Fay Wray's association with her husband has been as sunlight to a flower. She has unfolded into a charming, sophisticated girl.

But remember, Fay Wray isn't through yet! In fact, she's just begun. And she'll never stop.

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Don Juan of Broadway

Continued from page 32

enough to keep me! It's much harder work than the stage; for instance, these close-ups, medium shots, microphones and so on—it takes a day to photograph a kiss which is over in a minute in the theater! But it's a great thrill, particularly the contact with the vastly enlarged audience of the screen. I thought once there was nothing so gratifying as the hand applause of the theater. Now, however, I reach greedily for newspaper reviews from all parts of the world, and I can hardly wait for the next instalment of my fan letters. The tremendous penetration of the screen is the most exciting thing I have encountered in my long theatrical experience."

We've let Basil talk; now let's talk about him.

He has a perfect right to all the adulation he has received for his interpretations of great romantic rôles. You see he is that rare type of male who is equally well liked by both men and women.

Charming in every way a woman calls charming, courtly, physically graceful, gracious, in his speech, Rathbone is at the same time very much a man's man. Democratic, very much alive, he draws no class lines. He talks to anyone who interests him. This characteristic has won for him the most difficult accolade of the studios. The carpenters, laborers and electricians, all hard-boiled to the nth. degree, have unanimously voted Rathbone a 'great guy.'

A man of very wide experiences (we will tell you all about them later) he is an exceptionally remarkable conversationalist. As a result, in three months he has become one of the two or three most popular hosts in Hollywood. Folks like to go to the home of Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, because they know that they won't be bored!

Rathbone's very charming nature is perhaps best described by telling of his personal reactions towards the talkies.

"I'm frankly scared stiff," he told me. "I've had a lot of stage experience, but it doesn't mean a thing out here. It's going to be a grand race for the 'survival of the fittest,' and I can see only one way to come out on top, and that is, work like the devil!"

With actors on both sides, stage and screen, issuing snorts of defiance at each other, such an open and frank acceptance of an obvious situation is decidedly refreshing.

Basil Rathbone is a South African, born in Johannesburg, the son of Edgar Phillips Rathbone, a British engineer so highly trusted that Paul Kruger, the Boer, made him government inspector of mines.

Mining engineers are 'floaters,' always—so when Basil was four the family moved to Liverpool and later to London where the boy attended school, first at Heidon Court, and later at Repton.

All during his formative years his father was dashing in and out of England from experiences in all parts of the world. He had amazing tales to tell his growing son; tales of lying on an Andes trail for three days with a broken leg; tales from his status as the second man to come into the Alaskan Klondike after the great gold rush.

In Repton young Basil took part in all athletics—cricket, football, track. He holds 12 cups in track, and for years held the Repton 440 yard record at 51 seconds.

All through school he wanted to be an actor. His wise father raised no objections, but insisted that his son have a try at business training. So for eighteen months the present-day master of the art of romance slaved at an accountant's desk in the Glove Insurance Co.

"My father was certainly very wise," said Rathbone, "as this training made it possible for me to handle my personal and contractual affairs on a business-like basis. This year and a half was quite the most valuable experience I ever had."

While he was with the insurance company he lunched daily at the Lion's Cafe, Piccadilly. There he would learn reams of poetry: "The Portrait," "Porphyra's Loves," and many others. Returning to the insurance company he would use the rest of his lunch hour declaiming these recitations in an empty room.

His apprenticeship to business ended, he joined the repertoire company of his distinguished cousin, Sir Frank Benson. With the Benson company he toured to every part of the British Isles, starting with bits and ending with leads and character leads. He has played parts in every play Shakespeare ever wrote. He played in tents, halls, even in the open air. *Romeo, Iago, Orlando* and *Shylock* indicate his wide range of rôles. He made his debut in Ipswich, but he does not remember the name of the play.

It was inevitable that such a striking young actor should be called to London, and almost overnight he became a star. Some of his great London successes include "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter Ibbetson," "The Jest," "He Who Gets Slapped," and "Sins of David." He also played in "George Sand" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

This carries him through 1921, when he came to America to play in "The Czarina."

During the war he had a brilliant record. He joined up in the first year with the Liverpool Scottish as lieutenant and served throughout. He is credited with having invented 'daylight raiding' in the British army, during his tour of duty as an intelligence officer.

Tragedy struck his family during the war as it did so many British homes. His twenty-year-old brother, John, was killed at the Somme, and his cousin, Guy, passed away at Gallipoli. His sister felt the call of South Africa and moved back to Cape Town where she has a home overlooking Table Bay.

In the eight years since he came to America Basil Rathbone has had an unbroken record of successes. He has the envy of all actors because of the great parts which have been his, including "The Czarina," "The Swan," "The Captive," and "The Command to Love."

Rathbone is amused that his reputation as a great lover has been built up despite the fact that in every one of these plays he fails to get the girl!

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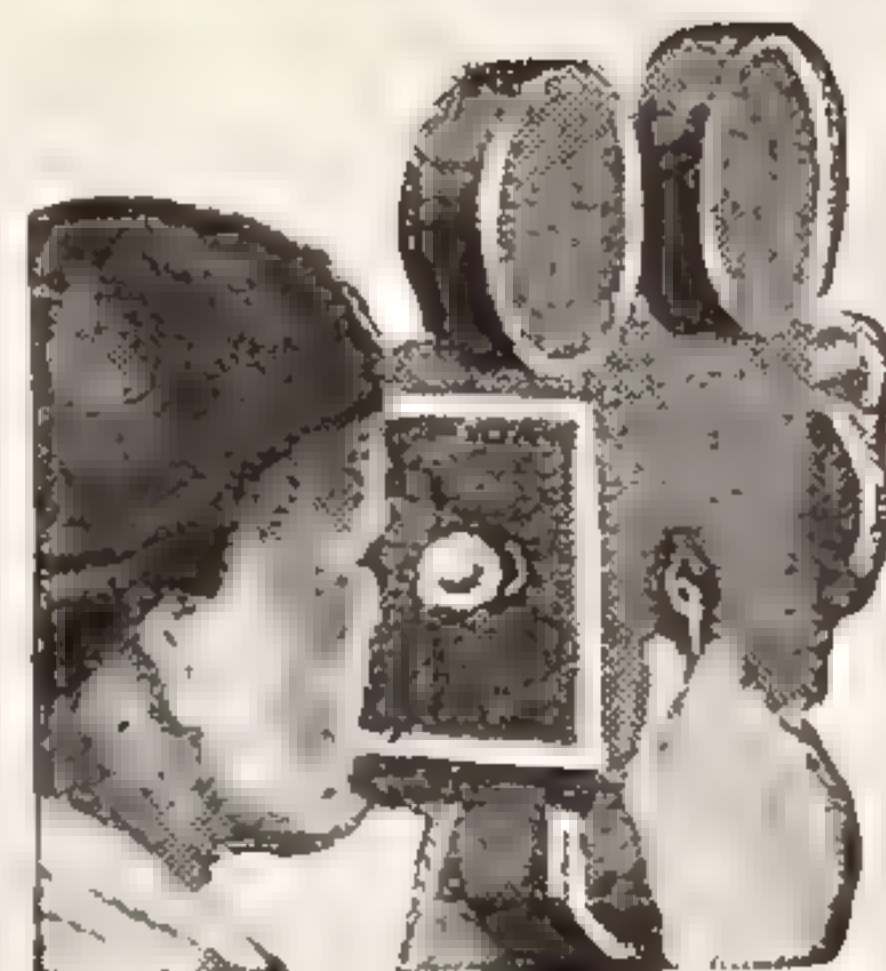
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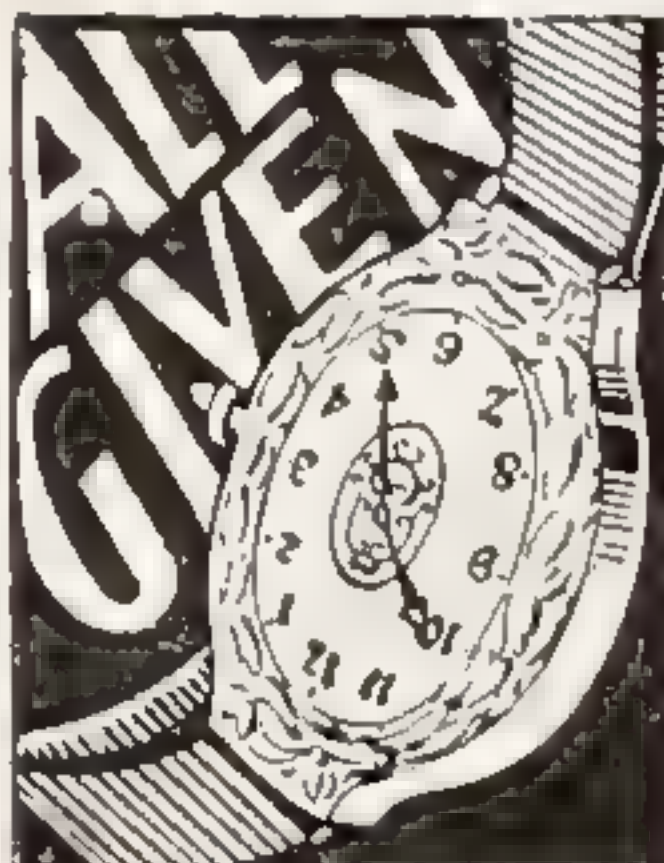
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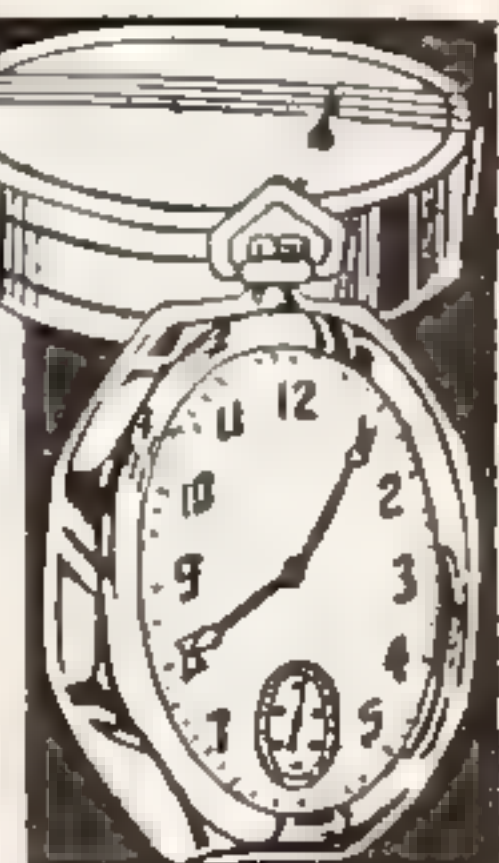
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The Gangs of Hollywood

Continued from page 43

quette and June Collyer headed a kid coterie. Now June carries on alone with boys of the Buddy Rogers ilk to squire her and the girl friends. Sue Carol and Nicky Stuart lead another juvenile group. Clara Bow, Alice White and, in a lesser degree, Lupe Velez, play lone hands—with an assist, of course, from the boy who is the vogue of the moment.

The estate of Harold Lloyd is one of the world's show-places, probably the most delightfully ostentatious in Hollywood. It has a specially constructed water-fall, a lake and a river running through it, a golf course, and, of course, it occupies acres in Beverly's most beautiful canyon. Harold, however, remains essentially small-town. He has no social aspirations, and neither has his wife, Mildred. They stick to the old friends. The boys from the studios—the girls who knew Mildred when. If there is ever a golf tournament in Southern California, all the players are Harold's guests. Why he wanted his magnificent estate, nobody knows—perhaps least of all himself. The cost of upkeep is tremendous, a whole guard of gardeners are employed steadily, and I believe the latest estimate of the servant force necessary to running the domicile numbers twenty-five. Well, anyway, it is a charming setting for Harold's romps with little Gloria Lloyd, and the kids in the neighborhood get a great kick out of the swimming pool.

Ever since Jimmy Cruze sent out those Christmas cards, his house and his parties have been written to rags—or for them—yet in speaking of Hollywood's social sets, James and Betty Compson and that grand place up in the hills of Flintridge may not be omitted. You're really supposed to have an invitation. But even since their Christmas abdication of the Open-House-Championship, one is not strictly necessary. There's the house, any Sunday, and there's the pool, and there are the ducks and the summer-houses and the pond and the flowers—including the most gorgeous camelias ever grown. There is the spacious patio, the ice, the gingerale, what-goes-with-it, the long low living room and diet-wrecking buffet served at seven promptly. You may, or you may not, see Jim or Betty. If either likes you very well, you'll be admitted to the little group that slips away to privacy. If not—well, there's the Cruze hospitality, and it's your own fault if you don't enjoy it.

Something of the Cruze mantle has fallen on the shoulders of Bill Howard and his wife, Nan. Theirs is one of the most tastefully appointed homes in the colony. It is between Beverly and the sea, at Brentwood. An English house, with a great living-room lined with books. And—what wisdom!—a tiny dining room. But the crowd that descended on Bill and Nan when word of their great open fire spread didn't know that. Now, their guests are invited. Interesting people, all: Estelle Taylor, Mary Duncan, Paul Bern, the Selznicks; writers and directors. There's a great card room, if you like. Or Bill will entertain by the hour, with his eyes closed like Rudy Vallee, relating stories, which true

or untrue, make time pass too quickly. Soft-footed servitors see that you don't die of drought, and Nan presides perfectly over her perfect domicile.

The theatrical invasion required social leadership. This, now, is capably supplied by Jimmy Gleason and Lucille. Stage folks report to the Gleasons immediately upon arrival. If they happen to be broke, they stop with them until they're 'set.' If not, they come around anyway to get wised up to Hollywood, and to laugh and laugh and laugh at Lucille's reminiscences and the Gleason drolleries. Here, too, is the largest swimming pool of all. A veritable daddy of a pool in which one may practice for a trans-Atlantic swim. But be careful. The Gleasons keep a bee. And if you're *persona non grata* (which is something or other for not-so-hot) they may put it on you. But if you make the grade, you'll enjoy the liveliest conversation, and with the possible exception of Bessie's, the best cooking on the West Coast. Bessie cooks for Nancy Smith. And there is endless rivalry between black Bess and the Gleasons' Hattie. They outdo one another in the culinary art—and the 'company' benefits by the conflict.

You may see Lionel Barrymore at Lilyan Tashman's and Eddie Lowe's. He's apt to crash the party and play the piano for an hour without speaking to anyone. Or he may not play the piano and talk to everyone. The other Barrymore, the erstwhile Miss Dolores Costello, Lon Chaney, Clive Brook, are among the people one seems to see nowhere. Gilbert and Garbo once enjoyed the Tashman-Lowe hospitality regularly. But that was B.C.—before Claire.

Conrad Nagel, the Spirit of Rotary, heads the sweetness and light contingent. It's entertaining to go somewhere and persuade George Bancroft to do his number about some sort of a snake that is quite a horrid thing. Lois Wilson and May McAvoy, close pals, lead the serious thinkers, with Aileen Pringle bearing the torch for the sophisticates. Lois' sister, Diana Kane—now Mrs. George Fitzmaurice—is a power, too. Her soirees are always attended by the mighty. Dolores Del Rio fulfills every requirement of the charming hostess. But she entertains all too infrequently to win prominence as a social leader.

Perhaps the most famous of all Hollywood's gangsters is Mrs. Ona Brown, once director Clarence's heart-interest. Ona has a positive genius for organized whoopee. Without doubt she holds the long distance entertainment record, either receiving or helping pour at luncheons, tea, dinner and after-that, a full seven days weekly. Ona was tendered nearly two-score farewell parties prior to her recent European trip. Each of them returned one of her own festivities, and each will be the excuse for another upon her return. Flanked by Boris Fox, Doris Arbuckle, Mrs. Don Alvarado, and a few more supporters, Ona holds the bridge like Horatious against any and all who challenge her supremacy in the social jousts of Hollywood.

Bessie Love's sports outfit was won by
MISS ESTHER BRENNER
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How Laura La Plante Entertains

Continued from page 69

skiff moored for rescue purposes in case the ocean gets too playful with a guest. After a half-hour in our 'private ocean' came a little 'light' exercise with the medicine and beach balls on the sands, topping off with an archery duel before refreshments were served and the first call gonged for dinner.

"Yep, we get most of this in every day, morning or night, unless we work all hours," said Bill. "Makes us feel marvelous. Why, say, when I came home from the studio to our apartment in town I was dog-tired. So was Laura. We had to drive ourselves to get dressed to attend the many functions that are part of the price one pays for Hollywood success. Of course, we came down here to rest. We do. Even with this long drive back and forth, we never feel tired any more. We're living advertisements for Pep!"

The dimpled blonde vision known to the world as Laura La Plante, and in private life as Mrs. William A. Seiter, appeared in a doorway to interrupt friend husband's oration which would have been balm to the ears of a California real estate salesman.

"Bring some of that pep into the house," she advised. "We have things to do." It appears that Bill in his enthusiasm often invites more guests than Laura expects.

"I'll show you the house," said Laura, "while Bill exhausts his pep. Our apartment in town is in the Louis the Fourteenth period, as you know; but Bill and I have always longed for a little hideaway home where simplicity would be the model. If we had a retreat in the mountains, we'd naturally like a rustic cabin, but for the beach I think we hit upon a great idea in designing our home in a Norman-French architecture. Of course, we must have certain modern improvements, the radio, piano, tennis court and beach equipment, but as to the furniture and furnishings, we have succeeded in keeping it in true Norman simplicity."

And they have. Even to the etchings on the walls, the candy, cigarette and match boxes, the lamps and fixtures, the hook and rag rugs, the gayly-colored pots with flowering plants which stand 'midst the books in the quaint shelves built in the walls, the peasant service in the tiny dining room, the chairs and couches covered with glazed chintz, gingham and calico, and made to be used in solid comfort; all are in keeping with the motif of the house. The living room is quite large, with many doors opening out onto the beach porch, and an enormous window facing out towards the ocean. Up the winding stairs one climbs to the bedrooms, meantime halting step by step to gaze at the antique maps which are shellacked on the walls. In the bedrooms, one may either gaze out over the Pacific through a smaller duplicate of the living room window, or peer out onto the tennis court and past to Pauline Frederick's lighthouse and the bay beyond, through quaint little dormer windows. Here, too, the motif is strictly Norman, beds, chairs, chests and appointments.

"I suppose the inside is yours and the outside Bill's," I ventured.

"No," replied Laura, smiling gravely. "All ours! We both got big thrills out of planning our home. I took as much interest in the tennis court and beach plans and he did in the furnishings. You know, Bill is artistic even if he is he-man. He couldn't be the successful director of both Colleen and Corinne unless he were, you know. But, since you mention the athletic exterior I'll let you in on a little secret at Bill's expense. (Apparently Laura had overheard the early morning studio call story.) As you can see outside, Bill tried to buy out a sporting goods store to see that we had enough games to play. Well, one day when Bill was playing hooky from the studio, his brother discovered him with a canoe strapped across the open top of his car, driving for the beach. I'm really proud of my husband's ability as a golfer and tennis player, but I don't think he ever paddled a canoe before. At least he never had in the Pacific Ocean. And he never has yet. He has lost a lot of bets trying, and now if you'll go outside on the beach you'll see the capsized canoe with a 'For Sale' sign on it. Howard and I put it there and Bill has too much sense of humor to take it down."

The score was even.

It goes without saying that the writer is inoculated with the same nature germ that bit the Seiters. Being an old friend of both Laura and Bill, it is my privilege occasionally to share the delights of their solitude. True, it's not always solitude, as Laura and Bill delight in entertaining their intimate friends on convenient Sundays. Among the twenty or thirty guests who drive down on Sundays to enjoy their hospitality one may see Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, Dorothy Mackaill, Jack and Evelyn Mulhall, the Alan Hales, the John Boles, Gene Markey, the Reginald Dennys, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, and many other celebrities.

They have charming parties which are totally lacking in that common variety of Hollywood pest, the week-end drop-in. Their guests are always congenial; if there are any arguments they are friendly ones. No obvious effort is made to entertain the guests. They can dance, ride, swim, play games, or just talk. Best of all, the Seiters enjoy their guests as much as their guests enjoy them; they don't just give a party, they have one!

When the guests troup out into the balmy night they have enjoyed real hospitality. A day of swimming, beach games, tennis and archery, a buffet supper with trimmin's, and a quiet evening of bridge, charades and the new indoor sport of throwing darts at a mark over the fireplace. That's real recreation.

Over the outer entrance to the La Plante-Seiter beach home there is a sign that reads: "Chez Vous."

It means "Your House."

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Ronald Colman's tennis rackets and balls were awarded to
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Let's Talk About You!

☞ We assume full responsibility for this page.

☞ We asked the Editor to reserve it for us; and asked her to name the deadline. Since the Publisher always has the last word, we requested the page to be inserted without editing of any kind. This is the first time we have ever exercised our control; but since this is an intimate talk with SCREENLAND's readers, it's in a good cause and we feel justified!

☞ Less than a year ago Delight Evans, a slip of a girl in her early twenties, was writing SCREENLAND's reviews. She was called before the magazine Board of Directors one day, told that she was to be elevated to the post of Editor of SCREENLAND, and asked what she was going to do about it. She caught her breath. But she recovered the next minute and answered:

☞ "I'm a movie fan and always have been a movie fan. I know what we fans really want in the way of a magazine devoted to pictures. I know what I'd like to see in a screen publication and I think I'm representative of the millions of movie-goers. I'll surround myself with an editorial staff composed of writers who know and love the movies as I do. I'll ask them to write sympathetically yet revealingly about Hollywood stars and studios. And the first thing you know, the best writers in America will want to write for us. The best artists will want to paint for us. The most important people in and out of pictures will be glad to see their names in SCREENLAND. And we'll have the biggest circulation of any screen magazine!"

☞ The little girl took a large order! But her promise has been fulfilled. SCREENLAND's circulation has doubled, and is still growing by leaps and bounds. Let's look at this issue:

Rolf Armstrong's vivid conception of the inimitable Greta Garbo is on the cover. This master artist, whose vibrant covers created such a sensation on *College Humor*, will give his best work to SCREENLAND's audience.

Charles Sheldon, renowned portrait artist, whose delicate, refined, charming portraits for years graced the covers of *Photoplay*, our esteemed contemporary, this month in SCREENLAND in an insert good to look at for all time, gives us his version of Garbo. Whereas Armstrong sees her as an inscrutable siren, Sheldon visualizes her as an angelic beauty. We have commissioned Charles

Sheldon to do a series of portraits of the famous men and women of the screen, to insert in our pages.

James Oppenheim, distinguished psychologist and author, inaugurates in this issue, with his searching psycho-analysis of Garbo, a series of analyses of the screen's most important and potent personalities. Next month, **Ronald Colman**.

Dr. John B. Watson—who does not know him?—in an interview with Rosa Reilly, settles the screen sex appeal argument that has been raging in newspapers and magazines.



*James Oppenheim,
psycho-analyst.*

Fannie Hurst, incomparable novelist, stimulates SCREENLAND readers in an intimate interview with Alma Talley.

Herbert Knight Cruikshank, scintillating writer on screen topics and brilliant biographer of screen stars, whose unique style calls forth from his readers the praise: "Good to the last word!" will be heard from this month and every month hereafter.

Rob Wagner, who writes for the *Saturday Evening Post*, gives SCREENLAND the benefit of his close contact with pictures and picture people.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore pop an interesting question and offer even more interesting awards for the best answers from our readers. Next month, Christmas contest gifts from

Greta Garbo, Al Jolson, Harold Lloyd and other great stars.

Miss Vee Dee, our wise-cracking information bureau. **Anne Van Alstyne**, our beauty expert. Last but not least, **Delight Evans' Reviews**, most widely read and quoted of any screen criticisms.

New Feature. This issue also introduces SCREENLAND's Radio Department. We believe that radio and the screen will prove inseparable—indeed, these two forms of entertainment are already so closely interlocked, that what with producers' programs on the air, and television signals flying around, who knows what will happen next? SCREENLAND is the first screen magazine to jump aboard the band wagon!

We've talked about what we're giving you.

Now, you talk about SCREENLAND!

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"Soon forgotten were the fields of cotton"

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lives—their fierce loves, their joyous, carefree pursuit of happiness, their hates and passions—finds dramatic expression against vivid backgrounds of cabarets, cotton fields, gaming houses, and humble shacks called home. ¶ Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, plays the central character. Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, has the leading feminine role. In addition, the celebrated Dixie Jubilee Singers and other noted performers sing the songs of the negro as they have never been sung before. Don't miss this tremendous event in the history of the screen!

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